

KURT VON SCHUSCHNIGG

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KURT VON SCHUSCHNIGG

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TO

THE SUBJECT OF THIS BOOK,

WITH RESPECT AND ADMIRATION

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CHAPTER I

STELLA MATUTINA

"Patriotism has its roots deep in the instincts and the affections. Love of country is the expansion of filial love."

D. D. FIELD.

THERE is a custom among European Catholics of naming their children after the saints on whose days they are born. In view of some of the exotic names featured in the Calendar, someone is bound to be unlucky. The child born on 14th December, 1897, in Riva-am-Gardasee, was, however, fortunate, for that day was merely the sixth day of the Octave of the Immaculate Conception, and so the boy escaped with the honest-to-goodness name of Kurt.

On his father's side the family was Tyrolese of the third generation. Farther back than that, they seem to have come from Kamnik, in Slovenia. Early eighteenth-century ancestors spelt their name "Susnik." Kurt's great-grandfather was a prosperous property-owner, who settled at Klagenfurt in Carinthia. By this time the name had taken the characteristically Austrian form of Schuschnigg, but as the family made no pretensions to nobility, it was not prefaced by "von."

The son of the landowner made the Army his career, and fought, while still quite a boy, under Radetsky, in Italy. He eventually became a General, and a famous one at that, known and feared throughout the Austrian garrison towns as "der Donnerer"—the Thunderer. His son, Kurt's father, Arthur Gilbert Schuschnigg, followed him into the Imperial Army.

Arthur was Tyrolean to the bone, a typical Austrian officer, a rigid militarist, bearing the unmistakable stamp of his training at the Wiener Neustadt Academy. Above all, he was an Emperor's man, offering his unquestioning "dienst" to his lord and master Franz Josef. In spite of the Reich German strain in him (his mother came from Rosenheim in Bavaria),

he went to his native Tyrol for a wife. Her name was Anne Wopfner, and she came of a well-to-do middle-class family, which had been settled in Innsbruck for many years. One of her uncles founded a little local industry, the manufacture of painted church glass, another was a country doctor, and a third a master craftsman. She also had a brother, Hermann, who made a name for himself as a professor at Innsbruck University.

Her first son was named Arthur after his father. Anne's second child was born at Riva (then her husband's garrison town) when she was aged about twenty-six.

Tourists who came to now-Italian Riva used to find one of these incredibly picturesque towns usually infested by indifferent water-colour artists. Although on the "Sued-Tiroler" side of the Gardasee, the houses are in the Italian style, white-washed, with coloured tiles on their low-pitched roofs, and wide courtyards filled with flowering shrubs. Even the buildings down on the quay are like this—chalk-white against the black spikes of cypresses. Very narrow winding streets, cobbled in the nineteen-thirties, lead out of the centre of the town and up the slopes of the Alps, which have been terraced for vines and lemon trees. The whole scene, with the blue-grey peaks, the half-tropical greenery and, in spring-time, the foaming masses of almond-blossom, is reflected on calm days in the deep cobalt-blue waters of the lake. Mere description only gives a coloured-postcard impression of the place.

At the time of the year when Kurt was born the almond trees were stark and leafless. Although Riva is warm in the winter, there is an appalling wind (the locals call it "sovar") which blows down from the Alps and piles up twenty-foot breakers on the Riva water-front. On days like this the Italian fishermen say they can hear the bells of the lost city of Benacus tolling beneath the waves, rung by the dead who are never recovered from the lake. December was a time of ashes and mourning, the Advent fast before Christmas. Perhaps, as Anne was an Austrian, and therefore naturally sentimental, she may have feared that the gloom of Advent would symbolise her son's life.

The name they gave him was spelt in the usual Germanic

way with a "K," and meant "brief of speech." As far as is known, no other relative ever had such a name, and it seems a strange break in that family so devoted to tradition. He was plain Kurt Schuschnigg at the time of his christening, but when he was a year old his family's services to the Emperor were rewarded with an Imperial and Royal Patent of Nobility. This carried with it the title of "Edler" (roughly equivalent to baronet), the right to a coat-of-arms and to include in the surname the coveted "von." Thus he automatically became Kurt Ritter von Schuschnigg, but when he grew up he never made use of the title, and his name even appears in some Austrian official publications without the "von." Because of the family connection with Rosenheim, Bavaria, they took the Bavarian blue and white impaled with the sable and gold and the Imperial Double Eagle of Austria for their arms. The motto was simple enough—"Courage and silence." Those who chose it could not foresee its later tragic application.

Kurt's parents did not stay long in Riva; most Imperial officers were constantly on the move, travelling from one garrison town to another. They were liable to service in any outpost of the sprawling Austrian Empire, from the almost tropical Italian border to the Russian steppes, so that there was never an opportunity to make a settled home. Yet in spite of this, his early childhood was perhaps the only completely happy time of Kurt's life. He called it "sunny, peaceful and untroubled," and he was always grateful to his father and mother for those years. Life was very simple; officers and civil servants had nothing to waste on extravagance—as Kurt wryly remarked—"all they could hope to leave their sons was a good education." He grew up, influenced by the devout Catholicism and the near-worship of the Imperial House which were so prominent at home.

During those early years also were sown the seeds of his later admiration for Germany. The garrison towns were mostly situated among the national minorities—Serbs, Croats, Slovenes and Poles. The German-speaking officer caste and the German-Austrian residents kept themselves very much aloof,

almost as the British do in India. In their isolation they developed violently nationalistic ideas which only widened the gulf between them and the local populations. They could not help feeling superior in all respects to the races they ruled, and to them the essence of this superiority lay in their Germanism. Thus it was that the Pan-German movement, which saw a common future for Austria and the Reich, was born, and it was not long before the idea of Anschluss came into being. When he was young, Kurt was half-heartedly attached to the Pan-German ideals he had first heard about in his childhood, and only abandoned them when they came to be associated with Austrian Nazi-ism.

The boy was not long at home. As soon as he was old enough his parents sent him away to a preparatory school up in Vienna, where he stayed for nearly five years. It was in 1907, before he was ten years old, that his father decided to take his education seriously in hand. This meant sending him off once more to boarding school, because the garrison towns had no facilities for advanced education. Most military families sent their sons either to the Schotten Gymnasium or the Theresianum in Vienna, which approximate to Eton and Harrow. However, his devout mother's influence was probably the reason why he did not go on to either of these schools but to the famous Jesuit College of Our Lady of the Morning Star—*Stella Matutina*—at Feldkirch on the Arlberg Pass. Here began a second exile from home which was to last eight years.

A few years ago, a school-fellow of Kurt's said, "Schuschnigg took his lessons too seriously." The Jesuit Fathers encouraged this leaning towards bookishness in the boy, so that by the time he left school he was one of their most brilliant pupils. This naturally made him very popular with his masters, whose aim was to encourage talent of this kind for their own ends, but the other pupils did not take so kindly to him and found him too reserved.

In spite of this interest in his lessons, he was not always tied down to the classroom, and he developed into a hard rider and

strong swimmer. But his real flair was for classics, literature and music. His love of music, indeed, grew steadily with the years, so that Franz Borkenau could comment, "His musical training, as is often the case with the Austrian aristocracy, went far beyond that of the average amateur." He reached a fair standard with French, so that later on he would be able to carry on a simple conversation in the language. Italian he knew to some extent from the early days in Riva, but he never learnt English, and this was to be some handicap to him in his political career.

The Jesuits kept their pupils hard at work through the whole of the school year. There were no Christmas or Easter holidays, so that the boys were given only a few weeks during the summer to go home to their parents. Nine months of intensive application to a programme even drier than that of an English Public School subjected them to the almost constant influence of the Jesuit system. The aim was to give lay pupils the best possible grounding in classics, and all other subjects tended to be pushed into the background. Prizes were given in Latin and Greek only, and by the time a boy had finished his school career he could be sure of having had a thorough cramming in grammar, syntax, classical poetry, rhetoric and appreciation of style. These were taught with the help of those banes of schoolboys in all countries, Cicero, Homer, Virgil and Horace. Only after the demands of the classics master were satisfied, could room be found for the more bread-and-butter subjects like History, Geography, Modern Languages and Mathematics. Science was scarcely touched upon.

When the boys were free from their desks, a number of organisations claimed them. The more devout types were roped into the College's own "Congregation of the Blessed Virgin." Members were known as Sodalists and elected their own officers to responsible positions. During his later years at Stella Matutina Kurt was one of these "Congregation Prefects." Most colleges had their own Literary and Debating Societies, but Sodalists were the only pupils allowed to become members. From time to time the Feldkirch Society would get up plays, in which the boys acted. They would, of course, be

German or Greek classics, and Kurt, who had overcome his diffidence sufficiently to declaim in public, made a name for himself as the star of these pieces.

Life at Stella Matutina cannot have been too happy, in spite of a few lighter moments of this kind. The perpetual and excessive supervision insisted upon by the Rule is bound to weigh heavily on normal healthy boys. The idea that young people will be up to any mischief when the master's eye is not on them, seems to obsess the Jesuits. In consequence, during every minute of every day, in the classroom, playground, refectory, dormitory, and even in the school chapel, someone would be watching them all the time with lynx-like concentration. Detailed reports on the conduct of each pupil were sent in to the Father Superior, who paid more attention to them than to reports on class work. The prefects were allowed a fairly free hand and wielded strap and cane at will, as well as on the masters' instructions. The ridiculous spy-system was carried to such a pitch that even private letters sent by pupils to their people at home were opened and read by a master before being despatched.

It was the influence of the Jesuits of Stella Matutina which was to mould the whole of Kurt von Schuschnigg's future life. The Order has a saying, "Give us the child while he is young"; Kurt, who went to them before he was ten, and stayed until after his seventeenth birthday, spent the most impressionable years of his life under a rigid semi-monastic discipline. The atmosphere of constant prayers and bells and incense, and the constant emphasis on the religious side of the teaching, cast a lasting shadow on his character. All his life long he would bear the mark of a man living under a Rule, whose eyes are turned away from the world. Whether he sat, as Chancellor, at a desk on the Ballhausplatz, or stood in the centre of a group of diplomats at some reception, one would mentally invest him with the black soutane of a priest, and glance involuntarily at the blond hair for the mark of the tonsure. "Only," remarks one who knew him, "his tem-

perament was not quite so otherworldly as he himself imagined."

Such also were Ignaz Seipel and Heinrich Bruening. Kurt could hardly avoid his fate. A quiet child, shy and easily impressionable, promising at his lessons, he was singled out early by the Fathers. They found that he was of the clay which they could mould to their own uses. Long before the boy ever dreamed of a political career, they saw in him the future Chancellor, and he was given intensified training in the hope that one day he might be a useful instrument of the Order. "Being crafty, I caught you with guile"—this sums up the technique of the Jesuits with those they influence. Once subjected to their teaching a naturally devout mind usually succumbs entirely and becomes almost as the brothers themselves, "tanquam cadaver," in their hands. This, indeed, was the ideal of the founder, Inigo of Loyola. Dominic had founded an Order whose mission was preaching; Francis won souls by love. The Spanish soldier-priest alone visualised an Order which would attain its aim by giving to its Superiors the perfect obedience and loyalty of a soldier to his commander.

Like a soldier, a pupil of the Society of Jesus grew up under a harsh discipline which aimed at teaching him the use of his weapons in the fight for the Church and at giving him a sense of strategy applied to his faith. Inigo's *Spiritual Exercises* were to the Jesuit what a work on military tactics would be to a soldier, long and trying to master, but helping him in the end to conquer himself. A postulant would be subjected to the practices recommended in this Rule, and the lay pupil would be under training almost as hard.

It is indisputable that by following Inigo's recipe, the Jesuits have been the making of many famous politicians, churchmen, and even some saints. However, worldly successes are one thing and the effects on the trainee's character another. These are often not so happy as they might be. That profound knowledge of the soul, and almost uncannily accurate power of gauging human emotions and impulses which the Jesuits possess to such a degree, are passed on to their pupils. "The power of manipulating men to their own ends, unobtrusively,

so that they do not realise that they are being used," is one writer's way of describing the use to which this knowledge is put. An unscrupulous nature, encouraged to act along these lines, produces results justifying the sneer that the Jesuits' motto is, "The end justifies the means." Luckily, Kurt was never fully influenced in this way; there was a straightness in his character which, helped by devotion, prevented such teaching from taking effect. He himself was always most indignant if anyone referred to him slightly as a "Jesuit." "The attainment of a presumed or really praiseworthy end never justifies a lie, and one ought to forgo that end if it can only be attained by untruth, injustice, or violation of conscience. I was taught this, and understand it to be right, and to the best of my knowledge and conscience I have always striven to model my practice accordingly." So he was to write, twenty years later, in *Dreimal Oesterreich*.

Apart from the casuistical menace, there were two other dangers which Kurt was not so successful in avoiding. One was the celebrated Jesuit "indifferentism," a state which the Order actually aims at attaining. Logically pursuing his policy of modelling his recruits upon the soldier, Inigo demanded that they should practise such mental austerity that they became aloof from all human pleasures, sorrows or passions. Kurt remarks that the discipline of Stella Matutina was of the severe and Spartan variety, and this, combined with the teaching and his own inclinations, earned him, many years after, the nickname of the "Austrian iceberg." The other striking effect was a tendency to rob boys of any real confidence in themselves. Kurt, who all his life was inclined to depression, and suffered from a marked inferiority complex, must have been influenced by the trend of the perpetual meditations. For instance, Inigo lays down as his Third Exercise, ". . . to consider myself, what manner of creature I am, adding comparisons, which may bring me to a greater contempt of myself, as I reflect how little I am, compared with all men." Overmuch brooding on this text has been known to drive highly strung novices insane. At all events, it was highly dangerous material to use on a boy who in later

life was obsessed with the words, "Lord, I am not worthy."

The seven years at Stella Matutina had other decisive effects upon him in future life. The Feldkirch Jesuits were not native-born Austrians, but exiles from the German Reich. They had settled in Vorarlberg forty years before, and the old Emperor had made them welcome, giving them the disused town barracks to convert into school and living-quarters. Kurt noted that they remained German, and resisted the influence of Austrian "gemütlichkeit." Their spirit was harsh and austere to the southerners, and they never forgot that they came of a race born to inherit the whole earth.

"Heute gehört uns Deutschland—
Morgen die Ganze Welt."

They were fond of impressing the superiority of this race of "Herrenvolk" upon their pupils—not crudely, as Adolf Hitler does, or with any violence, but by pointing to Schiller, Goethe and Heine, Bach, Beethoven, Frederick the Great and Bismarck—a devastating array of genius to support their claims. At every turn this German influence was stressed; in a school with pupils of all nationalities, only German-speaking boys would be chosen as prefects; on saint's and founder's days the Reich flag with the eagle would always fly above the school buildings side by side with the red-white-red of Austria.

Young Kurt, who knew his Latin tags, was too well acquainted with the motto "Germania docet." To his masters the Reich was the main source of Europe's culture and enlightenment, and all other countries paled into insignificance beside her. Insistence on this text was the final means of robbing him of self-confidence; from his schooldays on he had a plain though unavowed inferiority complex about everything German. The achievements of the northerners were fatally fascinating and dazzling to this son of an obscure military family, and the influence was all the greater because of his mixed Germanic and Slovene blood.

The strength of the German feeling at Feldkirch was not affected by the varied nationalities of the pupils. When Kurt was at the school, Franz Josef still ruled over Imperial Austria. Under the sway of Vienna came Czechs, Hungarians, Serbs and Poles, and it was the custom of the Catholic aristocracy of these minorities to send their sons to the Jesuits to be educated. Because the college was world-famous there were even Catholic students from Spain, Switzerland and America. On the whole, this strange mixture got on well enough together, but there was occasionally trouble between pupils, and the partiality shown for German-speaking boys did not help matters.

The pupils, as a whole, were of the same class—sons of titled landowners, military men, and professional people. Although Kurt mentions "peasant boys, as well as the sons of aristocrats" at the school, there can have been very few really poor students there. Throughout his life he never had any opportunity of meeting working-class people, and this gave him a fear of and a kind of contempt for the masses. A broader type of education might have saved both him and his country from disaster, for at the last it was the workers who could have maintained the independence of Austria.

Until he was seventeen he saw very little outside the mountains of Tyrol. Feldkirch is the first Austrian station on the railway from Paris to Istanbul. The world rushes by the little town non-stop and leaves it in peace. It has not changed since the days of Andreas Hofer—Tyrol's martyr-patriot; the slanting red roofs and carved bargeboards are the same, and the roads are still paved with cobbles. While the dress of Viennese women cannot be distinguished from London or New York fashions, the local peasant girls still wear the hideous traditional costume, with dozens of starched petticoats and a black steeple-crowned hat. It was here that he grew up, in the cloistered heart of his country, and here his love of Austria (so often too deep for any words) had its birth.

Austria, to him, meant Tyrol, the mountains of the Arlberg, the steep banks of the spume-crested Arl, and the old white towns between pine-covered cliffs. No child of that land will

ever forget the heather-purpled crags of Bozen, capped with rose-coloured snow and low-lying clouds, or the moonrise on the Arlberg peaks, when the snows become livid with unearthly shades of blue and green. He will dream of the velvet darkness of the Innsbruck pinewoods, or the blue shallow pools of the Ritten, which reflect the weeping hair and silver stems of the birches. If he closes his eyes he will see the moonlight-coloured blossoms of the Grodener Thal, and the chalk-white walls of the little farmhouses, standing in the poppy-fields, the castle-crowned tors and the blue of land-locked water fringed with shock-headed willows or black fir spires. "I am an Austrian" was not Kurt's proudest boast; it was, "I am a Tyroler." When he came to Innsbruck as Chancellor, the people called him "unser Kanzler," because he belonged to their land and not to the almost foreign Vienna.

Reared in the shadow of the Alps, in a gloom peopled with the holy images of the Saints of Tyrol, Ulrich, Wolfgang, Leonard auf der Weise, and which was scented by burning wax and incense, he could not escape the call of the land of Tyrol itself, any more than he could deny the strain of devotion in his blood. That atmosphere of piety which made him a paradox among European politicians—a statesman with the most profound religious sentiments—did not come to him from Stella Matutina alone. It breathed in the hundreds of carved wooden Calvaries, hidden in the pinewoods or high on the mountain passes. It burned fiercely in the flames of the candles before the shrines of the Heiligen Blut of Carinthia, the wonder-working Madonna of Wilten, and the weeping Virgin of Absam. The devotion of a Tyroler had nothing in common with the spiritual frigidity of the Germans from the Rhine or the Elbe. There was something gayer and richer in his way of worship, the joy of a child in beautiful things, rather than the formal, reasoned mystique of the northerners. This can be seen in all the Tyrol churches, from the little painted roadside chapels to the great Hofkirche of Innsbruck itself. Everywhere the coils of the Baroque serpent twined in the flowers of the late Gothic, for the Tyrol lies too near to the heart of Italy to have ever felt the spear-thrust of the French

style. Though the peasant carvers and painters who made the churches were the direct heirs of the Middle Ages, the main impression of their work is of the Baroque purple and gold, the coils, festoons, harps and angels of a decorated, too decorated, classical style.

The architecture is, of course, only a reflection of the people's religious spirit—a faith full of tropes and fantastic superstitions—decoration imposed on the harsh severity of dogma. In the warm air of Tyrol, breathing of heurige and the vines, Catholicism becomes more sensuous, more insistent on the outward seeming of the inner sacrifice, on the tapers, the incense and the singing. There are, perhaps, aspects of this faith which have their roots in pagan darkness—the strange worship of the Blessed Virgin and the May Festivals. The Catholic Church is, as it were, linked with the mountain soil itself, and the true lover of Tyrol must share in its piety. Because Kurt's young life was passed in the shelter of this devotion, he kept through all misfortunes a strong, unquestioning, undisturbed faith.

In 1914 young Schuschnigg reached the Septima, which corresponds to our Matriculation year; he was sixteen and a few months old. The boys were given about ten days off before the term exams, and towards the middle of the summer they would break up for the annual holidays. One light evening in June, Kurt was sitting with some other boys of his own age at supper, in the Feldkirch dining-hall. Suddenly a servant rushed into the room and gasped out the news that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand had been assassinated at Sarajevo. Kurt refused to believe it, but confirmation came too soon, and he realised that some horror would soon be let loose in Austria. It was the end of the cloistered quietness of Stella Matutina; from the moment that he received the news he began to live in a world of reality.

In August his country was at war with the Allies, fighting on the side of the Kaiser's Germany. Austrian troops were in the east, on the Polish plains, facing the menace from Russia. The next few months at the college were spent in a state of wild

excitement. After the long years of garrison service, Kurt's father was called into action, as Lieutenant-General with a Tyrolese Kaiserjaeger detachment. The boy's seventeenth birthday passed in mid-December, and Christmas arrived. Lieut.-General von Schuschnigg had a few days' leave from the Army, and Kurt summoned up sufficient courage to ask if he might go home to see his father. But the Jesuits remained obdurate and refused to make any exceptions. "Stay on quietly here," they told him, "the war will be over by next summer, and then you will be able to spend as much time as you like with your people." That was almost the last of the Jesuits' lessons in self-denial. In July of the next year, when he was seventeen and five months old, he left school and joined up as a volunteer. If the Jesuits had ever had any hopes of gaining another recruit to the Order, they were disappointed. The Army had triumphed over the Seminary. Behind him he left all the world he had known, and he could now add four years' exile at the front to the eight already spent away from home.

LIEUTENANT ON THE ISONZO

"Vor Bioverna Alta, da standen wir bereit
 Wir hatten zu beginnen den grossen heissen streit
 Den Welschen hinaus zujagen aus unserm schönen Land,
 Da waren die Kaiserjäger, dabei mit Herz und Hand!
 Bioverna war genommen! Und dan am Tagesend
 Die hohe Costa d'Agra, ersturmt von Regiment
 Ja! von den Kaiserjägern vom alten Regiment."
Kaiserjägerlied.

KURT went young into the war—too young. The effect of the constant horrors and destruction on the character of a boy of seventeen is incalculable. "No youth straight from school could be expected to know what war really is," he commented. As with so many others of his generation, the sights and experiences of those three years tinged the already over-studious mind with a shade of melancholy and encouraged a fatal turn for brooding. Like other young men on both sides, he did not see too clearly the faults of his own country, but gladly offered himself in a cause which he felt by instinct to be right, because it was the cause of his Emperor and land. This kind of spirit cannot foresee the disillusion which follows when its ideals are shattered. What he experienced during 1915 to 1918 gave him a lasting horror of war. In 1937 he gave an interview to a well-known writer, in which he said, "The whole trouble with the world to-day is that the younger generation have no knowledge of the Great War. If only they had, everything would be easier and better." "That," said the writer, "sounded like the sum of his experience." Yet in spite of this feeling he found it a natural thing that he should volunteer for the front, and he considered that Army service was an essential part of the life of any man who at the time was physically fit and of military age.

He had spent the first eleven months chafing in inactivity at Stella Matutina. At that time the Russian and Serbian cam-

paigns were absorbing all the Empire's resources, and the pick of the troops were being employed far from home. This left the frontiers with the neutral states dangerously undermanned. The Isonzo, Carinthia and Tyrol were garrisoned almost entirely by old men. When, on 25th May, 1915, Italy came into the war on the side of the Allies, there was a frenzied call for recruits of all ages to man the defences. Untrained troops, ranging quite literally from the ages of fourteen or fifteen to eighty, were rushed up to the border.

On 1st July, 1915, Kurt joined up as a volunteer. As his father was a General and he himself was from Tyrol, the recruiting authorities assigned him to the Fourth Kaiserjaegers, a German-Czech regiment, with its depot at Vöklabruck. The Kaiserjaeger and Kaiserschuetze were the two most famous regiments in pre-war Austria, and had a free choice of the recruits for officers and men. Kurt's mother shook her head over it, for she knew that the regiment was nicknamed the "Life Insurance Company" because the War Office so frequently had to pay out pensions to the widows of its members.

There was a hurried training course at Bozen and Varn, near Brixen, and after that the recruits were despatched to the south. At first conditions were appalling. The defences had been allowed to decay, and a few crumbling forts were the only military buildings. No barbed wire was supplied for improvising obstacles against enemy troops, and there were no hand-grenades or machine guns to be had. Yet with half-trained men, whose numbers were so small that there was only one soldier per hundred yards of front, the Austrians held their own against the Italian pressure. In 1915, Kurt had a short spell of duty in the naval port of Pola on the Adriatic, but apart from this, he spent the rest of the war in the thick of the fighting on the Isonzo and middle Piave (commencing with the sixth Isonzo battle in May 1916), in the stony desert of the Carso, that extraordinary patch of waste land in the heart of the flowering river lowlands. He had three years of life in the communication trenches and observation posts among the iron-red rocks. He knew that red earth, so like powdered brick-dust, which got into hair and mouth and eyes, and in

wet weather spattered the olive-grey uniforms with obstinate clinging mud.

Three years as an artillery observation officer engraved that horrible country on his memory. He knew it in summer, when the brassy Italian sky looked down on the cracking terracotta soil of the low hills, and left no shadow either on the slopes or in the crater-like hollows called "dolmos" which pitted their crests. He knew it in winter, when the wind from the Adriatic came sweeping like a knife up the valley, bringing with it sodden rain-clouds which converted the trenches into troughs of squelching mud. Surrounded by the sordid paraphernalia of war, the Austrian boy must often have looked down into the enemy's country, to the milky-turquoise band of the Isonzo, fringed with its sparse green forest land, and thought with bitterness of his own side's retreat. His battery, with the rest, had been driven inch by inch, back from the river, from the white town of Gorizia, until at last they clung to the bare red heights of the Carso itself.

In later years he would remember this corner of Italy very vividly—the hand-to-hand fighting for Gorizia and the retreat up the slopes of Monte San Michele. He knew the shell-scarred town of Gradisca, with its gracious château and church, battered by the artillery, and the strange House of Zagora, the point where the Austrian and Italian armies met, while one side occupied the front rooms and the other the back. He would recall the big silver barrage balloons which hung like odd sea-creatures over the opposing lines and the ceaseless air-raid alarms, wailing their shrill warnings to the inmates of the trenches on the approach of American aircraft. Those "vivid and unfading memories" would mingle with the echoes of the marching song of his regiment, the *Kaiserjaegerlied*, whose rhythm swung in time with the tramping feet of advancing or retreating armies:

"Wir Jaeger lassen schallen, ein froh gewaltig Lied
Und gelten soll es allen, zerstreut in Nord und Süd
Im Osten und in Westen, wo unsere Fahne weht
Wir zählen zu den Besten—so lang die Treu besteht
Wir sein die Kaiserjaeger vom alten Regiment. .

In 1917 his friend, Artur von Seyss-Inquart, was wounded in the leg and invalided home. The wound was more serious than at first thought, and in consequence the Italian front saw no more of him during the war. He retired to the peace of Innsbruck, with a permanent limp, a cane and a pile of textbooks and began to work for his degree. By 1920 he had his doctorate and was practising as a solicitor.

Eight times the Italians stormed the Isonzo front; seven times they were driven off with heavy losses. They wrenched the low plain from the Austrians and encroached here and there on the Carso plateau. But all their efforts were in vain, for shelling on the stony soil produced nothing but a hail of pebbles and no damage was done. The defenders dug out caverns in the rocks and, safe in the heart of the earth, weathered the bombardment. On one occasion it was the Austrians who came down from the heights, heralded by a ceaseless artillery barrage and clouds of poison gas, broke the Italian line and sent the heroes of Caporetto running for their lives. An immense number of prisoners was taken.

But the valour of the Tyrolese could not hold the position for ever. They were directed by arm-chair generals who had had all their training in staff colleges. Appalling loss of life was caused by sending obviously useless troops to particular sectors—for instance, a Prussian infantry regiment was drafted for service in the Carso, where none but experienced mountaineers should have been used. One of Kurt's contemporaries remarked sardonically that in a certain trench-mortar battery, in which not professional soldiers but technical experts with training in engineering and mechanics were required, the officers consisted of two *ci-devant* lawyers, two candidates for the judicature, a Professor of Oriental languages and a graduate of the Academy of Music.

The usual blundering in staff matters began to affect operations in the field. After the great rout of the Italians, the offensive across the Piave was not pressed home. The Italian positions on the other bank were strengthened during this delay, and the Austrians were flung against these points in vain.

After so much heavy fighting, they were war-worn, their equipment inadequate and their uniforms in rags. Owing to the Allied blockade, conditions were reaching starvation level in the Reich and Austria, and their troops were little better off than the civilians. Towards the end, the ration per man consisted of one crust of black bread and one pint of cabbage-leaf soup per day. In these conditions the Vienna Government expected the men to continue fighting.

The High Command insisted on a crossing of the Piave being made, but once this was achieved it was impossible to use the artillery effectively, for the other side of the valley was one vast swamp, with no firm ground on which to base the guns. The horses and mules which were used to drag them, sank deep in the black sucking mud, weighed down by the heavy howitzers which tethered them, to their deaths. Troops and supplies were stuck firmly in the morass, and their misery was increased by heavy Italian shelling mingled with a violent rainstorm. There they floundered till the order to retreat was at last given.

A confused flight over improvised pontoons commenced, heavy waggons and supply lorries being mixed in disorder with troops and horses. To make matters worse, this retreat took place under cover of darkness, and the moving columns, stumbling over each other, were disorganised by random bombardment. This retreat was the end of the war so far as Austria was concerned. The starvation, discomfort and increasing pressure from the Italians, had their inevitable result on the ranks. Communism was rife among the private soldiers, hunger-riots took place and the minorities in the army were on the point of rebellion. The Czechs, particularly, were meditating mutiny, and a plot to murder their German-speaking officers was unearthed. Following the lead of the Navy, the rankers formed Soviets of their own, and only tolerated their officers as technical executives. Battery officers now consulted their men instead of issuing orders. Plebiscites were held on the question of the abolition of the monarchy, and many were frankly in favour of exiling the Habsburgs. Kurt used to recall how, on All Souls' Eve, 1918,

the officers were obliged to ask the men of his battery, before the guns were got ready for the dawn bombardment, whether they wanted a monarchy or a republic. This scene was repeated in hundreds of other batteries.

Wholesale desertions were taking place in violation of the military oath, and at the end of 1918 it could not be said that the Empire held an army in the field. The German-speaking units from Austria proper alone remained loyal to their Emperor. In this atmosphere the final retreat was ordered. The last withdrawal was made in the most indescribable circumstances.

In pitch darkness the exhausted soldiers staggered along the northward road, officers and men alike on foot, for the horses had been killed for food. Sparks from braziers set alight the scattered ammunition which the fleeing troops had dropped in their flight. The ravenous men laid hands on every morsel of food which they could see, murdering for a bite to eat. Houses and barns were fired by parties of looting soldiers.

Kurt was swept along with his battery until they arrived at the bridge over the Tagliamento at Dignano. It was early November, but the troops were too utterly exhausted to take any notice of news from the centre of government. The guns were left in the market-place, and the weary men, who had marched five nights on end, relaxed for a little while before continuing their retreat.

Next morning they were ordered to cross the bridge in full marching kit. The officers were separated from the rankers, and were made to file past an English N.C.O., who was seated under a tree. As each man went by he was obliged to unbuckle the belt which carried his arms and throw it on the pile in front of the Englishman. It was explained that the matter was purely precautionary, and the Austrians, assuming that peace had been declared, obeyed.

The men marched on into the outstretched arms of a fully equipped Scots regiment who proceeded out of hand to take the helpless Austrians prisoners. For many years, Kurt would rage impotently over this apparent trickery. At that time the Austrian delegation had not signed the Armistice with the

Allies and technically she was still at war with them. So Leutnant Kurt von Schuschnigg was marched off into Italy as a prisoner of war by British troops.

On 14th November, loaded down with their full quota of equipment—steel helmet, gas-mask and the rest, but no weapons, the wretched line of prisoners began a march inland towards Treviso. For days they plodded on, in a state of acute misery from hunger, thirst, exhaustion and sickness. They were escorted by British troops, Highlanders and Lancashiremen, and it was only this escort which prevented a wholesale massacre by the Italian civilians in the villages through which they passed.

Kurt himself was almost blinded to the physical anguish of that march by the knowledge that he, and so many beside him, had no country now, that their cause had crashed in ruins, and that they were on their way to imprisonment. In his bitterness he ascribed his country's defeat, not to being vanquished by a stronger army, not to starvation or disloyalty among the troops, but simply to contemptible weakness of will.

Saint Barbara, the saint of gunners, had brought him through the thick of battle unscathed, only to abandon him now in the hour of defeat. He marched on in the autumn sunlight, helpless and hopeless.

Conditions grew worse. Although the British troops called frequent halts in the shade, and allowed the prisoners to fetch themselves drinks at the village fountains, more and more men began to fall out and sink down by the roadside. By the end of the week, half the column had been struck down with influenza—not any of the usual mild varieties, but the “*influença Espagnol*.” The sick men collapsed with flushed, swollen faces and abnormal temperatures, then rapidly lost consciousness. If they continued to march, dragged along by their companions, they invariably died, and had to be left by the wayside. If they were placed in the baggage waggons, other unconscious men would be flung on top of them and they would die of suffocation. If they fell out of the line, the local population gave an exhibition of their usual valour by despatching the

sick men out of hand, for whatever articles of value they were carrying.

Kurt had been brought up in a part of Austria where hatred of Italy was very strong. He had fought against the southerners for three years, and had observed the Italian method of fighting, in which fast running played a large part. Now he was their prisoner, by means (as he thought) of a trick, they were endeavouring to make the Austrians believe that the Emperor Karl himself was responsible for their plight, and had sold them into captivity in order to rid the Empire of a trouble and expense. In after years, when he remembered the "Welschen" (as the Austrians contemptuously called their enemies) who had murdered defenceless prisoners on the Treviso road, it must have called for all the self-control the Jesuits had taught him to enable him to remain cool and courteous in their presence.

The English had treated the prisoners humanely, arranging proper camping grounds at night and supplying hot meals and cigarettes. When the Italians took charge, matters changed rapidly. The men who were still on their feet were marched about aimlessly in the heat and sometimes given no food for forty-eight hours. Eventually they were split up and packed off in the cattle trucks of Italian trains to different internment camps up and down the country. Some were sent to Genoa, some to San Benigno, others to the Riviera coast.

Conditions varied greatly in these internment camps. There was the conventional type, consisting of wooden huts surrounded by triple fences of barbed wire and patrolled by Italian guards. Some prisoners were luckier and were detained in disused villas along the coast, but others were thrown into the dungeons of mediæval fortresses and were generally treated like the inmates of a convict prison as regards exercise, food and discipline. One thing every inmate of these camps possessed in common—time to meditate on the catastrophe which had befallen their country—for the Italians were by no means eager to release them.

Kurt, who had been captured with his father, the Lieut.-General, had an opportunity to survey the past few years. He never spoke much about his war service, but his superior

officers had thought much of him because of his technical efficiency and powers of endurance. He had inherited a blazing courage, combined with the sang-froid of a veteran. The hard asceticism of the *Stella Matutina* had taught him an unshakable patience which helped him to endure hunger and thirst, dirt and sickness and discomfort without complaint. His bravery and calmness had won him a formidable number of gold, silver and bronze medals and the three great crosses which hung heavily across the breast of his olive-coloured tunic. He had the Grand Cross of the Austrian Order for Conspicuous Gallantry with its Golden Eagle, the Medal for Valour (3rd class) with decoration and swords, the bronze and the silver *signum laudis*, the silver medal for bravery (2nd class), the Emperor Karl's Military Cross and the Distinguished Service Decoration. But he took small pleasure in the distinctions, for his whole world had come to an end.

His beloved Emperor was a fugitive, driven by the Entente Powers first from Austria, then from Hungary, cast out at last to die in the steamy atmosphere of a Madeiran prison. The Emperor's wife, the indomitable Zita, had fled with him, bringing all her numerous brood of children after her. When Karl died, her eldest son, Otto, became the pretender to the Austrian throne, but he had nothing to support the shadowy title, neither money, nor friends, nor influence. He lived with his mother, brothers and sisters in terrible poverty, first in Funchal, then in south Spain, finally at Kastel Steenockerzeel in Belgium.

Kurt's devotion to his Emperor never wavered, even after the blows dealt to his ideal by the repeated blunders and acts of cowardice of Karl and Zita. But though he still clung to the glory, the red and gold banners, the eagles and the trumpets of the Habsburgs, it was at best a hopeless nostalgic yearning for a lost cause. He wished with all his soul to see his lord and master wearing the Holy Crown of Charlemagne, but in his heart of hearts he knew it was impossible, that the day of the All-Highest was over and that a new era of things was dawning.

There was no flicker of joy in him at the thought of the coming dawn. There was nothing in his mind but sick

depression and boredom with everything concerning politics. All this was ended for him. The cause for which he had given three years out of his life had come crashing about his ears in blood and ruins. He himself was a person of no account, a mere general's son, without money, friends or influence, a captive in an enemy camp.

He found himself without a country. Versailles tore away Hungary and set the Regent Horthy in the seat of Saint Stephen, resurrected ancient Bohemia under Tomas Masaryk and Eduard Benes, created a new Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia. All these great appanages of the Austrian Crown were hacked from it by the Allies. A tiny Austria, shorn of South Tyrol, his own homeland, was thrown into the whirlpool of Central Europe. All those loved places which in his brief holidays from Stella Matutina he had come to know as home, vanished overnight. Riva fell into the hands of the hated Italians, against whom he had wasted all those years of his young manhood.

He turned his eyes on the world which he could glimpse at between the barbed wire of the sentry-patrolled camp, and looked aside in disgust. Matters could be no worse than they were, the blows of fate must be accepted as they came, without complaint or striving. Without emotion he realised that it was necessary for him to have some profession at his fingers' ends, for he could not starve at his parents' expense once release came. He had come raw from school to the Army, with no training for any occupation. Other boys had flung themselves headlong into the fight without a thought of what they should do when the war was over. Kurt spent his off-duty periods, late at night or before the dawn, in a candle-lit dug-out, cramming Roman law from musty text-books, looking ahead to the day when he would have to stand on his own feet and support himself, to the days when he would be a barrister in the Innsbruck courts. The military authorities looked kindly on his efforts and gave him a short spell of leave in the summer of 1918, to complete the work for his preliminary examinations.

He worked away in the prison camp in his usual manner, spending the last ounce of his energy at the task, but without enthusiasm, assimilating the *Institutes*, *Digest*, and *Novellae*, which are Justinian's Code of Civil Law. He spent the spring and summer of 1919 in this way until, in the autumn of that year, his destiny was decided for him, and with a trainload of other officers, still guarded by "Welschen," he and the Major-General were sent home to Austria.

JURIS DOCTOR

"Nothing but a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won."

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

HE came back to his native country, but not to his home, for that was lost to Italy. It was a sad home-coming, and he never quite forgot its bitterness. "I returned home from captivity in the autumn of 1919. It was a dismal occasion. Although I was overjoyed that the end had come to an imprisonment, the senselessness of which I doubly felt in view of the war's end, and although my heart beat rapidly at the prospect of seeing home once more, the sense of dejection aroused in my mind by what I encountered everywhere was deep indeed. Where was my country? Did she exist at all? Did there survive anything, which transcending the narrow meaning of home, was capable of appealing to the mind and heart?" Such was his comment in 1919. It might well serve as a prophecy for some date still in the future.

He returned with his father to a home in Innsbruck. Like many others, he was too poor to buy civilian clothes and was obliged to walk about in his tattered field-grey uniform. In England this would have been no disgrace, except to the authorities, but in defeated Austria, passers-by were liable to turn round and hiss at the sight. He was obliged to rip the lieutenant's distinctions from the collar of his greatcoat, for Red Austria recognised no Army ranks, and to wear such signs was to invite manhandling by angry crowds. His military decorations, too, had to be hidden away, especially the "Tapferkeits Medaille"—the Medal for Valour, which all and sundry jeered at as a piece of tin. In every place he heard cutting remarks about his War service. The very officer in charge of the demobilisation board which dealt with his case said, "Why were you so silly as to join up?"

This new Republican Austria which had sprung from the

ruins of the Empire, was a strange world. Kurt was too young to have known the gaiety of the pre-war Austria, and the years when he should have been most happy were spent in blood and gunfire on the Isonzo and Piave. His youth had been lived in the gloom and restraint of Jesuitry and his future was overcast by the shadow of the war.

Yet even if the full flush of the old-time magnificence meant nothing to him, he had at least had the happiness of a comfortable home, a peaceful and untroubled early childhood. He could not return to this peace now. In every home, from the palaces of Archdukes to the poorest workers' flats in the Vienna suburbs, there was grinding poverty. No more wurst, or pretzels, or heurige. The Blue Danube had changed to a muddy grey overnight. Schilling and mark had come crashing down, and Austria, like her neighbour, was plunged into the horrors of inflation.

Cynics papered their walls with 1000-mark bills and wrote on the back of 20,000-mark notes if they were short of a post-card. Tram conductors were paid a billion marks weekly and were still not able to make ends meet. Every class from dukes to labourers made a general rush to get employment, but there was none to be had. Austria was left with a huge, unwieldy capital, Vienna, which housed a third of the total population. She had no outlet, as in former days, for her products, for the industrial districts, with the exception of Graz, had been taken from her. There was no work in mills or factories, for they had become the prize of Czechoslovakia. Only the banks could offer a limited number of jobs, because their work was swollen by the tide of inflation.

Many with responsibilities to support took posts which they had never in their wildest dreams thought of filling. One aide of the ex-Emperor's—a Count—became a fireman in the pay of the Vienna municipality, while another taught French to the daughters of *nouveau-riche* war profiteers. Aristocrats became waiters, or pianists in cheap restaurant bands, and the wives of noblemen were obliged to discharge their servants and, for the first time in their lives, to do their own housework.

There were a few of the old nobility who continued to salve

their dignity in spite of tightened belts, and refused to soil their hands with trade or manual labour. They preferred to starve in genteel isolation in their splendid (but ruinous) castles, unheated because they could afford neither wood nor coal. They still sat down to ceremonial dinners, attired in faded evening gowns and dress suits which had acquired a distinct patina of age. The tables would be laid with damask cloths and plates skilfully arranged to hide the worn places. The silver candelabra would stand at regular intervals, but they would be naked of candles, which were unobtainable in Austria. Candle-grease was one of the principal constituents of post-war margarine. The silver remained intact, as did the ancestral Rembrandts, not for any lack of efforts by the owners to convert them into ready cash, but because the world, ruined by the war, had no time for such vanities.

Austria starved. In 1920, a thousand people were dying daily from hunger in the Vienna streets. Many gave up the struggle to earn a living and took up the full-time and absorbing occupation of being the "lost generation," the young men whom the old had flung into the horror of war, who had emerged without hopes or illusions, robbed of the chance to work and cheated of bread. They saw themselves cheated of a future also, deprived of leadership or ideals, sacrificed on the altar of the international armament makers and unscrupulous politicians.

The youth of Austria lost itself in mists of Teutonic despair, and plunged into any folly to forget the present miseries. Many abandoned the idea of finding work with a facile shrug of the shoulders, and an "Impossible! What's the use of trying." The prevailing despair was a fertile ground for the sowing of many pernicious seeds. Some found dissipation the answer to their individual problems; others fell in with the whoredoms of the Wandervögel, that organisation of boys and girls who went wandering over the countryside in their too-extensive spare time, singing the songs of the Fatherland with a gushing adolescent romanticism, and also amusing themselves in less innocent ways. In Austria, as well as in Germany, some fell victims to the strange creed of a Bavarian peasant mystic,

who declared that he was the Messiah come for the second time, to lead the holy Volk to the age of perfect peace. His followers preached absolute poverty, and held strange ideas about the purity of the sacred Nordic blood, its superiority over all other races, and the need to exterminate the Jews who were its greatest enemies. Not so far away, in the north, at Munich, a member of that same lost generation was thumping a beer-stained table in the Bürgerbraukeller and dreaming blood-stained dreams of the world supremacy of the Reich, of Lebensraum, the overthrow of the enemy, France, and of the giddiness of ultimate power.

In Innsbruck-am-Inn, there was another young man, the exact opposite of the Munich agitator. He had a shock of ash-pale fair hair, and light eyes, narrowed a little behind horn-rimmed glasses, under straight, lightly marked brows. A strong, rather inquisitive nose stood boldly above a mouth whose width he hoped to accentuate by a short "Foreign Office" moustache. The thin lips and steady eyes suggested determination, and perhaps held a hint of obstinacy. He spoke quietly, dressed quietly, took no interest at all in politics or public affairs, and had a temperament which would never have permitted him to bawl his opinions at political meetings.

He had not succumbed to the temptation of joining the "lost legion." Political hysteria, alternating with loafing, as practised by the ex-Viennese house-painter, had no attraction for him. His first need was, as he put it, "to earn the minimum necessary to keep body and soul together." After his release, he found that he had only two years to complete his legal studies, but he worked furiously to make up for lost time. He had the choice of attending Innsbruck or Vienna University, the sophisticated capital or the quiet provincial town, but because he was a true Tyroler, he chose the first, and spent the next couple of years in its worn old lecture-room, taking further notes of the Civil Code in his small, untidy hand.

Those years which followed the war were easy for no one. The crowd in the lecture-hall shivered like everyone else in their ersatz clothing. Owing to the lack of fuel, there was no

heating in public buildings, and the raw Alpine winter pierced suits and dresses made of wood-pulp and synthetic fibres like a knife. Shoe-leather was non-existent; all went about with the new "people's footwear," consisting of cloth uppers and ~~inch~~ wooden soles. There was great poverty among the students. Some worked their way by doing odd jobs for people in the town. Others went from house to house begging meals, and almost all added to their scanty resources by giving private lessons.

In their spare time they formed the famous Students' Associations which were distinguished by the different colours of their caps and scarves. Their meetings were given up to debates on every subject under the sun. A favourite item for study by the Catholic society to which Kurt belonged was the social scheme laid down in that so-called "Workers' Charter," Leo XIII's Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. These Catholic associations subsequently became very powerful under Clerical Governments, and most of the posts in the higher Civil Service were reserved for their former members.

In spite of the inevitable hardship of those days, Kurt grew to love Innsbruck, so that many years later, after a long exile to Vienna, he would look upon it as his home town, in the place of Riva, which was lost to him. The misty library of the University, the great formal gardens under its windows, the stuffy hall whose benches were polished by past generations of students, now formed a vital part in the pattern of his life in the same way as Stella Matutina and the rain-drenched trenches of Northern Italy.

Innsbruck is cradled in her mountains, which rise, grey, blue and white spectres, high above her roofs and spires, and which flood all the streets with a pale greenish submarine light. He would walk along the great Maria-Theresienstrasse, and under the Queen's triumphal arch with its blackened marble sculptures of mourning and marriage, past the great Landhaus of the Tyrol Diet, not thinking that some day he would stand under its arched roof, not as a listener in the public gallery, but as a speaker. He must have known the street, where it

broadens into the famous view with the Saint Anne's Column, and where it narrows once more into Duke Frederick's Street, which is dark with the overhanging tradeboards of fifteenth-century merchants' houses. When the mountain mists swirled down the Hertzog Friedrichstrasse or the soft Alpine rain thudded on the cobbles, or the sunlight bathed all the buildings in pale amber, he must have stood a hundred times at the little rise in the long twisting street, looking towards the amazing Goldenes Dachl, the Golden Roof which Frederick of the Empty Purse set above the balcony of his grey Gothic house. That roof always had its quota of American tourists, amateur photographers or artists with sketch-books, gazing at the strange sight of the thousands of gold tiles, which seemed to change in mood and colour with the weather, looking a soft, blurred, almost russet shade in mist and rain, flashing like fish-scales in strong sunlight.

The half-Byzantine beauty of Innsbruck is shared by the surrounding country. Over the bridge which spans the grey Inn by the Goldener Adler (where Andreas Hofer spoke to his people after their battle against the Bavarians) lies the hill of Berg Isel, and Wilten Abbey, rose-coloured and crowned with curious Eastern cupolas. Energetic walkers can go beyond this to wilder scenery, to Kastel Ambras, where Phillipine Fugger had lived, or, if they wish to go farther, take the unromantic steam train to Schönruh, and from there continue through Siebahn and the mountain paths of Hungerborg and Hafelekar.

The beauty of Innsbruck had a lifelong hold upon him, for in spite of the times, he was happy there. Till 1921, his existence was pleasant enough, with his legal studies alternating with lectures on economics, at the Handelsakademie, for he had vague ideas of a commercial career. His scanty spare time was spent mainly at concerts or perhaps in occasional visits to the Opera, for he had not lost his old passion for music. It was only very rarely that he was to be found at a political meeting, for his outlook was "characterised by a boundless pessimism," and he saw very little good in any political party.

In Vienna young men could not maintain this philosophical

neutrality of spirit. It was necessary for the Quakers to open soup-kitchens at the Belvedere and Schönbrunn, and the Allies granted food credits to the starving country. Revolution and anarchy thrived when stomachs were empty. Politics were in a state of turmoil. The Los von Rom movement fathered by Schönerer in the nineties, had revived in the Tyrol, where many of the population were seething with suppressed hatred of the Jews and yearnings after Anschluss. Karl Lueger's Christian Socials, who admired the ways of the Reich as much as the Pan-Germans themselves, were yet the fierce opponents of Herr Schönerer's followers. Dissension on foreign politics raged up and down Austria. While Tyrol and Salzburg clamoured for union with Germany, Vorarlberg wished to throw in her lot with Switzerland. Catholics in all areas longed for the religious freedom promised by the Weimar Government. Austria became divided against herself—Catholic provinces against "Red" Vienna.

After the humiliation of 1922, when a League of Nations Commissioner was called in to look after her affairs, Austria commenced the struggle towards recovery. She was menaced by the communist danger from Hungary, then going through the Bela Kun period, but succeeded at last in drawing up a Constitution. This provided for a President as head of the State, with a Chancellor as First Minister, a Cabinet and a House of Representatives. For the provinces there were nine separate local Diets whose members were called to the Vienna Parliament. Thus Austria, by grace of the Allies, received Parliamentary government, which was hitherto unknown in the country.

There were three main parties in this Republican Austria—the Centrum, poorly supported, whose members came mainly from the Reich frontier and favoured Anschluss with their "racial brothers"; the Social Democrats, who were strongest in starving working-class Vienna; and the conservative Christian Socials, whose watchword was Home, Church and Emperor. This last party also admired Germany, but would not commit itself to the Anschluss idea.

The young Republic went through its birth-pangs. The

first era, of the demagogues, of Otto Bauer and Viktor Adler, gave place to the rule of Mgr. Ignaz Seipel, the great prelate-politician, and the ascendancy of the Church.

In this period of ferment, with daily clashes between Heimwehr and Schutzbund, Red and Clerical, Socialist and Nationalist, Kurt was sitting for his final exams for the Doctorate. In 1921 he obtained his degree in law—a brilliant one—after only two years of University study in place of the usual seven. He was now free to practise, and once again he did not choose to go to Vienna, but preferred to stay on in his beloved Innsbruck, in the shadows of the mountains and the Hofkirche, to defend the cases of peasants and middle-class traders. So he settled down to a quiet untroubled life in the Alpine town, a pale, bespectacled young lawyer in his black doctor's gown and round black legal biretta, who looked forward to a career of pleading in the local court, culminating perhaps in a seat on the Innsbruck bench or a lectureship in law at the University.

Bored with politics and still lacking a sense of direction, he turned more and more towards the Church for guidance, to the early morning Mass at the dark Hofkirche, where Emperor Max's great tomb in silver and bronze with its kneeling Imperial figure and gleaming images of knights and heroes is set at the foot of red marble columns. The devotion he had shown in his boyhood received confirmation at this time when Stella Matutina remained only a memory.

In Munich a little group of men was gathered about a table in the stone-built Bürgerbrau—a former ace-pilot of the Imperial Luftwaffe, even now running to fat and betraying his addiction to cocaine; a yellow-faced, chinless, spectacled ex-schoolmaster; a former champagne salesman; and a one-time inmate of Vienna dosshouses, seller of postcards, shoveller of snow—Adolf Hitler by name. They were discussing the next move in the German Revolution. Next evening, Adolf Hitler would be standing upon a table-top, silencing the shouting of the crowd by a shot from his revolver, bawling out that the time had come for all lovers of the Fatherland to join him.

His "putsch" was to secure his arrest and his removal, with Rudolf Hess, to imprisonment in the fortress of Landsberg.

The little Alpine lawyer may have glanced at the report of this affair on the back page of a local newspaper and dismissed it without another thought. To him, as to the rest of the world, this obscure beer-hall politician meant nothing beyond a name and a police-court case. He, who had never even dreamed of entering politics, could not see how his career, and the career of that other Austrian, would gradually converge until the point of intersection was reached.

CHAPTER IV

"THE DAUPHIN OF THE PARTY"

"The study of the Law is useful in a variety of points of view. . . . It is the most certain stepping-stone in a political line."

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

AFTER he had obtained his degree, he worked for some time in Innsbruck as an assistant lawyer. In 1926 he was given his first brief, and soon worked up a reputation as a brilliant pleader. In a crowded courtroom he lost his nervousness and could speak without hesitation. The older men in Innsbruck legal circles began to look on him as one of the most promising young lawyers in Tyrol, and he soon had a substantial practice as a "Rechtsanwalt." This denotes something unknown in the English system—a lawyer who combines the work of a solicitor and a barrister.

He was so reconciled to this life of pleading at the Bar in a sleepy country town that he made his permanent home there. In 1924 he married Herma, daughter of Friedrich Masera, an important business man from Bozen. Bozen was now called Bolzano; like his own Riva, it had been torn from Austria and handed to Italy after the war. Herma naturally spoke Italian as fluently as German, like most people from the frontier regions, but it was her way to pretend that she had forgotten every word of it, in order to show her contempt for the "Welschen" over the border. That was typical of her; she had a burning love for her country and an unquenchable faith in its mission. This always surprised people who did not know her, because she seemed too frail to have such strong emotions.

She had the face of a fragile, Sèvres figure, pale and pointed, with deep-set, very light eyes. Fair, almost invisible brows and cloudy pale hair completed the likeness to a porcelain miniature. When she died, the press wrote her epitaph with the words, "slender, beautiful, devoted."

She was married to him for just over ten years. It was one of those rare marriages of complete happiness and understanding and trust. Herma was the only person in the world in whom he entirely confided, with whom he would discuss every worry, whether it was about his work or his home. Ten years never made his love for her any less deep or fond. Her death nearly killed him; even after she was gone, she remained “ my dear, dear wife.” At the last, just before he was arrested by the Gestapo, he went to her grave in Hietzing churchyard. A friend once said, “ Herma lived for nothing but her husband.” Through the years at Innsbruck, and later in Vienna, she stayed by him, giving him all the help she could with his work in spite of other responsibilities.

In 1926 their only son was born, when Herma was about twenty-five and Kurt twenty-nine. They remained faithful to tradition, because in Austria the eldest son must always be named after his father, and they had him christened Kurt.

The young barrister took almost no active part in public life. His dissatisfaction with politics continued, although he was mildly interested in questions of organisation and was a prominent member of the Tyrol Citizens’ Defence Corps. In his province the movement was similar to the British Home Guard, and had, in fact, started life as the “ Einwohnerwehren.” All able-bodied young men who could handle a rifle and who had no Socialist sympathies were expected to join. Kurt kept the green-and-white armlet which he wore as a member of the organisation for many years.

Herma would not have been sorry to have seen him devote more of his spare time to politics, and it is a fact worth noting that his active membership of the Christian Social Party dates from his marriage. In their ranks he at last found his leader, the pilot who was to direct his life into its predestined channel. This man was Ignaz Seipel.

The Prelate-Chancellor came to address a meeting of his supporters at Innsbruck. Kurt sat in the hall, unable to take his eyes from the speaker’s pale profile, his round forehead,

hooked nose and heavy chin, the face of a Cæsar on a late Roman coin. The black gown of a priest clung about him, and the black shadow of Inigo of Loyola also. Father Seipel was never known to smile.

Kurt left the hall, still under the influence of his oratory, and was caught up in the crowd. He watched the Prelate come down the steps and get into his car. A woman near him remarked in a high-pitched voice, "It's all very fine, my dear, and maybe the Father's right in all he says, but after all, it's Vice-Chancellor Franck who's doing all the work, while old Seipel does the talking." This fragment of conversation haunted him, and so did Seipel's face, and he resolved to find out more about this man who had cast such a strange fascination over him.

He was surprised to learn that this conservative Monarchist had been born in the back streets of Vienna. His father, when he died, was a stage-door keeper at one of the Prater theatres. Austrian priests had taken the boy when he was very young and in 1895, when he was nineteen, he entered one of the seminaries. He was moulded in the usual way, for his teacher saw the making of a second Richelieu in him. He was in his forties when the war ended, with half a lifetime devoted to the study of ecclesiastical craft behind him. He had also acquired a Doctorate in Philosophy, and had collected a vast mass of information on such miscellaneous subjects as social reform, political philosophy, literature, art, press and propaganda.

His name had first been mentioned in political circles in connection with the Emperor Karl's abortive attempts to secure an armistice. In 1919 he entered the Austrian Chamber of Deputies on the Christian Social ticket. In three years he was to become Chancellor and to attempt to realise on earth that Civitas Dei of Saint Augustine, whose writings he had learnt to venerate in the seminary. That City of God remained his first love, but after it came Austria, Catholic Austria, and her Emperor, who had been thrust into exile. In that sacred cause he exerted every ounce of his tortuous Jesuitical talent.

In the years following the war the name of Ignaz Seipel became world famous. One statesman referred to him as

A man who speaks European,” and he certainly had the art of appealing to men of all climates and countries, for it was his guile which charmed the first great financial loan out of the pockets of an unwilling League of Nations. The most amazing thing about this appeal of Seipel’s was that he was completely lacking in personal charm. There was no warmth, no expansive geniality in his temperament. “He should be compared with the Angel with the Flaming Sword who stood on guard to protect the State,” says one writer, and perhaps one should not expect humour from such an exalted being.

Richelieu, the priest who was Chancellor to Louis XIII of France, lived in luxury, paraded in scarlet satin and ermine and flaunted Madame de Lorne before the eyes of a shocked Paris. Ignaz Seipel remained a practising member of the priesthood to the day of his death. The close-buttoned soutane and black biretta were inseparable from his thick-set figure. Never, throughout his Chancellorship, would he consent to take an official residence. He was the Chaplain of the Congregation of the Daughters of Mary, and until his death he occupied two tiny rooms at the Convent, furnished with table, chair, bed and praying-desk only. He would rise at five each morning, and before setting out for the Chancellery would say Mass in the Chapel, never missing a single day. Sometimes after all-night sessions of the House he would return specially for this, and then, without taking any rest at all, would commence a fresh day’s work. Whether it were Lent, Advent or any other time of the year, feast or fast, he was content with two meals a day, these consisting of one course only. The Sisters would prepare his food themselves, and invariably it would be served on a plain iron dish. Whether as a mortification or from sheer parsimony, traceable to his upbringing, he made a practice of travelling about Vienna in the trams, and once shocked his entourage by demanding a second-class ticket to Geneva.

This strange, unsympathetic temperament exercised a strong magnetism upon Kurt. He appreciated the austerity of the man, which found an echo in his own character, and understood the dry, cold, logical approach which Seipel had per-

fected and which appealed to the intellect rather than to the heart. Jesuit-trained himself, he admired such methods, and his interest in politics grew because of his interest in the leader. Because of the three great loves of his life—Austria, his Emperor and his faith, he followed Seipel, who stood for all of these things.

Indeed, he saw in Seipel the only man capable of leading Austria out of chaos. Dr. Franck, who had been credited with so much by that woman in the crowd, had in fact achieved very little indeed. Others had had even less success. Dr. Schober's Chancellorship, from June 1921 to May 1922, had been disturbed by Socialist strikes at the Mint, the Post Office and the offices of the telephone services. Austria was in the throes of inflation, and in despair, the Clerical Deputy Seipel had been called upon to save the country from ruin.

He had had a fierce battle to fight. Even when he set tottering, mutilated Austria upon her feet again by the first £30,000,000 credit which he and Dr. Keimböck had obtained, the Socialists under the Mayor of Vienna, Seitz, had cursed him for a traitor who had sold the liberties of Austria to the International-Capitalist-Bourgeoisie of the West.

The Socialists were a perpetual menace. Their illegal army, the *Schutzbund*, was always giving trouble. The army of 30,000 to which Austria had been limited after the war was helpless against it. The organisation was known to have secret stores of rifles, ammunition, machine guns and hand-grenades. Each night there were fresh stories of beatings-up and disturbances engineered by the Socialists.

To combat this army there arose another organisation. This was known as the *Heimwehr* and was drawn from the provincial populations with the object of keeping "Red Vienna" in order. The movement had started in Bavaria, under Ritter von Epp, and was now assuming dangerous proportions in Austria. Although the *Heimwehr* stood by the Christian Socials, it was saturated with Fascist influence.

To add to the danger of the general situation, there were numerous minor bodies—the conservative Christian German

Gymnasts; the even more reactionary *Freiheitsbund*; the organisation of Catholic Trades Union members; the ex-Servicemen's Society; the *Frontkämpfer*; the *Reichbund*; and last, but by no means least, the N.S.D.A.P.—the Nazis.

Kurt did what he could to help the Christian Socials, the only party which seemed to him to retain a glimmer of sanity in this welter of creeds. At first he used his talents for public speaking only in a very modest way, but presently, as he became better known, he was sent sometimes to speak as far afield as Bavaria, his grandmother's country.

Old mole Seipel was not blind. In fact, his eyes were very wide open for talent. “Seipel's young men,” as his pupils were called, were as thickly sown with budding politicians as is the Junior Administrative Grade of the British Foreign Office. He met the blond, blue-eyed young barrister, and sized him up in a trice. With his Jesuit penetration he saw that with a few touches where the Fathers of the *Stella Matutina* had left off, he could create a first-class administrator. Here was a young man as steady as he could hope to find, with a passionate love for his country, deeply devout and with quite exceptional talents. He had a brilliant degree in law, a taste for research, a spectacular military record, and good connections. The “old mole” required successors in his new Austria, and casting about him he found Kurt.

Yet he never became very intimate with his protégé. Kurt's own horror of self-assertion always kept him at a distance from the master, and there was more reverence in his attitude than desire to win confidence. During the years in which he was associated with Seipel, he had no more than five exhaustive conversations with him, and one of these five was when the Prelate lay on his death-bed.

“It is true,” he said, “that I had now and then a passing nod and a friendly word from him, a kindly gesture, but as a rule it was without any particular relevance.”

Seipel had been shot at and wounded by a Socialist fanatic in 1924. His health had been permanently affected, and in the year, temporarily worn out by work, he resigned the Chancellorship. For a few months Ramek and Vaugoin muddled through, trying to repair a little of the damage done by the Socialists to the Austrians' pride in their country. They restored the salute in the Army and once more made the wearing of medals legal. But they were at best stop-gaps.

In October 1925, Seipel found it necessary to return to duty. He was growing dissatisfied with the Constitution, which allowed so much disorder in the State, but did his best to reconcile some of the warring parties. However, it was soon obvious that the Socialists were meditating some mischief. The old disturbances broke out once again. Otto Bauer was making inflammatory speeches, saying that the time had come to found a truly Socialist Republic.

The storm brooded until 1927, and then broke. In this year, Seipel launched his protégé into politics. There were fresh elections to the Austrian Parliament, the National Assembly, and a group of young Tyrolean voters arranged to put forward as the local representative of the Christian Socials. to the unwillingly (because it meant leaving Herma and the law, abandoning his practice for the better part of the year, and working long hours in a strange city, both on his legal cases, and on Government work) he consented to stand. The combined pressure of his own sense of duty, Herma's urging, his respect for Seipel and the encouragement of his Innsbruck friends, won the day. He had had heavy misgivings on the subject, because of the prevalent belief that "politics were the little-esteemed occupation of a little-esteemed body of men," yet he overcame his doubts. At the somewhat unusual age of twenty-nine he was a Member of Parliament, and set off to Vienna to commence his new work.

The year of his initiation into politics was also the year in which he first saw the full malevolence of the Austrian revolutionaries. The summer of 1927 seemed to bring out all the latent passions in Socialists and Fascists, Clericals and anti-Clericals. In the Burgenland, three ex-service men were .

besieged in an empty house by two or three hundred Schutz-bundlers, and firing on their assailants, killed two people.

The Socialists screamed that it was a plot laid by the Christian Socials. During the trial of the three ex-soldiers there were violent disturbances. Strikes occurred all over Vienna. The atmosphere grew electric and rumours that illegal Socialist arms-dumps had been found began to fly about.

In the March elections the Socialists were dealt a heavy blow and experienced a great disappointment. The acquittal of the three men caused strikes in all the Vienna public services. At last, in July, the mob stormed the Parliament Building and during the rioting the Law Courts were fired.

From a window in the Parliament House, Kurt watched the surging mob cross to the Schmerlingplatz and set the Palace of Justice in a blaze. He realised to the full the stupidity of the Constitution then in force. The Government could not control the Socialist rioters with armed forces except by permission of the Mayor of Vienna. This permission Red Burgomaster Seitz resolutely refused to give. The Vienna police instead were obliged to cope with the problem, and only suppressed the agitators after many lives had been lost on both sides.

The active rioting was quelled, but the next step of the Socialists was to call a general transport strike. The left-wing newspapers commenced a libellous campaign against all members of the Government, especially Seipel, whom their one aim was to drive from power. Said the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, "The people have lived to see a Catholic priest having unarmed civilians shot down and women and children murdered in the streets of the city."

The outbreak of open war between Socialists and Christian Socials confirmed Kurt in his political faith. From those days of 1927 onwards he first begins to appear as a well-known public figure, and Seipel had the satisfaction of seeing that his premonition about the young man's talent was justified.

He found himself set down, as he thought, temporarily, in the city of Strauss waltzes, Schubert serenades, *Lilac Time* and *The Blue Danube*. But the charm was lost on him. The happy

crowds on the Kärntnerstrasse, laughing their "*Grüss Go* or "*Küss' die hand, Gnädiges!*" passed him by. The cafés their hundred varieties of Viennese coffee (with or without cream), the Heurigen out at Grünzing, where the acrid wine and mellowed old tunes from Schubert could be had Viennese people, unbusinesslike and charming—all "*goldener Wiener Herz*" never won him over. He remained stranger in the heart of Vienna, hidden behind his old penetrable barriers of shyness and reserve. He seemed to do nothing but hard work and music, and his home back in Innsbruck, which he refused to give up, always remaining Tyrolean from the mountains among the people of the lowland city.

If the people did not capture him, their politics, as recently exhibited at the burning of the Courts of Justice, appealed to him still less. He looked on the Ultra-Nationals, Social Democrats and Communists with varying shades of disapproval. The Social Democrats alone seemed to have a fixed scheme for improving the conditions of the workers. They also, however, were disunited among themselves and counted persons of all shades of political thought, from pale pink to bright Russian red, within their ranks.

To Kurt, however, Jesuit-trained protégé of Prelate Seipel, their movement meant one thing alone—Bolshevism.

He might have walked through Floridsdorf or through the suburbs of Heiligenstadt, Ottakring or Moedling, and stared up at the great white blocks of the workers' flats, all sparkling with their row upon row of windows, hygienic, healthy, where once verminous slums had stood. He might have stood in one of the green courts between the blocks, by one of the severely plain modernistic fountains and listened to the ill-educated Viennese accent of a Social Democrat deputy. He might have heard how, after the war, when the Vienna rents rose to mountainous heights, the Party had passed legislation restricting the landlords' dues everywhere to a paltry sum (about half a crown in English money) and had clapped a tax on all tenants, graded according to means. With these great funds at their disposal, the Municipality had built the great blocks of shining

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white concrete, well lit, well aired, with communal baths, nurseries, clinics, kitchens, laundries, libraries and workers' clubs. They would have been useless. The devout blue eyes would have gazed up to the lettering above the arch which pierced through the heart of one such building and have read the words, "Karl Marx Hof."

To understand his attitude it is necessary to remember his Catholic upbringing. His views were the traditional views of the Church, so often expressed by Pius XI. Rome set herself firmly against the Third International and all its works, so that Catholicism and Bolshevism became as unalienably opposed as day and night. Thus Kurt could not see the builders of the Karl Marx or Viktor Adler Hof as social reformers, but as men who wished to bring the children of Austria up in the godless doctrines of Lenin. As a soldier, who had known three years of mud and blood, he thought little of the physical improvement in the lot of the working people, and grieved rather for their souls, which seemed past saving.

The Christian Socials were agreed that the time was long overdue for a clean-up in Austria. But how was this to be accomplished? Certainly not with the aid of Parliament. The Nationalrat was a farce, a pitiful carcass which had never known life. The Allies had encouraged democratic representation in a country which had no experience of such a system and could not adapt it to her own needs. There were no names like Langton or Bigod or Edward Plantagenet in her history, no Magna Carta or Code of Common Law.

Kurt, whose interests lay in legal history, was certainly acquainted with these great names and what they stood for. Therefore it was with greater clarity that he saw that Parliamentary government was an exotic in Austria, a plant with no stamina or roots. Thus it was bound to die. He used often to quote a little story to illustrate the case:—

An Austrian diplomat was being entertained at a great English country house on the occasion of some international celebration in London. The diplomat gazed enviously at the wonderful green lawn outside his host's windows. "What do

"I need to get turf like that at home?" he asked. The Englishman laughed, "Three hundred years' preparation for a start," he remarked.

Kurt's sessions on the back benches of the Nationalrat did not improve his opinion of Parliament as an institution. There was no constructive reasoning and no agreement on vital questions. The one spirit which seemed to animate all parties was a blind obstructionism and a final desire to block all legislation framed by rivals. The sessions became super-wrangling matches in which no one could speak in an orderly manner without interruption. Instead, they featured streams of insults and abuse from every quarter. Matters did not stop at mere words. On one occasion on which he was present, a Christian Social picked up a heavy ash-tray from the desk in front of him and heaved it at a Social Democrat on the opposite bench. Unfortunately he missed him and hit one of his own party who was sitting in Heimwehr uniform on the other side.

As time went on, Kurt began to find the path of duty a thorny one. Tied to the undignified brawlings of the House, he could scarcely ever spare more than three days a week to be at home with his young wife and son. Even his free Sundays had to be sacrificed for speech-making tours round his constituency. During the week he found himself with more than the usual dose of troublesome correspondence from electors who had recently voted older men out of Parliament in favour of him and his friends. They had raised a cry of "Youth to the Fore," and had expected instant miracles from the new M.P.'s. When these did not materialise, there was a good deal of abuse thrown about and remarks on the "scrap-iron" which had been placed in the Nationalrat.

In 1927 he made the acquaintance of many new colleagues: Dr. Thaler, founder of the Austrian settlement in Brazil, and the Tyrolers Steiner, Kolb and Kneussel. With them he went through many anxieties and disappointments, but he also learned a great deal in his association with these people. During those years, the foundations of his political education were laid. In particular, he gained experience from the debates of the Christian Social Party Club, and throughout his career he

remained grateful for the lessons which Seipel taught him at these meetings. One incident smarted in his memory for a long time. He once tried to contradict Seipel and was given a stern reprimand in front of the entire club, so that he had to sit down again covered in confusion.

There were other men in his circle whom he came to know and respect. President of the Council Alfred Gürtler, the Army expert Vaugoin, Keinböck, who became his own Minister of Finance, and Richard Schmitz, then Minister for Education, later Mayor of Vienna, and his intimate friend, were among the members of this group. In his memoirs he speaks of Jodok Finck, Leopold Kunschak and Anton Rintelen, as colleagues in the Christian Social Camp. On the side of the Socialists he came in contact with many avowed opponents. A little reluctantly he admitted that they “not only did good work, and to the best of their ability for their cause, but, as men, gave no occasion for attack.”

The strain to get through both his legal and Parliamentary work increased steadily. Seipel added to it by appointing him rapporteur for legal and budgetary matters at the House. It was then that he finally decided that pure politics must be his career, and the lesson taught by another Austrian was not difficult to learn.

Adolf Hitler had been released from Landsberg gaol in 1923 after a few months' nominal imprisonment. He had learnt from his abortive Munich putsch not to rely on vapouring speeches only for hold over the masses. In the confinement of Landsberg he had drawn up the scheme for the great private army which was to sweep him on its crest to supreme power. The movement had begun with a mere hundred or so fanatical disciples, grew to the size of thousands, finished three million strong. In this great illegal force there were two main divisions—the S.S. and the S.A.—the Black Tunics of the Special Guard and the Brown Tunics of the main mass of the fighting men.

The S.S. and the S.A. were like the powers of darkness

descending upon free Germany. In them the Holy Fehme, the horrible secret tribunal of the Middle Ages which had no mercy and admitted no appeal, was revived. Armed bands of these young thugs wandered through the Munich streets, beating up Jews and insulting Jewish women.

The Nazis were not to have everything their own way. The Social Democrats of Germany, stung by the example, had founded their own army, the Reichsbanner, and the Communists followed suit with the Red-Front Fighters' League. The movement had spread to Austria also and had produced the hated Republican Schutzbund; the Christian Socials were the originators of the Heimwehr.

Kurt viewed this last organisation with disapproval. It was headed by the flamboyant and decorative Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Stahremberg. This young man was perhaps two years younger than Kurt, but he could hardly have been more different in temperament. The Prince, bankrupt owner of thirteen ancestral castles, would have been more in place in the burnished silver armour of Don John of Austria boarding the Turkish galleys at Lepanto. Indeed, his grandfather, three centuries back, had flung the Turk back from Saint Stephen's Tower at Vienna, when Jan Sobeiski saved Western civilisation, and the Archbishop, preaching in the Dom, spoke of "the man sent from God, whose name was John."

But the great Catholic tradition was not continued in his descendant. Ernst Rüdiger was not addicted to the inside of churches; he preferred the society of the Vienna blondes at the Cobenzl Bar. His marriage to the Princess Stahremberg was unhappy. He went hither and thither about the world, searching for sensation and adventure. As a boy of seventeen he had fought on Austria's Russian front. In 1923, he had taken part in Adolf Hitler's beer-cellar putsch. He had picked up a few ideas from the Italian Revolution and the march on Rome.

Now he was back home in Vienna and he turned his restless hands to organising the illegal Heimwehr. The Army did not rely on the rubber truncheon, but on the revolver, riddled through as it was with the influence of Italian Fascism and its

strong-arm methods. It had no religious ideals and was as materialistic in its aims as its founder.

Kurt, from the committee-rooms of the Nationalrat, noted all these private armies, disliked the aim of them all, but saw that the man who wished to succeed in politics must have the backing of some such force. In 1932, to combat the materialism of the Heimwehr, he formed an organisation of his own, drawn from the youth of Catholic Tyrol. He called it the Ostmärkische Sturmscharen—the storm-squads of the Austrian Marches. The members wore no uniform and acknowledged no Fuehrer beyond Christ the King. Yet at the same time the organisation had a paramilitary flavour similar to the Czech Sokols. They would be willing in case of need to spring to the defence of their valleys or their creed, and although their salute was the first and second fingers outstretched in the blessing of the priest, those fingers would be just as quick to handle a trigger.

Their founder gave them two symbols—the badge which they wore upon their sleeves, the catacomb initials of Christ, and that which headed their manifestos and proclamations, the double-headed eagle of Imperial Austria. With a fellow Tyroler, Hans Bator, a trench-comrade of the last war, he set about the work of organisation. There was a great deal of enthusiasm for the movement in Tyrol, for the idea of the old Austria and support of her Emperor was very strong there. The young people of the valleys were eager to join, in spite of determined opposition from other quarters which often led to riots. The young factory workers and clerks who had not been won over by the Socialists were the backbone of the movement, and they showed just as much fighting spirit as their opponents in the redder districts of Vienna. They were the first proof of young Austria's pride in her national and historic heritage, her Catholic and Habsburg tradition. Kurt remained in personal charge of them until he assumed the Chancellorship, and was obliged to hand over responsibility to an old colleague, Colonel Krassnid.

Almost unnoticed in the early nineteen-thirties lights which

would soon break into the glow of Austria's awakening were beginning to flicker in the darkness. Seipel was weary to death. His old wound was a drain upon his strength and he was suffering severely from diabetes. The perpetual Socialist press-propaganda had had its long-desired effect, for he felt that he personally was the cause of the rioting and failure to agree among the parties. In April 1929 he resigned, convinced that his continued Chancellorship meant the death of Austria.

The Chancellorship of his successor, Dr. Steeruwitz, also a Christian Social, was mainly notable for a pitched battle fought at Saint Lorenzen between the Heimwehr and the Schutzbund. His failure to keep peace resulted in Dr. Schober taking over the Chancellorship. Schober also, though keen to pacify all, lacked the necessary two-thirds Parliamentary majority to carry any of his measures. He was caught in an unfortunate dilemma—German Nationals were clamouring for a centralised Government, while his own Christian Socials, who were drawn from the provinces, were naturally in favour of decentralisation. In his perplexity he called in Prelate Seipel's young protégé—Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg.

Dr. Schuschnigg's reputation as a lawyer who was thoroughly at home with constitutional history made him the white hope of the reformers. He was called upon to produce a draft Constitution to end the suicidal inter-party feuds which were destroying Austria. After long and patient work he handed to Dr. Schober a draft which provided for a President elected by the people, who had power to appoint and dismiss Governments, dissolve Parliament, govern in times of emergency by Orders in Council, and maintain nominal command over the Army. This President was naturally to be the superior of the Chancellor, and provided for the continuity of government even in the event of ministerial changes. Those provincials whom Kurt represented in the Nationalrat were given further rights by an extension of the decentralisation scheme. The Police, who had done such good service in the 1927 riots, were placed under Federal Control, in order to prevent any interference by municipalities. Vienna, whose independence had become a

scandal, was placed under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and the privileges of her Burgomaster were curtailed.

It was a mild solution of the problem and showed perhaps more discretion than valour. The Socialists, it is true, were placed under control in a number of ways, but there was no harshness in the measures, and nothing to prevent a Socialist from becoming Chancellor. The new Constitution was, in fact, a typical product of Jesuit education, aiming at offending none, offering appeasement to all.

The new Constitution was not, however, immediately effective. Schober continued to have trouble with the Heimwehr, which Prince Stahremberg aimed to turn into a personal “Jaeger.” In 1930 he had a Bill passed, limiting the power of the organisation and restricting its right to carry arms. Ernst Rüdiger at once sprang into opposition against the Government. In spite of his rebellion he won a place in the next Government, in which Seipel returned as Foreign Minister. With Vaugoin as Chancellor, Stahremberg became Minister for the Interior—but the appointment was short-lived. The Government did not stay in power two months. A fresh Chancellor in the person of Dr. Ender of Vorarlberg took office, and the Prince was quietly dropped from the political band-waggon.

In March 1931, Ender made a decision which was eventually to change the whole of Austria's future. He appointed to the obscure post of Minister for Agriculture and Forestry, Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss. Dollfuss remained in the Government through all the troubles of the next year, the embarrassment of the Boden Credit Anstalt, the collapse of the Credit Anstalt and the terrible distress and unemployment caused by these events. Ender's Government was followed by Buresch's. He remained in power only till January 1932.

Wilhelm Miklas was then elected President, and Buresch returned as Chancellor. Little Dollfuss remained at the Ministry of Agriculture.

On January 29th, Buresch invited Dr. Schuschnigg to join his reconstructed Cabinet as Minister of Justice. He was scarcely swept off his feet by the honour. The trouble was that

Buresch's Cabinet was a minority one and gave every sign that it would come to a speedy and inglorious end. The chance of making his *début* into higher politics was, however, too good to be missed, even if his appearance on the Austrian stage was to be brief. He first asked the advice of his Tyrolean constituents, and then went to his preceptor Ignaz Seipel. The prelate told him to accept the post; the work, he said, was worth doing, and well within his "young man's" power.

So he became a Minister, and found the position every bit as unsatisfactory as he had feared. The hours were never-ending, the work arduous, and he seemed to encounter obstacles at every turn. After a very few weeks he became quite certain that the Government would shortly resign, and on this account he only put up at temporary accommodation in Vienna, being unwilling to leave his home in Innsbruck.

Matters were made difficult for him personally by the Socialists. Their spokesman, Dr. Robert Danneberg, launched a bitter attack against "Professor Seipel's lackey-in-chief" in one of the leading left-wing papers. This man, he complained, had been insinuated into the Government to arrest the process of disarming the Austrian *Heimatschuetze* (Home Guard) which had been commenced under Socialist pressure. He was a rabid Monarchist, who had asserted that monarchy was a better form of rule than the present republican system, and had openly declared that he would do all in his power to get the anti-Habsburg laws repealed.

Furthermore, he had proclaimed that if the Christian Socials continued to close their ranks against Habsburg supporters, he would forthwith leave the party. "He need not fear," concluded Dr. Danneberg sarcastically, "for the Christian Socials have not only admitted a monarchist to their ranks, but have made him Minister of Justice for the flimsy and insubstantial reason that he is a Doctor of Laws. No less suitable candidate for the post can be imagined." Some years later, when he came to look back on this period of his career, he remembered these words with resentment.

After four months the Buresch Government fell amid turmoil engineered by National Socialists and Social Democrats. The

obscure, scarcely known Minister for Agriculture became head of the Government.

Engelbert Dollfuss took the oath as Chancellor on May 27th, 1932. In the early months of his Chancellorship, Ignaz Seipel died. He had left the breathless air of Vienna for the chill of the Lower Austrian snowline. He was suffering from diabetes and hoped to regain his health in a sanatorium. That hope was vain. Three days before he died, he called Kurt to him. “ My son,” he murmured, “ you will carry on with my work. Perhaps not just now, but at a later time. Thank God, Austria is on the right road.” As Kurt sat by the old man’s bedside in the stuffy sickroom, with its odour of drugs and disinfectants, he heard the weak voice murmur on, “ He is the Dauphin of our party.”

Did Seipel in his last few hours of life see clearly what the years had in store ? Did he think of that other Dauphin, also an Austrian woman’s son, who died so miserably in the French Temple at the hands of the revolutionaries ?

Seipel died on 5th August, 1932.

WITH DOLLFUSS IN THE FIGHT FOR AUSTRIA

"He was attached to me, and I followed him unquestioningly, and in all circumstances, as a faithful brother-in-arms."

KURT VON SCHUSCHNIGG : *Dreimal Oesterreich.*

GOERING is reported to collect stories about his medals; Engelbert Dollfuss certainly collected all the jokes made by his political friends and opponents about his absurd height. That was, perhaps, typical of the man, for he was utterly free from any rancour, even against personal enemies. Two of these stories are sufficient to show the kind of amusement the little man aroused.

London contributed Ramsay MacDonald's remark on being introduced to him, "Ah, weel, I'm richt glad to see ye, bairn, but I'd leifer ha' met your father." Vatican City told how Pius XI had received him in audience, and after the usual genuflections, said, "Rise, my son"—to which Dollfuss replied, "But, Holy Father, I am already standing."

That name of "Millimetternich" (Hop o' my Thumb) which the journalists bestowed on him became almost a title of honour. 'How often has it been said of him that "he was small in body, but great of heart"? There was a fascination which linked all the widely diverse types of men about him, in loyalty and affection, such as no other Chancellor ever commanded. Perhaps his secret lay in the combination of the Viennese "gemütlichkeit," which at times becomes even a little irritating in its untempered sweetness, with the more positive efficiency of the north which had trained him.

Though Prussian reared, he was Austrian in blood and bone. He was born in poverty and disgrace, the illegitimate son of a peasant girl and a woodcutter from Lower Austria, on the 4th October, 1892. In spite of the double temptation of his penniless stock and shameful birth, he never turned to Communism. His early life was spent close to the soil and the men who earned

their living by it, and all through his career, his first interest lay in the improvement of agriculture and the lot of the Austrian farming folk. He considered he could best help them through the Christian Social Party which represented the interests of the provincial population and the small-property owners, and so, like Kurt, he pinned his faith to Prelate Seipel, though for widely different reasons.

Dollfuss returned from the Reich with a doctor's degree in economics, and a German wife, a Fräulein Alwine Gienke, no blonde nordic type, but a statuesque creature with the face of Leonardo's Madonna of the Rocks. In 1932 there were two children in the family—Bibi and Evi, whom he idolised. He had a gift for making friendships and soon won over all his fellow-members in the Government.

He worked with Dr. Schuschnigg for the first time when he was Minister for Agriculture in the Buresch Cabinet. He had instinctively liked the young Tyrolese lawyer with his horror of self-assertion, his diffidence in speaking about his own achievements, and his quiet, untheatrical piety. He was attracted by the courage and conviction beneath the unassuming exterior, and perhaps the warm-hearted little Chancellor also felt rather sorry for him because he was lonely in a strange city. As for Schuschnigg, it was his way, once he surrendered to an affection, to do so completely. Dollfuss won him utterly, and their friendship grew to be one of the very few complete and perfect relationships of his life. Engelbert Dollfuss was perhaps the only true and intimate friend of his political career, and in spite of repeated attempts to drive a wedge between them, no shadow of mistrust of each other ever crossed their minds.

It is perhaps right that Schuschnigg's own words about his friend should be quoted, for they are best able to describe the quality of the sentiment which bound him to Dollfuss:

"If I had been in Dollfuss's place, I should, long before the end, have gone to the Federal President and relinquished my mandate. I had always thought well of Dollfuss, but now I learnt to admire him wholeheartedly. For Austria's sake he stayed in office, and allowed himself to be called place-seeker and traitor—allowed his whole past and his

name to be besmirched in the most flagrant manner, and his aims and convictions to be calumniated. . . . He was able to do this because he was absolutely convinced of the rightness of the path he was taking, and inspired by the will to preserve the integrity of Austria. 'The country must live, even if we are to die'—this belief, far from having a purely rhetorical significance for him, was one of the profoundest convictions of his inmost being.

"The secret of Dollfuss lay in the appeal of his personality. The long, firm pressure of his hand, his kindly, laughing eyes—and a friendly word—these helped to disarm many an adversary, to win many friends, and to obtain results more significant than others obtained in the course of long debates. A loyal friend, ready to help those who worked with him or were his companions, an idealist, a believer, a faithful son of the German race—and at the same time a crusader for Austria—such was he.

"So long as life is given me, I shall not cease to testify for Engelbert Dollfuss and his Austria."

There was a heavy task ahead of the man whom President Miklas had called to the Chancellorship. For a fortnight he strove to reconcile the warring elements of Christian Socials, Farmers' Party adherents, Pan-Germans and Heimatblock, and to produce a workable Government. The Pan-Germans held out most strongly and most bitterly of all, and attacked Dollfuss in every conceivable manner in the German press. They also commenced a campaign for the inclusion of the pro-Nazi Dr. Rintelen in the Cabinet, and threatened riots unless they were satisfied. Dr. Schuschnigg, working at the side of Dr. Karl Vaugoin, the Chairman of the Christian Socials, took part in the tedious negotiations which lasted day and night for nearly a week.

On 27th May, 1932, the Cabinet was complete. The Pan-Germans had won a point and Dr. Rintelen obtained the Board of Education, but was nevertheless regarded with grave suspicion by Dollfuss. Stahremberg was not in this first Government, and neither was the commercial expert, Stockinger, another of the Chancellor's friends. Dollfuss stood before the people at Kirchbach. The men and women to whom he spoke knew what manner of man this was, and how,

before accepting office, he had spent the night upon his knees in prayer in a suburban church, asking for guidance. They heard the words, keynote of his rule, "We have taken office, not in order to promise mountains of gold, but to provide peace, harmony and bread for the Austrian people." They heard also his determination to weld all parties together for the common good. Everyone in that audience knew what his promise of bread to starving Austria meant, and knew, too, that without unity Austria would die. But Dr. Otto Bauer of the Socialists saw fit to rise to the attack in the Nationalrat, demanding a vote of no confidence in a Government which had scarcely begun to function, and Dr. Straffner of the Pan-Germans openly expressed his belief that Dollfuss would fail like the others before him.

The first crisis with which the Chancellor had to deal was over the question of the voting in Parliament on the Lausanne loan. After the usual party dissension, the loan of three hundred million, which meant so much to the work of Austrian reconstruction, was secured. Dollfuss had scored his first success and from that date Austria's dependence on other countries, especially Germany, and the alarming increase in unemployment, were to a large degree reduced. He had saved the country increases in taxation, dismissal of many civil servants, wage cuts and the ruin of a large number of private businesses. Dr. Schuschnigg considered the price paid, which consisted largely of guarantees of the nation's financial stability, to be low in view of the advantages obtained.

The path to financial reconstruction and economic recovery lay open to Austria, but more important matters than finance were now in question. It was essential to cure the perpetual plague of party warfare which had placed six Chancellors in office in three years. Dollfuss seized on the thread which ran through all the parties—the knowledge of their common German heritage—and strove to give the opponents some semblance of unity by stressing this point. He also wished to cultivate friendly relations with the Reich and did all in his power to extend his contacts with the German Government.

Schuschnigg was very valuable to him in this work, and during

these first months gained a reputation as the Chancellor's, an faithful lieutenant. At that time he was free to give his advice on legal and constitutional matters, but Dollfuss decided to use his great talents as a speaker and his reputation as a prominent Catholic layman, in the cause of Austria at home and abroad. Practically every Sunday throughout 1932 either the Chancellor or his friend would be lecturing where in Austria on the Catholic tradition, the Morality position or some allied subject.

Dr. Schuschnigg, who had family connections in Bavaria, sent lecturing to the South German States. Friendship results from the old days, with members of the Volkspartei who served in the trenches with him during the war were now of great value to him. The common heritage of art, music, literature, and above all, faith, was always his theme, as he tried to draw the bonds between his fatherland and his "racial brothers" closer. He was a devout Catholic and Monarchist; such tendencies have always been to the fore of Bavarian politics, and it was perhaps not to be wondered that he aroused some suspicion by his speeches. The old fear of German politicians that the Southern Catholic States would leave the fold of the Reich and unite with Austria was revived in some quarters, but it was utterly without foundation, for he had a strange respect for the unity of Germany, and did not wish to see it disturbed. However, Bavaria made him a Knight of the Order of Saint George, in recognition of his services to the Catholic cause, in spite of his protests that he was not in favour of any separatist tendencies.

The visits he paid to North Germany were fairly successful, and he made several useful contacts. Dollfuss, who was friendly with von Papen and had Catholic friends in Berlin from his university days, took Kurt north to Essen in 1932 to the National Catholic Congress. Half humorously, half ruefully, he used to recall how the Chancellor had insisted on making the journey in a very rickety, out-of-date aircraft, which had considerably upset his Minister's equilibrium. Rather plaintively he remarked that "air-travel in those days was not an agreeable experience for everyone, but I consented

to go, although, I must confess, not very willingly." The much-sought-after young deputy spoke at the Congress on "Christ in the Modern Metropolis"—perhaps a curious subject for a politician, but not for the pious Catholic who was concerned to defend Austria's brand of piety against the ruthless onslaughts of northern criticism. Dollfuss departed after issuing an invitation for the Congress to meet in Vienna the next year.

The lecturing continued. In 1933 Dr. Schuschnigg spoke to the Berlin Law Society on the "Unification of the German and Austrian Penal Code." This occasion gave him the opportunity of meeting President Hindenburg, Chancellor Kurt von Schleicher, Barons Papen and Neurath and the lawyers Drs. Gurtner and Frank. Afterwards he spoke of his meeting with this gathering of celebrities with a trace of that fatal inferiority complex which always dogged him. His account of his interview with Hindenburg reads rather like a schoolboy's description of a terrifying encounter with his headmaster. It was perhaps natural, for he was without great political experience and had not yet learnt the lesson of self-confidence.

His next engagement was in Cologne, to speak on "Austria, and the Concept of the Reich," saying that there should be no further talk of Anschluss, but rather of "Zusammenschluss"—alliance with a spiritual and cultural significance. Here he met with much opposition from his fellow Catholics in Germany, and found that even in those days of German democracy, the idea of Austrian independence was unpopular. Significantly, fourteen days after he returned home, Adolf Hitler came to power.

In March Dollfuss sent him to Weimar and other centres. In Weimar itself, he spoke to the Association of German Administrative Jurists. He had the place of honour, and the subject—the constitutional history of Germany and Austria, and the unmistakably absolutist tendencies of the Central European States as opposed to the parliamentarianism of the Western Powers, was a favourite one with him. It also seemed popular among his Nazi audience. It was his first visit to the Reich since Hitler's seizure of power, and he rather innocently admired the "evidence of the will to national unity, the

determination to liquidate old conflicts, and the search for new legal forms." The dreamy young lawyer, sitting in the rarefied atmosphere of a jurists' meeting, had as yet no idea of the means by which this unity was attained—the concentration camp, the rubber truncheon and the secret police.

Weimar may have reminded him of the relative unimportance of politics in comparison with the unchanging values of history, but as he walked in the chilly March sunshine to the Wittums Palais and stood in the darkness of the Crypt of the Kings, before the graves of Germany's two greatest poets, the words of Goethe's *Xenien* returned to him, and he bitterly repeated. "Do not let them rob you of your true self. It is easy to believe what the masses believe." Fresh from seeing the first signs of awakened Germany under a Government which seemed to promise the sacred gift of union to the troubled Reich, he thought of the dissensions in Austria which tore the fabric of the State. He had always disliked and distrusted mob-government (his views were formed by the demonstrations given by Socialist "democracy" in Austria), and he went back to Vienna with contempt in his mind.

The mild expedients of lecturing and publicity campaigns which naturally appealed to two such men as Dollfuss and his friend, had been a failure in Austria itself, and both the Chancellor and the Minister of Justice realised that the moment had come for stronger action.

Obstructionism and sabotage increased alarmingly in Parliament. Not only had the Socialist leaders done their best to block the Lausanne agreement, but they now became so unruly that between August and December 1932, not a single law was passed in the House. The Schutzbund continued its suspicious activities, particularly in the provinces, where rioting and beatings-up were on the increase. In spite of the efforts of the Minister of Public Security, the agitation went on, and illegal meetings were held in out-of-the-way places. Austria's finances, thanks to Socialist opposition to any reasonable precautionary measures, were in an appalling state, and it was necessary to negotiate a further loan. The never-silent Dr. Seitz proceeded to tabulate a vote of no

confidence in the Government and to demand a fresh election.

In 1933 the Socialists carried their activities beyond the borders of Austria, and involved the Government in an unpleasant incident regarding the despatch of some trucks of munitions into Hungary. It was said that the arms were Italian in origin and that Austria was lending herself, in defiance of her treaty obligations, to a dark and horrible plot to invade Jugo-Slavia as the ally of Mussolini and Horthy. The real purpose of the shipment was in reality quite innocent, but the Socialist leaders, to whom the honour of their country seemed to mean nothing, gave it the utmost publicity, merely to discredit their political opponents. From that time onwards, there was a noticeable coolness between the Western Powers and Austria.

The financial situation was causing grave difficulties at the Treasury, and the salaries of State employees suffered accordingly. It was announced that the men would in future have to be paid in instalments, and that a pensions cut was impending. This news caused the entire staffs of the Federal Railways to come out on strike, and it was necessary to use troops to restore order.

The Socialist Deputies in the Nationalrat then took matters into their own hands, and gave an exhibition in the House which can seldom have been seen outside a lunatic asylum. A free fight between Government supporters, Pan-Germans and rebels ensued, in which formerly dignified members scratched, clawed, bit, screamed and raved like a pack of wild animals. When it was possible for any voting to be taken, tumult broke loose as the results became known. Dr. Renner, the President of the Chamber, walked out and the two Vice-Presidents left their seats. Finally, President Miklas was obliged, by virtue of his emergency powers, to declare Parliament closed. This was the death of the still-born Austrian form of government by Deputies.

There were two alternatives before Dollfuss and his friends. Either they could bow to the force of combined Socialist and "Pan-German" disorder, or they could go on, crushing this

resistance by every means in their power. To a man, Dollfuss's Cabinet was composed of ex-soldiers, and they chose the second of the two alternatives. The path they chose has seemed antipathetic to many, but a state of virtual war existed in the country, and in times of war the liberties of individuals are bound to suffer.

Two dangers menaced Austria—the "Red peril" of Vienna and the Brown evil of the Third Reich. The old leanings of the Pan-Germans were now open and unashamed professions of Nazi-ism and repudiation of the sovereignty of the Fatherland. Hitler had already in his mind's eye seen Austria as "Gau VIII" on his map of subjugated peoples. Clashes were always occurring between Nazis and Socialists and there was a great deal of anti-Semitism in Vienna, nurtured by the Pan-German leader Frauenfeld.

Parliament was dead, although Dollfuss declared his intention of returning to the system at some more convenient date.

The Chancellor's first step, after the dissolution of Parliament, was taken against the lavish over-spending on useless objects which had been one of the main faults of the old governments. He reorganised the taxation system, which had pressed heavily and unfairly on some sections of the population, so that some of the evils of past years might be remedied.

Next he turned to the Press. For some years past it had been almost as vile in tone as Julius Streicher's *Stuerner*. The British law of libel was utterly unknown in Austria, and it was usual for the Socialist papers to publish attacks on the birth, ancestry, morals, political and financial honour of its opponents. In 1933 it reached the point of plastering up defamatory slogans and placards on the subject of Dollfuss and all his Cabinet. Even Dr. Schuschnigg, who was not easily disturbed, remarked angrily that the Socialists "wanted to drown public opinion in a sea of printer's ink." It was necessary to bridle the press, and it was a salutary step which was never appreciated in England, where newspapers are at least restrained by fear of libel actions.

On 7th March, 1933, all public demonstrations of any kind were forbidden for a further six months. The always illegal

Schutzbund was dissolved on account of a recent armed attack. A thorough police search for hidden rifles and ammunition was conducted throughout the country and, especially in Styria, large quantities of arms were rounded up. The forces at the command of the Government—the Heimwehr, the Catholic Freiheitsbund, the Christian German Gymnasts and Dr. Schuschnigg's own Storm Squads—were ordered to stand ready for any emergency, and a new corps of Auxiliary Army Volunteers was formed from picked members.

In spite of these warlike precautions, the Government had time to deal with the relief of unemployment and the inauguration of new schemes of road reconstruction. Dr. Schuschnigg at last found an opportunity to break through the petty annoyances and red-tape at the Ministry of Justice, and gave his attention to the much-needed judicial reform and the abolition of abuses which had gradually grown up in Court procedure during the past few years. As Minister of Justice he had to interview all sorts and conditions of men, but one conversation of that time remained particularly in his mind. An old neighbour of his had called upon him and was discussing his work in general. "You are too lenient with these extremists," he told Schuschnigg. "It's no use just throwing them into gaol. I'll tell you what I'd do with them if I were you . . ." Kurt did not forget the method recommended, and indeed it became obvious, as time went on, that the Schutzbund had merely been driven into the desert, and suspicion grew that the illegal arms dumps had not all been mopped up. The Heimwehr were impatient for action, and many, disappointed that Dollfuss had not turned out to be an Austrian Fuehrer, deserted to the Nazi camp, complaining that the Chancellor was afraid to start a general clean-up. In Styria and the Innsbruck district in particular, feeling was very strong against the Government. The obscure party which had vaguely leaned towards the culture and power of the German Reich, now broke out into unpleasantly menacing exhibitions of Nazi-ism. At night, on the hills behind Kurt's old home, swastikas in fiery torches blazed in the darkness, messages from the mountains of Tyrol to the mountains of South Germany. Simultaneously bomb-throwing com-

menced, wreckings of post-boxes, telephone kiosks and railway cloakrooms.

Dollfuss and his Ministers were never allowed to forget the Austrian origin of Adolf Hitler. They were not blind to the S.A. patrols which menaced their frontiers, or to the *Heil Hitlers!* which could be heard in the streets. Moreover, the bomb-throwers and terrorists were beyond all doubt in German pay. Dollfuss cast about in his mind for a solution. The Western Powers could not be depended upon to give much help to Austria; the Balkan States were unfriendly. Remained only Italy. Finally, on 11th April, he and Dr. Schuschnigg pocketed their pride and set off for Rome, ostensibly in connection with the arrangement of a Concordat with the Holy See. Dollfuss met Mussolini also, and in that Holy Week, 1933, the foundations of the alliance with Italy were laid. While Kurt found his greatest pleasure during that visit in the Pope's Maundy Thursday Mass in the Sistine Chapel, and the visit to "Rigoletto" the following week, the Chancellor at once struck up a lively personal friendship with his host.

Dollfuss returned to Austria, backed up by the moral support of Italy and of the Holy Father. His next action was an attempt to enlist the patriotism of every true Austrian who placed his country above party politics. He created the great non-party organisation of the Fatherland Front (the Vaterländische Front, or V.F.), which was thrown open to all Austrians, of every age, creed or shade of political thought. It was his aim to restore by this means to Austria the pride in her past, in her destiny, which was her birthright. After a year, he legalised the Front and gave it its Constitution. He himself was its Leader, and under him were the heads of the central councils, provisional councils, Civil Front and Defensive Front. There were departments concerned with economic matters, maternity and child welfare and propaganda.

The colours of the Front were the red, white, red of old Austria, which are also the symbolic colours of martyrdom, red for blood and white for water. As its badge it carried the crutched cross of the Greek Church, the answer to the gammed

cross, the swastika of the Nazis, the cross which is not the cross of Christ.

The Front succeeded in drawing into its arms most of the mass of Austrian people who were not tainted by Party strife. Nazis and Socialists who cared nothing for their country held aloof, and it was against them that the Fatherland Front exerted all its efforts.

When Dr. Schuschnigg had addressed the Congress of lawyers in Berlin in 1933, he had innocently invited Dr. Frank, the Bavarian Minister of Justice, to pay a return visit to Vienna the next year. Frank had well-known Nazi sympathies, but at that time, before Hitler's accession to power, he was without influence. Kurt's politeness gave rise to a most unpleasant situation, and was the unintentional cause of a great deal of trouble and bad feeling.

By 1933 the position had changed, and Dr. Frank was no longer the quiet lawyer with somewhat odd political ideas, who had been so friendly and courteous to the Austrian Minister of Justice. He was a firebrand, a stirrer-up of sedition, a tool of Dr. Goebbels, who regularly broadcast from Munich attacking the Dollfuss Government and the idea of Austria's sovereignty.

It was small wonder that Dr. Schuschnigg regretted his invitation. Dr. Frank had not forgotten it, and he did not intend to let his opportunity slip. Although told by the Austrian Government that his presence in Vienna was highly undesirable, he insisted on coming, and was met at the airport by fifteen hundred Nazi agitators. Skubl, the President of Police, was also there to tell him how unwelcome he was, and to insist that he confine the visit within official bounds. Large detachments of Austrian police were there to see that the warning was heeded, but they were unable to prevent the subsequent disgraceful scenes. Not content with forcing his presence on Vienna, Frank went on a triumphal tour of the city, escorted by Nazi ragamuffins, cheering their heads off, all wearing swastikas, in lorries and private cars, and bellowing the obnoxious *Heil Hitler!* This, however, was not the end. The "guest" proceeded to Linz,

where he delivered an outrageous speech attacking the Austrian Government and advocating immediate Anschluss.

The reaction of the German Government to Dollfuss's justifiable protests, was to complain about the "shameful" treatment their "envoy" had received and to clap on a barrier to prevent German tourists entering Austria unless they first paid a fee of one thousand marks.

It meant undeclared war between Austria and the Reich. By an act of calculated spite the Nazis had ruined the gradually recovering tourist trade of Vorarlberg, Salzkammergut and Tyrol. By far the greatest number of visitors to these provinces were the parties of Germans on week-end walking tours or ski-ing holidays, who, now that a degree of prosperity was returning, were bringing some much-needed money into Austria. It was a bitter blow for the professional guides, the winter sports instructors and the hotel-keepers, who relied upon such visitors for their living.

The Nazis exploited the situation for their own ends. Their propaganda insinuated that the Chancellor's unreasonable obstinacy had been the cause of the ban, and this naturally stirred up great ill-feeling against him in the frontier districts. But Vienna and the Government held fast to Dollfuss, and at a great parade held about this time at Schönbrunn, his chief supporters, Stahremberg, Schuschnigg, Fey and Vaugoin gave him a public demonstration of their loyalty.

Dr. Frank continued to stir up trouble in the Graz area and serious Nazi-Heimwehr clashes occurred. In the midst of the prevailing uncertainty, Dollfuss found it advisable to pay a further visit to Rome, in order to contact Pope and Duce. A call at the Palazzo Venetia gave an opportunity for informal conversations on the subject of an alliance, and this second meeting strengthened the strange friendship between the two. The Duce, with the traditional Italian fear of German troops on the Brenner, which harked back to the days of the Holy Roman Empire, found it to his advantage to have a buffer State to protect his frontier. Anschluss, as he well knew, would be ultimate calamity for Italy. Dollfuss was glad enough of a friend. The Central European States were either too nervous

or too jealous to help Austria, in spite of great talk from General Gömbös that summer about an alliance, and general discussions on economic, social and customs questions. The Western democracies were not eager for mid-European adventures, and although Dollfuss had a great personal success when he visited London and Paris that year, he brought no concrete promises home. Accordingly, 5th June saw the sealing of Austria's alliance with her old enemy Italy.

Mussolini's support was understood to be against any possible German aggression, but he could give Dollfuss no assistance with the internal Nazi problem. The party was now demanding a say in the Government, and once more nominated Dr. Rintelen as their representative. Dollfuss had sent him as special envoy to Rome, because his activities at the Board of Education had not been above reproach, but once out of Austria, he commenced an intrigue with the notorious Theo Habicht, who was shortly made "Commissioner for the Nazi movement in Austria." This resulted in the arrest and expulsion of Habicht, and in further embitterment of Austro-German relations. Goebbels now commenced a regular programme of propaganda broadcasts from Radio Munich which were directed against the Dollfuss regime.

Open conflict followed. The shooting of Dr. Steidl was the culmination of a series of bomb outrages, riots and other disturbances. A detachment of Christian German Gymnasts was attacked near Krems and many casualties were caused. Dollfuss instructed Kurt, as Minister of Justice, to take drastic action. The Nazi Party in Austria was disbanded, police power in the provinces transferred to Federal officers with military powers, and all Nazi representatives were ejected from the local Diets. Mass raids on their secret headquarters landed over a thousand of Hitler's sympathisers in prison camps.

For the moment a check had been given to the illegal party; Prince Stahremberg succeeded in suppressing pro-German disturbances in the Heimwehr, and the Nazi influx into its ranks, which had troubled the Government for some time, was effectively stemmed. When Dollfuss went off for

the famous holiday with Mussolini at Riccione in August 1933, he had reason for confidence. On his return, a triple alliance of Italy, Hungary and Austria was announced.

Economic salvation lay in the opening of the Italian markets and ports to Austria and Hungary, who were so handicapped by their lack of seaports. Prosperity meant the possibility of solving the problems of unemployment, under-production and financial muddle. The military aspect of the agreement, however, seemed most important to Dollfuss and his friends. Germany had been warned—openly, and for the first time—that any act of aggression in Austria would be met with Italian force. The Watch on the Brenner had begun.

The alliance increased Dollfuss's popularity at home. On the first birthday of the new Austria, a great Congress of German-speaking Catholics was held in Vienna, and the people saw in the pageantry, music and speeches one of the first signs of the country's return to a little of her old glory.

On 2nd October there was a further disturbance at the Rathaus. Dollfuss was crossing the vestibule when he was shot at and slightly wounded by a young fanatic. During the following week, thanks to his own flair for publicity and the efforts of the Press Bureau, he became the world's most popular invalid. The shooting affair caused a revulsion of feeling in Austria, and all classes, angered by the attack, began to flock to the Fatherland Front standard. Little Dollfuss had become the embodiment of Austria, and the idol of a vast majority of her people.

Feeling himself strongly established, he resolved to end the ceaseless breaches of the peace by illegal parties. The Socialists held a Congress of their own in Vienna, which was followed by further strikes, in particular on the railways. Rioting, which had to be dealt with by the Heimwehr, broke out. The situation was intolerable, and actually far worse than in the days of Seipel and the Chancellors who followed him. It was decided that the time had come for strong action.

BLINDFOLD JUSTICE

"There should be no sword in the hand of Justice."—JUVENAL.

ONE-SIDED and partial critics have often blamed Dollfuss for wilfully throwing away a possible ally in Austria's fight for independence, by his action against the Socialists in February 1934. These writers make no allowance for the Chancellor's outlook, which permitted no compromise between the Christian Corporative ideals and "Marxism." His declared intention was to abolish party strife in Austria, and he could not overlook his opponents' record. If the Socialists had shown any sign of willingness to co-operate for peace at home and abroad, Dollfuss would surely have offered them his hand, for he was not bitter towards one-time adversaries. But the Vienna workers would not join forces with a Clerical Government, and when the Chancellor was hardest tried by Nazi sedition, their leaders merely endeavoured to mine the ground beneath his feet.

The peace-loving people of the provincial towns and the Catholic peasantry were whole-heartedly behind their Government, and it was with their approval that Dollfuss resorted to force in order to solve the Socialist problem. It was realised that the Socialists must come first on the list, because no steps could yet be taken against the Nazis without overwhelming Austria under the iron deluge of the Reich.

The first thunderclaps of the coming storm were heard in January 1934. Trouble broke out between the Heimwehr and the workers in the industrial suburbs, and simultaneously the Nazis seized the opportunity to embarrass the Government. Major Fey was made Minister for Public Security, and the appointment enraged the Left as much as it pleased the Nazis, for he was known for his anti-democratic leanings. After his appointment, intrigues between the Heimwehr command and the Nazis were discovered; German threats were on the

increase, and the party-members in Innsbruck became particularly violent. In view of the increase in acts of terrorism by both "Reds" and "Browns" the death penalty was restored.

Mussolini's envoy Suvitch arrived in Vienna at the end of January. This was the signal for the Government to take decisive action. Police-cordons, sentries with fixed bayonets, and barbed-wire entanglements, made their appearance before all the Ministries and main public buildings in the capital. On 29th January, general mobilisation of the Heimwehr took place. Left and Right suffered alike during the next week. Socialist newspapers which were abusing the Italian alliance were confiscated, and shortly afterwards the Social Democrat party was declared illegal in Austria. At the same time, with strict impartiality, the Heimwehr were ordered to occupy the Nazi stronghold of Innsbruck. Each provincial capital was occupied in its turn, the local officials—whether National Socialist or Social Democrat—obliged to resign, and fresh Government supporters elected in their place.

Large dumps of illegal arms were discovered in obscure places, and the plans of the Socialist leaders for a general uprising fell into the Government's hands. On Sunday, 11th February, Major Fey said with more enthusiasm than tact: "To-morrow we start to clean up, and we shall make a good job of it."

He kept his word. On Monday a general strike broke out in Linz, and artillery was used against the workmen by the Heimwehr. The city's power station was left unattended and consequently the entire Austrian electricity supply was cut off. The strike spread rapidly all over the country; the Schutzbund made ready to fight. Martial law was proclaimed in Vienna. Seitz, the Burgomaster, refused to leave the Rathaus under Heimwehr pressure and was hauled off to prison with his staff. Scuffles with the Heimwehr were taking place round Floridsdorf and Ottakring, where the Government was attempting to force an entrance into the blocks of workers' flats. Firing could be heard throughout Vienna, and from

every point of cover peered the nozzle of a machine gun. Long bricked-up supplies of arms were hurriedly issued to the workers, and by the evening an unequal battle with rifles on one side and machine guns on the other, was raging in the streets. All transport and lighting ceased as if by magic. Electricity workers, bus, tram, train and taxi drivers left their work and hurried to the nearest depot to collect arms and ammunition. The sound of howitzer firing could be heard in the outer suburbs.

Dr. Schuschnigg remained his usual collected self during all this confusion. Though he must have known what was going to happen, he went as usual to the Ministry on the Minoritenplatz. While dealing with some routine work in the office, his 'phone rang, and he was informed that the local "Illegals" had indulged in some bomb-throwing at Innsbruck. His home, among others, had been considerably damaged. It appeared that the bomb had been inserted through the letter-box in the hall; fortunately the flat, on the third floor of a new block, was empty, as Herma and the boy had now joined him in Vienna.

It was typical of the man that he should have delayed finding out about the damage done to his property until he had fulfilled a prior engagement. He was down to attend the Mass in Saint Stephen's on the Anniversary of the Pope's Coronation, and, with a mental reservation to ring up Innsbruck when he returned, he set off for the Inner City. He knelt under the great electric chandeliers, at Dollfuss's side, in the middle of the Government contingent. In the enveloping darkness of the cathedral, lit only by the lights high up in the groined roof, he could forget that outside the unknown trouble was commencing.

The Mass was over at half-past eleven, and concluded with the old Papal hymn, which is sung to the tune of Handel's *Largo*. That year, however, the slow notes did not swell unbroken to the end. Dr. Schuschnigg, surprised in spite of himself, noticed that the electric light was flickering in a very odd way. Finally, it gave one flash and petered out, leaving

the congregation in thick darkness. He then realised that the Vienna electricity workers had come out on strike.

When he returned to the Minoritenplatz there was little for him to do. Matters were no longer in the hands of the Minister of Justice—Dollfuss himself was personally conducting operations. At a loose end, he decided to ring Innsbruck to find out what had become of his property. He found with chagrin that the telephone was out of order.

He has been accused of complicity with Dollfuss in the February slaughter, but this statement is more picturesque than true. He was a soldier, and naturally gave his unquestioning obedience to his chief. He carried out whichever of Dollfuss's instructions were appropriate to the Ministry of Justice, without raising a question, but the part played by his Ministry in the affair was a very minor one in comparison with the Ministries of War and Security. That he shared in the bloodthirsty glee of Fey and certain others at the shelling of the workers' flats is utterly unthinkable. He merely carried out whatever was required of him, and reserved his judgment on the wider issues.

In fact, there are signs that the bloodshed gave him severe misgivings as to the wisdom of the action taken. His own theory that all problems should be solved by moral rather than by physical weapons was brought to nothing by Dollfuss's actions. He spoke later of the "three horrible days" of civil war, and though his hatred of Marxism was as strong as any other good Catholic's, his chivalrous soul caused him to utter the following words over the graves of his dead enemies: "The victims who fell fighting in good faith for their cause are deserving of honourable remembrance. He who errs in good faith is not to be classed with him who deliberately sets a fire alight and allows others to atone for his own guilt." It was not meaningless when at the last, in 1938, he said brokenly to the Socialist leaders: "We made mistakes—all of us. Both sides were at fault." That doubt of the rightness of the Government's course must, even in 1934, have clouded his mind, and caused him to utter those bitter words: "The post of the Minister of Justice is no sinecure at such a time." But he

comforted himself with the thought that the "painful duty" spared irreparable loss to the culture and well-being of Austria.

There were others whose minds were not preyed upon by the same torturing doubts. Stahremberg (ready, as ever, to throw himself into any wild escapade) and Fey did not possess the same over-sensitive conscience as the Minister of Justice, and they proceeded to "clean up" with a will. When the slaughter was over, one hundred and twenty-eight dead were buried by the Government and one hundred and ninety-three by the Socialists. Four hundred and nine Government men and three hundred Socialists were wounded. These figures included "civilians accidentally involved." Fey and Stahremberg "accidentally involved" them by training heavy field guns and howitzers on the Karl Marx, Engel, Reumann and Liebnecht blocks. Truncheon charges were made by armed police, who attempted to expel the owners from the flats. The Reumann Hof was the first to be sprayed with machine-gun fire. In spite of all electricity, gas and water being turned off in the other blocks, the inhabitants defended them with the illegal arms and ammunition which had been so long buried in their courtyards. The Heimwehr replied with a hail of shells on the men, women and children holding out inside the heavy concrete buildings.

Major Fey transferred his attentions during the night to the Workers' Club in Ottakring and converted it into a passable imitation of any bombed building. The intensive shelling proved too much for the defenders, who consisted only of the limited number of Schutzbund members in the flats. Non-members did not find it necessary to continue the fight, and after three days, when wounded and dead had thinned the ranks, the white flag went up.

The sadness of the whole affair lay in the fact that the greater part of the Cabinet had been most unwilling to cause loss of life. A child who went to school with the Dollfuss children repeated a remark made by his little son, Bibi: "Does your father ever cry? Mine cries so much now." Prince Alois von

Hartenstein, who was charged with the duty of calling upon the rebels to surrender, talked to their womenfolk as a very old grandfather might talk to very small children. "Kinde," he said, "please be reasonable, and persuade your husbands to give in. They are beaten now, and we don't want to continue this bloodshed."

The inevitable hanging of ringleaders followed the civil war. Munichreiter, Georg Weissel and Koloman Wallisch paid the penalty and became the martyrs of the Socialist cause. But Julius Deutsch and Otto Bauer, who for years had been stirring up trouble and were really responsible for the slaughter, escaped over the frontier with their lives.

Kurt von Schuschnigg, shivering in the raw February wind on Hietzing Hill, as the coffins of the dead Heimwehr men were lowered into their common grave, knew that militant Austrian Socialism was killed, and that the Catholic, Nationalist Government could go on to consolidate its position, unharassed by the agitations of the Reds. Remained only the peril of the brown hordes, but he, devout as he was, had no doubt on that day of the final victory of the Cross over Nazi paganism.

There was a suspicious lull in Nazi terrorist activity for some time after the events of February, and Dollfuss thought that at last he might be allowed to continue his plan for Austria without interruptions. In one respect he was in line with Berlin—he had drawn the sword against the Socialist element. Perhaps the identity of interest would improve relations with the Third Reich. A further point of resemblance with Germany was the authoritarian regime of both—not, however, that the clerical system of Vienna was in any way allied to the iron autarchy of the north. Those who craved for Fascist dictation might now be satisfied by Dollfuss's comparatively easy-going personal rule, the anti-red policy and the alliances with authoritarian States, rather than continuing their mourning for the milk and honey of Nazi domination. Because ninety per cent. of the Austrian people are Catholic, whether their political sympathies be brown or red, the Chancellor hoped that the attractions of his Catholic State would out-

weigh those of Germany, where Odin and Thor were once more worshipped.

It was upon the Catholic heritage of Austria that the new State was built. The tradition of a thousand-odd years' obedience to Rome was continually recalled to her people. After the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and her Apostolic Emperor, the glory of Church and State had crumbled away, leaving faith and patriotism desolated. Now once more Dollfuss called the people of Austria to their old pride in their altars and their land.

The blight of Red Internationalism, with its ridicule of local patriotism, and the disease of despair and disillusion, passed away from Austria as they had come. Those who cared for their land were no longer the weary inhabitants of a negligible corner of Europe, carved ruthlessly out of a once mighty Empire and now reduced to beggary. They were no longer the hopeless people of a land robbed of her granaries, manufacturing centres and mines, of a country defeated and humiliated in battle with a despicable foe. Once more, Austria, after all her martyrdoms, meant something to her children. They had survived defeat, starvation, inflation, the futile squabbles and mismanagement of Parliamentary government, loss of confidence in their mission, and loss of love for their country. At last the night was broken with the rise of Engelbert Dollfuss and the Christian Corporative State.

He restored their faith to them. Austria, once the "very obedient daughter" of Rome, now returned to her fold after sixteen years of estrangement and it was with the blessing of the Pope that Dollfuss continued his fight against Socialism and Communism. Indeed, the State itself was based on that Encyclical of Leo IX, *Quadragesimo Anno*, which he and Kurt had studied in their University days.

Catholicism was the framework on which the State was built, and the ceremonies of the Church played the most prominent part in public functions. All Army parades now commenced with a military mass. The founding of any association was marked by services of dedication usually conducted by Cardinal Innitzer or the Papal Nuncio, and, indeed,

the frequency of these special masses caused a great deal of spiteful comment in some quarters. There were Government-attended High Masses on Saint Stephen's day—the patronal day of Austria—once more. Religious processions at Annunciation, Passiontide, Christmas and Assumption were seen again in Vienna. The old festivals of the Church, "Muttertag" and Lammastag, were revived. The Papal Coronation was once more remembered at the Stephansdom.

The influence of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg was responsible for this change from the old atheistical atmosphere. Both were equally pious and their inclinations were equally the cause of Austria's approach to Rome. But in the case of the revival of Austria's past, it was the General's son from Riva who was responsible, rather than the peasant-born Dollfuss. Schuschnigg had grown up in a strictly monarchical and loyal atmosphere. For his family there was no other path for Austria than the old Imperial way of Franz Josef and Karl. It was not surprising, therefore, that he persuaded Dollfuss to restore a little of the glitter of Imperial Vienna. Although the Treasury was empty, and the municipality could not even afford to have the snow cleared from the streets in the winter, the Government made a brave effort to restore a little of the old glory. They knew that nothing draws the crowds like ceremony, and they endeavoured to give them that touch of colour which had been lacking so long from their lives.

Although Metternich's great Chancellery was now occupied by former solicitors, economists and soldiers, Dollfuss gallantly attempted to gild the drab reality. The Vienna of waltzes and Imperial Hussars had been eclipsed by the frock-coated rule of the nineteen-twenties, but its spirit was not dead. Dollfuss gave the city back the delights of Fasching (Carnival)—with its street procession through the January snow, dancing in the squares and confusion of happy, shouting crowds hurling confetti and streamers. He restored the old Ball der Staat Wien, the Ball which had become famous at the Dancing Congress of Metternich. After nearly twenty years' interval, the Rathaus was filled once more with a dancing throng, waltzing to the tunes from *The Merry Widow* and *Lilac*

Time. His whole Government were there to take part—Kurt and Herma, Fey and Frau Malwine, Stahremberg (never without partners) and the rest. The worthy President Miklas and his lady did not dance, but presided over the Ball from the old Imperial box, symbols of the solidity of the new order.

These restorations of the lighter side of Vienna were important in their effect on the country's morale. Still more important was the stress laid on the military past of Austria. Dollfuss and his friend hoped to destroy the indifference with which the Army was regarded owing to the defeat of 1918. All members of the Government who had formerly been in the Imperial Army now wore their old uniforms once again. The Minister of Justice and the little Chancellor were always most conspicuous at meetings and parades in the olive-grey uniforms of the Jaeger and Kaiserschütze, with their lieutenant's stars, medal ribbons, and peaked caps, decorated with black and white falcon plumes. A great deal of publicity was directed towards altering popular opinion about the Army, and constant parades accompanied by the usual military masses were held throughout Vienna and the provincial capitals. The old military glories of Austria were spoken of once again. It was no longer an act of daring to wear one's war medals in the street. Dollfuss insisted on a portrait of the Minister of Justice being circulated, showing him in full Kaiserjaeger kit, with all the glitter of his nine decorations. He himself was well known as the soldier who had, by his heroism, given his name to a fortress on the Italian front.

These revivals in Church and State were the most striking results of Dollfuss's rule. There were others, bound up with legal matters and the Constitution, for which Kurt von Schuschnigg was mainly responsible. He was still having a hard time of it at the Ministry of Justice; more than once he thought it would be almost hopeless to continue the task. His work of unifying the German and Austrian legal systems and of reforming the Austrian penal code, which he had commenced to tackle under the Buresch Government, continued under

Dollfuss, but the further he progressed, the more pitfalls appeared.

As Minister he introduced sweeping changes into the Austrian system, changes which in some respects were returns to the old way of things, but in many others broke new ground. A great deal of obloquy has been poured on him for these changes, but such charges have the taint of political partiality. Had those who criticise him found themselves in the same position, there is little doubt that they would have acted in the same way. When there is revolution, treason and murder, let loose in a country, all available means must be employed to control it. To cavil at the death sentence being passed on a bomb-thrower responsible for killing a number of persons by his action, is as futile as to protest against the punishment of the I.R.A. in Great Britain. The protest of numerous foreign Socialists against the imprisonment of their fellow party members in Austria was folly based on wilful misunderstanding of the situation. Did such critics cavil at the dissolution of the French Communist party in 1939 and the trial of all the deputies who belonged to it?

The greater part of his work, then, at the Ministry of Justice consisted of energetic, repressive measures directed against the opposition. At his instigation the property of the Socialist leaders, Deutsch and Bauer, was confiscated by the State. The mass arrests, which inevitably follow any struggle of the sort Austria had just been through, landed large numbers of Socialist firebrands in prison camps. In this connection it should be noted that these camps had nothing in common with the hells of Buchenwald and Dachau. Nazis and Socialists were confined in separate camps, allowed to communicate to some extent with their friends "outside" and had no hard labour to perform. They were housed in comparatively comfortable wooden hutments, adequately fed, allowed to smoke and to receive visits. Mr. G. E. R. Gedye, who visited one of these camps, found that the men seemed to have nothing to do all day long except read, sun-bathe and play football. Of the shocking brutalities of the German system there was not a trace. Dr. Schuschnigg, who was a great reader

of Konrad Heiden, was revolted by what he knew of Dachau and similar places. "The system of concentration camps is utterly opposed to the Austrian spirit," he said, "it is a shame and disgrace to any nation and is utterly unworthy of ours."

There were other features of Austrian penal law which he also found unworthy of his country. Among them was the sentimentality which, after the war, had led the Socialists to abolish the death penalty. The relaxation of the laws relating to the punishment for murder and treason had had the only possible result—the bomb-throwing and sedition which had nearly destroyed Austria. With criminals secure in the knowledge that the worst the State could inflict was a heavy prison sentence, terrorist offences increased beyond all bounds. He restored the penalty, and, as Austria was in a virtual state of war, had it extended to arson and explosives crimes.

These laws were passed merely in the interests of public order. Others were obviously inspired by his own views on certain points—for example, the law restoring their private property in Austria to the exiled Habsburgs. But it was in the legislation affecting the Church that his own personal sympathies were most clearly shown. In 1933, he himself conducted negotiations with the leaders of the Austrian Protestant Church, known as the Augsburg and Helvetic Confession. He agreed that the Moderator should be elected by the general Synod and be called Bishop, instead of being, as hitherto, nominated by the Government. This attitude, even toward a church which was heretical to him, corresponded to the deepest impulse of his nature—"render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

In May 1933 he was sent to Rome by Dollfuss to negotiate the Concordat with the Holy See, in imitation of that arranged between Pope and Duce in 1929. It was necessary to regularise the chaotic relations between Church and State which had existed to the detriment of both since the time of Josef II and Maria Theresa. On that occasion he had prolonged audiences with Pius XI, who very considerably spoke German to him, but Eugenio Pacelli, the Cardinal Secretary of State, was mainly responsible for the negotiations. As a result of these

conversations, the whole position of Church and State in Austria was subjected to a thorough revision. While the purely spiritual functions of the Austrian clergy were freed from any interference by the Government and the election of bishops was made a matter for the Church only, the temporal wealth of the Church was put under State control. These reforms were urgently needed, for there had been intolerable Socialist interference in ecclesiastical affairs on the one side, while on the other there had been great discontent about the Church's immoderate wealth.

These questions were purely a matter of internal ecclesiastical administration, necessary because Dollfuss and Schuschnigg were bent on the foundation of a Catholic State. The alterations in the marriage laws were less obviously necessary. It is true that matrimonial custom had been a chaotic jumble of Roman statute and local law during the past two hundred years. The number of causes for which either husband or wife could obtain a divorce were far more numerous even than in America, and some of them were nearly as frivolous. But the fact remains—the wrong man was put in charge of engineering this part of the Concordat. He was far too young—only thirty-five—and in spite of his work as a lawyer, life's realities had not yet touched him. In arranging the terms of the agreement which was to make Austrian marriage law synonymous with the Canons of the Church and to abolish civil divorce, he acted as the devoted Catholic, happily married, to whom divorce was unimaginable. In his submission to the doctrines of the Church ("whom God hath joined," etc.) he could not picture the state of mind of a couple chained to each other for life, with no hope of freedom except by the miracle of a Papal dispensation. It was the tragedy of his life that he was not granted vision into the future. If he could have looked forward, he would have saved many families in Austria from misery and himself from acute personal anguish.

In May 1933 Dollfuss made certain changes in his Cabinet. Major Fey, Schumy, Neustadter-Stuermer and Buresch became

Ministers, and Schuschnigg received the portfolio of Education as well as that of Justice. His appointment to the Ministry of Justice had been on account of his legal degree and practical experience in law. He was put in charge of the Ministry of Education because Dollfuss saw in his background and upbringing qualities essential to the man who was to form the thought of Young Austria. The monarchist influence of his early home life, his strictly Catholic education and his distinguished war record made him the ideal candidate for the post. He was, in his way, something of a scholar outside his specialised knowledge of law. His wide general knowledge of classics, history, economics and a smattering of modern languages made him the most cultured member of the Dollfuss Cabinet. One writer said that his deep feeling for music and art and literature made the Chancellor himself look something of a plebeian. The enemies of the regime were always willing to sneer at him as a highbrow, but there was none of the vagueness generally associated with intellectuals in his work at his new Ministry.

He faithfully carried out what he conceived to be his duty to the State in this respect. He set himself to fight the usual forms of Socialist interference in the schools—the deliberate neglect of religious instruction for children, the tincturing of history and geography lessons with party politics, and the creation of class hatred. He encouraged the spread of the Catholic National idea by every means in his power—special films, books and wireless talks. His own religious upbringing made it natural that he should give the Church wide scope in the education of the children of the new State.

The thorough reorganisation which Dollfuss had carried through in Austria with Kurt von Schuschnigg's help might have been expected to restore a degree of stability. But Austria's troubles were not over. Although, phoenix-like, she had risen from the ashes of the war, the Republic and the Socialist troubles, she had further martyrdoms to come.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE GAMMED CROSS

“ Ich hatt einem Kameraden
 Einen bessern findst du nicht.
 Die Trommel schlug zum streite
 Er ging an meiner Seite
 Mit Herz und Hand
 Furs Vaterland . . . ”

AGAINST the Nazis there was very little that Dollfuss could do. If he had taken armed action against them, as he had against the Socialists, Adolf Hitler's fist would have crushed Austria from the map of Europe. In these circumstances it was essential to fight the menace with subtler methods which could give no offence to the Wilhelmstrasse. In spite of intolerable provocation continued throughout the spring and summer of 1934, Vienna succeeded in maintaining fairly friendly relations with Berlin, while exerting all her powers against the Nazis within her own frontiers.

The matter of that legal gentleman Dr. Frank and his visit to Vienna had stirred up much bitter feeling in the frontier provinces, which had been most affected by the 1,000-Marks Ban on tourists. The intrigues of Rintelen and the underground scheming of Theo Habicht had set a minor war on foot between the broadcasting systems of Germany and Austria. Every night at 9.15 Habicht came to the microphone at Munich and did his utmost to sow fear, lack of confidence and mutiny among the Austrian people. His circle of listeners increased as the months went by and Adolf Hitler's regime gathered strength and prestige in Germany. People who had previously paid little attention to politics, but who had vague feelings of admiration for the Reich, were impressed with the Nazi achievements by brute force. Men and women who had previously mildly disliked the Jews now began to feel a burning hatred against the whole race, a hatred fed by the excesses of the Storm Troopers and the insidious propaganda poison

of Paul Josef Goebbels. The inhabitants of starving Austria, ruined by the war, and exhausted by successive futile Governments, looked longingly towards a country which, even if it did not promise a full larder, at least gave work for all. The Austrian inferiority complex, always so evident, was aggravated by the exploits of the greater Empire on her frontiers, and all the old passions of surrender to the stronger power were revived.

The section of the Austrian population which was most affected by the new creed was the raw youth of the country—boys and girls of eighteen to twenty-five, whose views on life were not yet formed, and who were liable to be led astray by any chance enthusiasm. The new politics required no effort of brain power, only blind obedience, and this they were ready and willing to give. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the Nazi movement in Austria relied, not on the responsible part of the electorate, whose opinions were formed from experience, but on boys and girls not yet old enough to think for themselves.

The Austrian party was strong, particularly in the Tyrol, but had been badly defeated at the 1932 elections. The lack of support at home was made up for by arms, ammunition and funds smuggled across the Reich frontier with the full knowledge of the German Government. With a certain amount of material at their disposal, they set about the same tactics which the Socialists had employed before, and which the I.R.A. used in 1939 in England. At first the trouble was of a mild variety. After dark, gangs of young Nazis would creep out with buckets of whitewash and daub swastikas or *Heil Hitlers!* on convenient walls. Or they would mix in crowds, unnoticed, and scatter pocketsful of little black paper swastikas like confetti over the pavements. In the country districts at night, they would often build bonfires of brushwood in the same shape, fire them, and leave them to blaze their message across the valleys. At one important Fatherland Front rally, an aeroplane flew over the crowd releasing hundreds of tiny parachutes weighted down with the forbidden emblems in metal.

This campaign was at first conducted with extreme stealth

but gathered in impudence and violence. Dr. Schuschnigg, as Minister of Justice, was responsible for dealing with the offenders. Fearful of offending Berlin, his measures were necessarily mild. He ordered that any person found daubing walls with offensive slogans should be made to scrub them off with his own hands, and at his own expense, a measure which might have been taken with advantage in Britain against the γ signs of the Fascists and their other legends.

The Nazis, however, did not care at all for these orders. Wearing their brown shirts, they would turn out for the necessary scrubbing under the eyes of the police, and thus give the movement a little more publicity. They did not limit themselves to mere daubs. Soon printed posters, with photographs of the Fuehrer, obviously produced in the Third Reich, made their appearance in odd corners, on the wrong side of advertisement kiosks, in back alleys and similar places. Their subject was all the same—an exhortation to the Austrian *Volkgenossen* to join their German brothers under the paternal rule of the One Leader.

At the height of the Nazi disturbances, towards the end of 1933, Dollfuss had learned, from certain sources, that Hitler would be willing to open negotiations with the Austrian Government. The news came as a complete surprise to the Ballhausplatz, late on one October evening. Dollfuss called Dr. Schuschnigg into his room and explained the position. He himself was unable to go to Germany, so he asked his Minister of Justice, whose views were identical with his own, to undertake the mission. One condition of the visit was that absolute secrecy was to be observed.

Schuschnigg agreed, and hurried off to catch the last train for Munich, which had already left the Westbahnhof and had to be stopped at a suburban station. He told no one, not even his wife, where he was going, and it was hoped that his movements would arouse no suspicion.

He reached Munich in the early hours of the morning, and was met at the station by Himmler, the Chief of the Gestapo. More precautions were taken to ensure secrecy, and he was then taken on to a villa in the suburbs. In the course of the

morning, he was fetched by car to the house of Rudolf Hess, the Fuehrer's deputy. There seemed to be general surprise at the hour of his arrival, and, so far from Hitler being ready to receive the visitor, he was not even aware of his presence in Germany.

A general conversation followed on the subject of the Austrian Nazis. Dr. Schuschnigg made it clear that Austria was not to be regarded as a petitioner in this discussion. Her honour, freedom and independence were to be respected as a first condition in the negotiations. Given this admission, she wished for nothing better than friendship with her neighbour. Rudolf Hess complained that the tone of the press in Austria, the prohibition of the N.S.D.A.P. and the ban on the flying of the swastika flag were offensive to official circles in Germany.

Dr. Schuschnigg dealt with Hess in his best courtroom manner. "There is no objection whatever," he said, "to the flying of the Reich flag with the eagle in Austria. After all, the swastika is not the only German national emblem. You mention the question of press and radio attacks, but perhaps they might be avoided if Germany were to cease such attacks herself. I don't know whether you are aware, too, that there is a law in existence in Austria which punishes insults to members of foreign governments very severely."

Hess remained silent, finding no answer to these observations. Then he returned to the subject of the Austrian Nazis. Dr. Schuschnigg replied "Austria finds it quite impossible to sanction such a party, because the new constitution and the structure of the State exclude all party politics. I cannot even discuss such a proposal. The N.S.D.A.P. might find it possible, though, to collaborate with my Government as soon as they are prepared to join the Patriotic Front, although that must be considered as a purely internal matter. We might reach a peaceful settlement on the other two points, and I am very willing to put the matter before my Chancellor."

They continued to talk for about an hour and both agreed to keep the meeting strictly secret, but later events made this unnecessary. The immediate future showed no improvement in the situation in spite of the exchange of views.

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A few arrests for disturbing the public peace did not deter the Nazis. As spring changed into summer, the old terrorist tactics were revived. Time bombs were left in railway cloak-rooms, in telephone kiosks and in post-boxes. Plots were discovered to damage the property of members of the Government and prominent anti-Nazis. Bridges, roads, railways, heat, light and water undertakings were to be sabotaged by Fifth Columnists. In May a certain Austrian politician rather suspiciously advised Schuschnigg to look for permanent employment outside politics. June saw the first deaths. From Linz the shootings spread to Graz and Innsbruck, and then to Vienna.

The Minister of Justice decided to expel all members of these terrorist gang from the country. With their leaders they were put over the frontier of their spiritual home, Germany, where they were left to foment what trouble they could from the outside.

On the morning of 25th July, 1934, the papers ironically carried a headline, "Dollfuss Hangs a Socialist, but Dare he Hang a Nazi?" The Chancellor and his whole Cabinet were sitting in the Conference Room of the Chancellery on the Ballhausplatz, discussing some quite unimportant point relating to the supply of uniforms to the regular police. Schuschnigg was there, and Major Fey, Karwinsky, Neustadter-Stuermer and the rest. It was a Saturday morning, and they were all eager to get the business settled as soon as possible.

About half-past eleven the Chancellor received a message from certain quarters, warning him of a Nazi putsch against the Chancellery. For himself, he was disposed to take no notice of the news, but on second thoughts it was resolved to take no risks. He packed his colleagues off, each to their separate Ministries, where he thought they would be safer than in the exposed Chancellery, and into the bargain, scattered, in the event of a large-scale attempt at kidnapping. He himself announced that when he had cleared certain matters up with Major Fey, he would proceed to the strongly fortified Kriegsministerium and wait to see what happened. He was quite confident that nothing serious would arise, and his Ministers

left the building with scarcely another thought about the matter.

Dr. Schuschnigg proceeded in a leisurely way to the Ministry on the Minoritenplatz, so undisturbed by the news that he did not think to call in on his wife at their flat above the War Ministry to tell her how things were going. Once before, he had walked along to the Minoritenplatz and had sat at his desk while terror raged in Vienna. On that hot July morning he had no more feeling of catastrophe than on the similar morning in the previous February, when Fey and Stahremberg had started their vendetta against the workers.

The baking streets were full of police detachments with machine guns and carbines, but he knew nothing of the rapid march of events since midday. An alarm had been given at noon; certain hostile elements were massing in the Siebensterngasse and were loading lorries with arms. An appeal for reinforcements for the Chancellery guard was sent out a little later, with no effect. Not until nearly one o'clock did the Government forces get under way and begin to pursue the laden lorries. An order to close the great gates to the Chancellery courtyard was disobeyed, and four lorry loads of armed rebels penetrated to the interior of the building.

Dr. Schuschnigg found to his consternation that no telephone calls to the Chancellery were answered. Other people who had turned on their wireless sets for a little light music with their lunch were startled to hear a stammering, broken voice cutting into the programme with the announcement that Dollfuss had resigned and that Rintelen was now Chancellor. Then the sounds of a struggle and some shots came over the air. The Nazi putschists had broken into the Radio Ravag, held a revolver to the head of the announcer, and forced him to read the statement. Then they themselves were set upon by the police, kicked, prodded and cuffed down the steps and hurried off to gaol.

A strong police cordon girdled the invaded Chancellery and a few armoured cars cruised about the streets. On the corners, a few young Nazis in their forbidden white stockings loitered aimlessly about.

Later in the afternoon, all the Ministers went to the Conference Room of the War Office on the Stubenring.

At one o'clock the Nazis had rushed the Chancellery by treachery. Two of the most notorious seditionists, Otto Planetta and his friend Holzweber, led a squad in the direction of the Corner Room, which gave on to the Chancellor's work-room. There they had murdered Dollfuss in cold blood, wounding him twice. He was dragged on to a sofa under the great portrait of Maria Theresa, and there they left him to bleed to death. "The swine who trod over him," * intent that he should die forsaken by God and man, refused him time and again the services of a priest, the last rites or the Holy Sacrament. He murmured, as the blood streamed away into the enamelled basin they had placed on the floor beneath him, "Let me see Major Fey."

Fey, who had been captured with him, was brought in, haggard and trembling. "Please ask Mussolini to look after my wife and children," the dying man whispered, and later, "Give my love to my wife and the children." As death became plainer to his eyes, he asked, "Where is Schuschnigg? Is he safe, or have they killed him too? If he is not hurt, he must take over the Government. He is the only man for Austria."

There was a long silence, and Fey was removed. Some police officers who had been admitted to render rudimentary first aid to the Chancellor, moistened his lips with a little water. "Kinde," he whispered, "you are very good to me . . . All I wanted was peace. We were never the aggressors, we had always to defend ourselves. May God forgive them."

At about a quarter to four in the afternoon he died, after a death agony which lasted about five minutes. New Austria had her first martyr.

A terrible predicament faced the man who was called upon to take the place of Dollfuss. On his shoulders rested the responsibility of persuading the rebels to leave the Chancellery.

* G. K. Chesterton's description.

If this could not be done by persuasion, force would have to be used—and the rebels held the whole of the Chancellery staff as hostages. It was obvious that at the first shot fired by the Government forces all these civil servants would be butchered in cold blood. A telephone call was put through to the President, who was on holiday. Kurt von Schuschnigg was called upon to take that responsibility and to assume temporarily the functions of Chancellor.

His first move was to have the Chancellery cut off from the surrounding buildings by a strong police cordon. Then he and Neustadter-Stuermer walked completely unarmed into the courtyard and stood beneath the balcony. Major Fey was forced to act as the rebels' spokesman, and, covered by the revolvers of Planetta and Holzweber, he stepped outside to negotiate with his colleagues. He was still pale and trembling as he warned them not to make any attack. Neustadter-Stuermer shouted up to the open window, "If they evacuate the Chancellery, we guarantee them all safe-conduct across the border." Schuschnigg whispered in his ear, then, "—on condition that no blood is shed," added Stuermer.

Fey then retired to discuss the matter, and returned, as white as a sheet and imploring them to extend the time limit to 7 o'clock. The Ministers called back to him, "No! not a minute longer than 6.30. We repeat that they shall go free if no blood is shed." The Secretary of State, Karwinsky, who had been locked in the basement with the rest of the prisoners, was now dragged upstairs and forced out on to the balcony. "Herr von Schuschnigg," he called down, "they wish to speak to the German Ambassador." Dr. Reith, the Ambassador, was hastily summoned and, as he arrived, Major Fey was thrust out at the main door. At length, after a conversation with Reith, who was obviously a party to the conspiracy, the rebels surrendered. It was then that the deputy Chancellor learned for the first time of his friend's death.

Kurt and Neustadter-Stuermer walked into the building, which was heavy with the reek of tobacco smoke. Reith passed them on the stairs, remarking with an expression of cynical amusement on his face, "Rum business, this," and

passed on, chuckling. The two Ministers gasped. Stuermer found his speech first. "Excellency!" he snapped, "I find nothing so amusing in this terrible event. I find it most extraordinary that you should use such words. The blood-guilt for this murder is on your side of the frontier."

The squads of police, who had been waiting outside for so many hours, crowded through the rabbit-warren of passages towards the Corner Room. As they threw the door open, they saw the body of Dollfuss lying limp on the red-plush sofa, and on the floor a pool of blood. The carpet was littered with the fag-ends of countless cigarettes smoked by the rebels. On the wall facing the dead Chancellor hung a sculptured weeping Madonna which a young Tyrolese artist had recently presented to him.

As the Nazis filed out of the Chancellery, they were disarmed by the police and marched off to gaol. Blood had been shed, so the safe-conduct no longer applied. In the cool of the July evening, just as the dew was falling, Kurt von Schuschnigg held his first Cabinet meeting, not in the blood-drenched Corner Room, but under the trees in the gardens opposite the Chancellery. Only when it was quite dark, did the Ministers return to their homes. He walked through the silent streets to the Radio Ravag, past the machine guns and barbed-wire emplacements.

That night, with his friend lying dead, he spoke to the Austrian people for the first time as Chancellor. His voice quivered as he spoke, and his tones were low and subdued. They had scarcely heard that voice before, those Austrians who clustered round their wireless sets. Once or twice he had broadcast—statistics, unemployment figures, details of legal business. Now he spoke to them for the first time as a person, as a man acutely grieving for the death of a dear friend. That voice at some moments so near to tears took on a note of bitter scorn as he said:

"This fearful day began, appropriately, with a lie. At midday a message was given over the wireless that the Government had resigned. A number of Nazis in Heimwehr uniform forced their way into the Ravag and compelled the

announcer, with a revolver to his head, to say that we had resigned."

He stumbled a little as he realised that he had repeated himself, and went on:

"Others broke into the Federal Chancellery—one in the uniform of a major (he turned out to be a lance-corporal) and another, an ex-train driver, in the uniform of a colonel of the Austrian Army. . . . I got in touch with President Miklas, who was in Carinthia, by 'phone, and he gave me full powers to negotiate. It was a terrible predicament for me to have to clear the Chancellery of these heavily armed men, who were holding Dr. Dollfuss and Major Fey at the point of the revolver. We did not wish to place our captured comrades in any danger.

"After I had again spoken to the President—I gave the rebels an ultimatum—saying that they should have free passes over the German border if they quitted the building immediately, gave up their prisoners—and if there had been no killing.

"I am rent with grief to have to make this terrible announcement. Our brave Chancellor died at the hands of a pack of cowardly murderers, making the final sacrifice for his Fatherland. His work will live after him."

He paused, as if to throw more force into his tones. "I tell the whole world—we shall carry on our mission for the German race of which we are a part. We will keep stern watch that peace and honour, decency and civilisation are maintained in this country. We will let nothing—no, nothing at all—move us from our path—the path which we see to be the only right and possible one for Austria. We will keep faith with our dead Chancellor across the grave.

"I call upon you, to whom the word Truth still means something, to stand firmly together so that the day of suffering will give place to a better future. The blood sacrifice of our Chancellor shall not have been made for nothing. Let us keep faith with him, and with our Beloved—to the very end beloved—Austria."

PORTRAIT OF A CHANCELLOR

"Bon fils, bon élève, vaillant soldat pendant la guerre, catholique fervent, époux fidèle, individu probe et citoyen dévoué au bien publique, il ne lui manque aucune des qualités de l'homme de devoir."

GEORGES OUDARD : *Croix Gamme sur l'Europe Centrale.*

THE next morning, Sunday, July 26th, the acting Chancellor went to Mass as usual. But on that day it was the Mass for the Dead, said in the Cathedral of Saint Stephen's for Dollfuss, who was even then laid in state at the Chancellery, guarded by the bayonets of the Heimwehr, which could not save him. The man who had taken his place now knelt, lost in prayer, under cover of the muzzles of a dozen machine guns, which were posted at every angle of the cathedral, in clerestory, chancel and transepts. A ring of Heimwehrmen armed to the teeth with revolvers, dirks and rifles, hedged him and his Cabinet in with a steel wall. Behind the members of the Government were ranged the Diplomatic Corps, formal in top-hats and frock-coats.

The Chancellor-elect returned to the Ballhausplatz. The litter of the previous night had purposely been left scattered on the floor of the Corner Room, but the blood had been cleaned away. A catafalque, banked in flowers and surrounded with burning tapers, bore the dead form of the Chancellor. The face, pale on the ornamental lace pillow, was scarcely altered, but for the droop at the corners of the closed eyes and mouth. The hands, folded upon the breast, had a rosary twined about them. At intervals of an hour, the watch on the bier was changed; Heimwehr, Ostmärkische Sturmscharen, and his old comrades of the Kaiserschuetze took it in turns to stand on guard at each corner of the coffin. The last vigil was kept by four members of the Kaiserjaeger, among whom was Kurt von Schuschnigg.

Dollfuss was buried on Hietzing Hill, at the side of the victims

of the February "civil war." Bareheaded and unarmed, clad in his grey-green Imperial uniform with its crêpe bands, Dr. Schuschnigg and the other members of the Government walked in procession behind the coffin through the miles on miles of Vienna streets. The shattering July sun beat down on the cavalcade of politicians, army men, foreign diplomats and V.F. members as it wound through the black-draped city. They were almost unguarded but for the straggling line of the Heimwehr, badly armed enough, which stood between the mourners and the crowds massed on the pavements. This almost unknown politician who was stepping into Dollfuss's place certainly had courage to expose himself to assassination less than a week after his friend had been murdered.

When Austria had vanished from the map, the peasants of Kurt von Schuschnigg's home province of Tyrol told a story of what happened in Hietzing churchyard the day that Dollfuss was buried. The small coffin had been lowered into the grave; Frau Alwine and the Chancellor's little old mother had dropped a handful of earth after it, and the mourners were moving away, when he came back to the graveside and stood bareheaded for a moment, looking down into the darkness. Then he lifted his hand and let his service képi, with the reversed falcon's feathers, fall upon the lid of the coffin. A few people heard the words which he murmured to himself as he did this. They were the dedication of his own life to Austria.

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Prince Stahremberg had been abroad at the time of the murder, and President Miklas purposely waited until he returned before making any final decisions about the Chancellorship. There was strong backing for the Prince in Heimwehr circles, but Major Fey also considered that he stood a chance of succeeding Dollfuss. One of the pair was expected to step in and take decisive action in the matter, and there was considerable surprise when neither was invited to form a Government. Dr. Schuschnigg was, however, the only one of Dollfuss's colleagues who had the remotest chance of leading a unified Austria. Considering this, and remembering the

dying wishes of the Chancellor, Miklas gave a final decision for him.

He was at first unwilling to assume the overwhelming burden, for the prospect of his destiny as the successor of Dollfuss had often appalled him. It required long meditation on the problem before he was able to overcome his distaste for the task; his mind was, however, finally made up by determined pressure from certain quarters. It seemed, at first, that there might be trouble with the disappointed Stahremberg, but fortunately he was not disposed to agitate for the Chancellorship. With "remarkable delicacy and self-effacement" (Dr. Schuschnigg's own words) he consented to accept the post of Vice-Chancellor in addition to the leadership of the Fatherland Front and the Portfolio of Public Security. Fearing lest this arrangement might lead to the re-establishment of some kind of party system in Austria with Dr. Schuschnigg's Catholics and Monarchists set against the Prince's Heimwehr Fascists, Herr Miklas decided that authority should be shared, by the Chancellor becoming "Deputy Leader of the Fatherland Front."

Almost his first act as Chancellor surprised those who had considered him merely as Dollfuss's capable and efficient, but undynamic, assistant. He showed that he too could be ruthless if he chose, when, braving the displeasure of Germany and the wrath of the Austrian Nazis, he avenged his murdered friend by the execution of Planetta and Holzweber. They paid with their own lives for the blood they had shed, and their accomplices were exiled to the Reich, where they joined the steadily growing Austrian legion. Neither did the new Chancellor hesitate to put down the spasmodic rioting which had broken out in the provinces. Within a week, Austria was as still as the grave and the unquiet spirit of Dollfuss could rest in peace.

Just over three years later, when Commissioner Josef Buerckel sat in the Federal Chancellor's office in Vienna, a small tablet was let into the wall of the Bundeskanzleramt, extolling the two murderers who "laid down their lives for

the Fatherland." Adolf Hitler himself had condemned the man who passed sentence upon them. "Planetta murderer!" he had shrieked at Dr. Schuschnigg when they met in Berchtesgaden. Thus the events of July 1934, commenced a political vendetta. Dollfuss was murdered, Planetta and Holzweber hanged. Dollfuss was glorified, his murderers execrated. Came Hitler. Planetta and Holzweber were reinterred in a place of honour as martyrs of the Brown Revolution; Kurt von Schuschnigg paid with his own health and freedom for their deaths. The wheel has not yet come full circle.

These preliminaries arranged, the new Chancellor settled down to the routine of office. It was his intention to carry through Dollfuss's policy to its logical conclusion, and for the next four years he followed the example of his friend even in minor details. He took for his workroom on the Ballhausplatz the old study used by Metternich and in recent years by Dollfuss himself. Although the red and gold brocade of the hangings was tarnished, and the upholstered furniture of the great State rooms of the Chancellery was stained and torn, the room remained unaffected by the general decay which was inevitable in twentieth-century Austria.

While Dr. Schuschnigg occupied it, the room took on the unmistakable impress of his personality. He had the great desk moved round, so that he sat with his back to the light, which streamed upon his work through the patterned lace curtains. Like most civil servants (and the Austrian Beamter differs very little from his Whitehall brother) he was particularly attached to a high-backed leather chair, studded with gilt nails, with which he immediately replaced the ornamental red-plush affair which Dollfuss had favoured. His desk was kept remarkably neat—a pad of coloured blotting-paper lay fairly and squarely in front of him, and beyond that a white china tray with a coloured border, containing two very heavy, old-fashioned inkpots, for red and black ink. There never seemed to be any odd papers littered about; all important files, when not in use, found their way into the deep locked drawers on either side of the desk.

While Dollfuss occupied the room a portrait of Francis I of France used to hang opposite his table. Schuschnigg, for reasons of his own, replaced the picture by one of a somewhat more respectable monarch, Maria Theresa, and banished Francis to the Corner Room. That picture of the florid and substantial Empress, draped in her widow's weeds, confronted the new Chancellor every time he raised his eyes from his work—a perpetual reminder of the Austria he was striving to recreate.

Dr. Schuschnigg's workroom faithfully reflected his outstanding characteristics—his formalism, meticulous accuracy and essential unobtrusiveness of outlook. The office was more reminiscent of a Principal's room in a London Government building than of the presence chamber of a Chancellor. Nothing more different from the vast halls of the Berlin Fuehrerhaus or the Palazzo Venetia, with its acreage of polished parquet, leading the eye to the solitary majesty of the Dictator, can be imagined.

The high square room became, during the next four years, a sanctuary penetrated only by Ministers, heads of Departments, private secretaries and distinguished foreign visitors. To the rest of the world it remained almost inaccessible. Count Huyn once wrote that it was more difficult for an ordinary man to get an interview with Dr. Schuschnigg than for a tourist to stroll into the presence of Stalin in the heart of the Kremlin. This unapproachable seclusion was due partly to the heavy guard now posted on the Chancellery as a precaution against further putsches, and to a hulking young Austrian, well over six feet in height, who was placed squarely outside the Chancellor's door, and bristled with weapons. But it was also due to the nature of the man himself.

The education he had received from the Jesuits had naturally inclined him to introspection, self-analysis and a reserve which marked him out as a rarity among European politicians. Whatever private affairs he had were never allowed to intrude on his life as Chancellor. Austrian publicists "clothed him in a legendary indifference." Always friendly, polite and

helpful to the journalists who interviewed him, he never dropped the iron mask which separated the statesman from the ordinary human being.

This unemotional temperament was in many respects an advantage. Although he had none of Dollfuss's vividness and quick appeal, there were more substantial qualities under the impassive exterior. Because all his promises were made after long and careful consideration, it never occurred to any of his colleagues to doubt his word. It was never his way to act upon impulse or to make offers which he could not execute. Once he had given his word it remained his bond, thanks to this patience in examining questions, and to what Dr. Borkenau calls "his sense of honour, which was that of a gentleman of the old school."

He was rarely known to lose his temper or sense of balance. When he did, it was an event for his staff to remember for a long time afterwards. Calm and unflurried, he faced threats, abuse, treachery and double dealing of all kinds, secure from emotional attack. Even when the world seemed about to crumble beneath his feet, he would never betray surprise or permit the least relaxation of the studied immobility of his features.

A man of this type was faced with certain handicaps as Chancellor. Most serious of all was the way in which his character could be misinterpreted by political enemies. The Socialists, for instance, who resented the fact that a man of his birth and upbringing should be Chancellor, consistently misrepresented him. His quite genuine shrinking from the limelight, while putting the idea of Austria first, was construed as "uppishness." Because he was the son of a General, had a "von" before his name and had been educated at an Austrian public school, his opponents were fond of suggesting that he belonged to the "corrupt nobility." If they had given the matter a moment's thought, they might have remembered that he never even used the title to which he had a right.

By nature, Kurt von Schuschnigg was unable to capture the imagination of crowds in the way that Dollfuss had done, and

thus make up for the initial disadvantages of his birth. Bound by a hundred restraints and inhibitions, he was physically incapable of firing an audience, for the gestures and phrases of popular speaking refused to come to his hands and lips. He would stand, stiff-backed as a soldier on parade, more often than not in his old lieutenant's uniform or the uniform of the V.F., delivering lectures, rather than speeches, in the tones of a rather jaded professor of law. His audiences were unmoved and, to tell the truth, somewhat bored. When those speeches, with their courtroom style, so carefully phrased and balanced, so full of statistics, were afterwards published by the Austrian Press Bureau, under the title *Oesterreichs Erneuerung*, they were very far from being a best-seller.

Dr. Schuschnigg despised what he called "beer-cellar oratory" and its appeal to mob-hysteria. Here his religious outlook influenced his opinions, for the whole notion of mass-rule was alien to his faith, as an obedient Catholic, in the authority of a single dedicated individual. In this lay the root of his inability to handle men, for he under-estimated the influence of the society, while over-estimating the importance of the individual-soul. He was not alone in this outlook, for it was the theory of hundreds of other Catholic thinkers and writers. Unfortunately for him, he trusted too much to such precedent, and, imprisoned as he was by his own reserve, which cut him off from ordinary contacts, imagined that men and women could be ruled by a book of instructions.

Someone once said that Engelbert Dollfuss "had the religious faith of a woodcutter." That was true, for he had a kind of Franciscan devotion which consisted in instinctive feeling rather than conscious believing. Kurt von Schuschnigg's faith was just as fervent as his friend's, but it was mostly of the head, and scarcely at all of the heart. There were times, indeed, as at the Requiem Mass for Dollfuss and at the 1937 Corpus Christi procession, when he was visibly taken out of himself by emotion, but otherwise his religion had an austere and intellectual stamp. It had something in common with the attitude of Thomas Aquinas and Dominic—faith based on logic. It is significant that he used to attend the Sunday

morning Mass at the Dominican Church in Vienna, rather than the Cathedral service at Saint Stephen's.

Because of his early training, it was as though he had viewed life for the better part of his thirty-six years through a partition of glass, coloured by all the theories and prejudices of Catholicism. For four years his religious views kept him aloof from the Austrian workers, because his ideas were distorted by Rome's perpetual denunciations of Bolshevism. The Jesuit influence, too, which had suppressed all spontaneous expressions of feeling, was a personal misfortune for him, because it kept many friends at bay.

Sir George Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister in London, found him "impenetrable" and afflicted with "a shyness which hindered him in social contacts." Persons in his own circle used to say that the only being in whom he completely confided was his wife, and that his love for her and his young son was the one real affection he had ever shown.

The Chancellor always remained a personality of unfailing interest to the journalists and authors who called on him at the Ballplatz or met him on his visits abroad. Most of them carried away some outstanding impression of him which they later thought worth putting on record.

An Englishman, meeting him in 1935, during his visit to London, noticed how seldom he laughed, and the way in which he contented himself with a slight tilt of the head, a raising of the eyebrows, a curl of the upper lip. A French colleague went farther. "M. de docteur," he said, "a des traits d'une sévérité inflexible . . . et il ne sourrit jamais. S'il y parvient en des très rares circonstances, c'est au prix d'un effort . . . qu'on s'étonne à chaque fois que ce sourire si laborieux soit malgré tout joli et doux."

Apart from chit-chat of this kind, there are serious assessments of his character from various sources. Edouard Herriot, meeting him in 1937, calls him "si réfléchi, si réservé, si sincère," and Douglas Reed, a frequent visitor to the Chancellery, speaks of his frankness in discussing political affairs with him, saying "I think it was beyond him to tell a lie."

Such a man could scarcely be happy in the centre of the political stage. He took no pleasure in manipulation and intrigue as did Franz von Papen. The fact that he was obliged to deal with persons without scruples was merely a distasteful necessity, and he utterly refused to use their own weapons against them. This country lawyer, who would have been content to remain at his practice in Innsbruck, never had any desire to step into the limelight and act a star-part. To the last he remained a supporting player, for some reason intimately bound up with his psychological make-up. Austria, not he, was the only thing of account.

The life of a Federal Chancellor was no bed of roses. Dr. Schuschnigg realised, when he took over the responsibility, that to fill such a post meant surrendering much, perhaps everything. How much, he was not to learn till almost a year from the day he first took office—in July 1935.

The hours of work, to begin with, would have broken an ordinary man. Cabinet meetings would sometimes start at eleven in the morning and continue through the day and the following night. After such meetings, marked more often than not by stormy scenes between Ministers, he would continue with the next day's work without any pause for rest. He had, in fact, a capacity for doing without sleep which proved very useful to him during those early months of struggle. However weary he might feel, his self-control never allowed the eyes behind the round-lensed glasses to give him away.

It was just as well for him that he could remain alert in the most trying circumstances. Dollfuss confessed in 1934 that he would not be able to continue with his work without a holiday, so terrific were the demands of the Chancellorship. Fortunately, Dr. Schuschnigg had almost nothing of the famous Viennese "Schlamperei" in his nature, but in its place a taste for hard work and unbounded energy. If any of that fatal national weakness had been bound up with his character, he could never have continued the struggle against the petty irritations, anxieties and exactions of his post. Not only did he have to reckon with never-ending work, but his days were one long

succession of missed or delayed meal-times. Quite often, when a meeting had been in progress for seven or eight hours, one of the Chancellery servants would come up to the Conference Room with a tray of sandwiches and white wine, which had to suffice for several hours to come. Viennese, strolling along at midday in the neighbourhood of the Volksgarten, would often see their Chancellor bolting into the restaurant opposite the Johann Strauss monument for lunch, as if he had not a second to spare.

Sometimes, when he and his wife were invited out for the evening, to a reception or a dinner-party which might last into the small hours, Herma would be obliged to make last-minute excuses for her husband, who, as often as not, would still be at work on the Ballplatz. It was as much as he could do to find the time for an occasional visit with his family to their house at Sankt Gilgen on the Wolfgangsee. When they left home, whether it involved a day's or an hour's absence, they were always accompanied by one or more private detectives. Major Bartl, the Chancellor's military A.D.C., also followed his chief wherever he went.

CHAPTER IX

1934-1935

"Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent.
Forget not yet.

"Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan,
The suit, the service, none tell can.
Forget not yet.

"Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrongs, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays.
Forget not yet."

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

PRESIDENT MIKLAS, now ageing rapidly, stood at the head of Austrian affairs during the four remaining years of independence. Even Dollfuss, with all his charm, had never found his way to this man's sympathies, and it was doubly difficult for his unassuming successor. On the surface, there was no reason why Schuschnigg and Miklas should not have got on together. They were both devout Catholics, Austrian patriots, formalists and traditionalists to the bone. But Wilhelm Miklas, who considered that he was President of Austria by divine right, disapproved strongly of the Corporative State. He made no secret of the fact that his sympathies were entirely with democratic forms, and with the ambitions of the working classes. The "February Massacres" had roused his ire against Dollfuss, and quite naturally he transferred his resentment to Dr. Schuschnigg, whom he regarded as the former Chancellor's heir. During the whole of his tenure of office, the Chancellor had perhaps three exhaustive conversations with his President, and these were of an unpleasant nature. Miklas saw to it that all Kurt's efforts to gain his confidence were repelled by icy politeness, and even went so far as to employ

an intermediary, a young man by the name of Guido Schmidt, who held the post of *chef de Cabinet*.

Dr. Schuschnigg came to the Chancellorship surrounded by intriguers, enemies, half friends, and men who loved their own purses better than the idea of Austrian independence. The Foreign Minister, Count Egon Berger-Waldenegg, made no secret of his admiration for Italian Fascism, and his rather slavish attempts to introduce ideas of the Duce's into Austria were regarded with reserve by the Chancellor. Count Waldenegg was fifty-four, and Viennese born. Like so many of the Schuschnigg Government, he came from one of the well-known Viennese public schools, the Schottengymnasium. He had, in fact, Scottish blood in his veins, for his mother had been a member of the McQuarries family. Like all the Chancellor's colleagues, he had served in the Great War, but on the Russian front. After the war he had returned to Vienna, married, and now had a family of three, sixteen-year-old Anniebel, Manette, who was fourteen, and Heinrich, a year younger. It was openly said that this rather dull family man was only Foreign Minister *pour faute de mieux*.

Luckily Kurt had throughout his Chancellorship, a reliable and incorruptible Minister of Finance, Dr. Viktor Keimböck. Keimböck was, surprisingly enough, a doctor of laws, although his real interests were in economic matters. He had held his post under Dollfuss, himself a Doctor of Economics, and continued in it under his much less expert successor. "Schuschnigg had not a very clear appreciation of economic matters," says Count Hans Huyn, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at, considering that his own subject was law. Chacun'un à son métier. It was a far cry from the Matriculation course at the Innsbruck Handelsakademie; and when the tangle of foreign credits became a little too complicated, the Chancellor preferred to trust himself to Keimböck's capable hands.

There were other well-known figures in Austrian politics of 1935. Edmund Glaise-Horstenau was intimately associated with Dr. Schuschnigg from the outset, and in the end turned out to be one of the blackest traitors in the whole cowardly

scheme of betrayal. On the surface his loyalty did not seem suspect. A fifty-two-year-old ex-soldier, who had served with distinction on the General Staff during the war, and had also written a well-known book on Imperial Austria, he was one of the old school of aristocrats. He had been educated at the Theresianum, and had passed on to Wiener-Neustadt, where Dr. Schuschnigg's own father had received his military training. And because no one was respected in Austrian politics without a University degree, he later obtained a Doctorate in Philosophy at Vienna State University.

As a counterweight to this man was Kurt's own personal friend, Dr. Hans Pertner, one of the very few who stood by him when misfortune came. He came from Innsbruck, that mountain home which meant so much to the Chancellor, and he had also been educated there. Although ten years older than his friend, he had so much in common with him—a University background, a degree in Philosophy, children, Dorothea, Elisabeth, Hans and Heinz, about the same age as the Chancellor's little son. He took over Dr. Schuschnigg's Portfolio of Education.

Another colleague was Edward, Count Baar of Baarenfels. In 1934 he was Austrian Ambassador in Budapest, but later returned for more active collaboration in Vienna. Like Glaise, he also had been educated at the Theresianum.

Forty-eight-year-old Major Fey was the most dangerous of the Ministers. This hatchet-faced Knight of Maria Theresa, whose war service had taken him to Serbia and Italy, was forever quarrelling with Stahremberg over the Heimwehr. His unaccountable movements caused him to be regarded with a great deal of suspicion in certain quarters. There were rumours connecting him with the murder of Dollfuss, and he was most certainly at one time in contact with the Nazis. He and his wife, the former Malwine Mettelet, had an only son, Herbert, who was an avowed party-member. The Major's temperament, which was compounded of a love of danger and a taste for heavy intrigue, made him a constant problem for the Chancellor.

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Beside these prominent figures there was a group of young men in responsible positions in the Government who were known as "the Chancellor's Discoveries." These junior politicians were all ex-public school or University men, and to secure the Chancellor's favour it was essential that they should have belonged to the Catholic Students Associations. There were several such groups; but most students belonged to either the "Norica" or "Austria" Societies. From their name in German, "Cartel Verband," they were known as "C.V'ers," and it is well known that most of the Ministers and Dr. Schuschnigg himself were ex-C.V'ers and attended all the "old boys' " meetings. Since the days of Ignaz Seipel, the custom had arisen of regarding the C.V. as a forcing-ground for the higher Civil Service, a practice which is so unjustly encouraged in England, where all but a very small proportion of administrative posts in the State are secured by University men.

The best known of these minor statesmen was Dr. Draxler. He was a few months older than the Chancellor, and had been through the Gymnasium of Stella Matutina and Innsbruck University with him. They had served together on the Isonzo and had taken their exams for the doctorate in the same year. In 1935 he became Finance Minister. When the Anschluss came, Dr. Draxler remained as true a comrade as he had been twenty years before.

Dr. Schuschnigg cannot be said to have been fortunate in his choice of the majority of his assistants. His lack of insight into character caused him to make many mistakes which he afterwards bitterly regretted. The notorious case of his own private secretary, Baron Froelichsthal, is an instance in point. Ministerialrat Dr. Wilhelm Wolff was another of these "discoveries" who afterwards gave him so much pain. He posed as a devout Catholic, and simultaneously worked hand in glove with the Reich envoy, Papen. Schuschnigg was taken in completely by this cultured scoundrel and his vehement protestations against the Nazis. While he enjoyed the Chancellor's trust, Dr. Wolff was sending a daily confidential report on Austrian foreign affairs to the Wilhelmstrasse. He later exchanged his comparatively obscure post of State Councillor for the glamour

of the Foreign Affairs portfolio in the Seyss-Inquart Government. Then he vanished once again into obscurity.

The Government swarmed with such traitors. Scarcely a Ministry was without its bribed clerks, its typists who purloined carbon copies of secret documents for Berlin, its official decoders who saved the contents of confidential telegrams for Nazi ears.

The list of his advisers was completed with the names of Dr. Ender, Herr Stockinger, Generals Milch and Zehner, Adamovitch, Riether, Buresch, Neustadter-Stuermer and Karwinsky, but during the next four years these men were scarcely heard of. General Zehner was perhaps an exception. It was he who pressed ahead with the rearming of Austria and insisted on an improved Army, equipment and fortifications to oppose the growing danger from the north. For the rest, they were completely dwarfed by the three figures of Schuschnigg, Stahremberg and Fey, who dominated the Austrian stage after the death of Dollfuss.

During the first year of Dr. Schuschnigg's Chancellorship, it was the universal opinion that Fey and Stahremberg held the substance, if not the name of power in Austria. Kurt was the youngest, the most inexperienced and therefore presumably the weakest of the three. He lacked Stahremberg's dash and Fey's unscrupulousness. His deep and genuine piety seemed out of place in a politician and he had more than once shown a surprising naïveté in discussing political matters. The Prince and the Major certainly continued to thrust themselves well into the limelight and may even have been deluded into thinking that they were secure in the possession of real power.

That was never Schuschnigg's way. He waited unobtrusively for his opportunities, just as Seipel had taught him, taking no decisive action till he felt his hand steady and able to strike with effect. As time went on, his conservative tendencies were recognised abroad, and eventually, as the months passed, foreign statesmen began to look upon him as the moderating influence between Stahremberg's Italian Fascism and Fey's policy of "cleaning up the Reds."

Quietly and stubbornly he continued the planning of Seipel and Dollfuss—with a difference. Dollfuss was always a Fascist in his heart. Kurt von Schuschnigg, although he was obliged to maintain the Leader principle introduced by his friend, viewed the system with distaste. "We do not regard the authoritarian regime as ideal," he said, at the outset, "and perhaps it will be possible some day to return to a more democratic form of Government." The perpetual interference by the Italians in Austrian politics also irked him, but because of his need for allies he was bound to tolerate it. But the Italian form of government did not arouse his enthusiasm. He was for ever repeating that he was no Dictator and had not the remotest desire to become one. His own opinion, though he never alluded to it in public, probably inclined towards a monarchy (which he once said was the best form of government) in conjunction with a limited Parliamentary system. This in no way coincided with Dollfuss's ideas, which had never been sympathetic towards the Habsburgs.

Apart from these differences, he pursued the so-called "Dollfuss Course" with all the energy at his command, and particularly that aspect which lay nearest his heart, the rebuilding of the Austrian idea. The memory of his dead friend became something sacred to him, and its veneration almost akin to the cultus of a saint. "We shall keep faith with our martyr Chancellor across the grave," he promised. In every little Austrian village from Salzkammergut to Tyrol, where the timbered houses, with their gaily painted walls, looked down upon cobbled squares, crosses, tablets and plaques of all kinds in memory of Dollfuss sprang up. Soon they became almost as common as the wayside Calvarys. It was impossible to walk a mile in Vienna without being confronted by some reminder of the little man. All the shops had postcards of him in Imperial uniform, and on the public advertisement columns Government announcements would be capped by a more than life-size photograph of the death-mask.

Every salient point was pressed into service to remind the Austrian people of their leaders. On blank walls the Dollfuss Crutched Cross or the ✠ of the Storm Squads appeared in

red paint. In the guardrooms of frontier barracks, in customs-sheds and municipal offices hung the portrait of Dollfuss, draped in black crêpe, and at its side the absurdly youthful likeness of his successor.

The peasants did not worship Schuschnigg as they had worshipped Dollfuss, but they trusted him and respected his coolness and courage. They could find little about him to encourage sentimentality, so they contented themselves with the cult of Millimetternich. Most men in the country districts (unlike the Viennese) wore the special medals which had been struck a few weeks after his death, and there was actually a secret society in existence as late as 1938, whose members had a silver badge with the initials "R.F.D."—*Rache für Dollfuss* (Revenge for Dollfuss).

Nothing which might stimulate the slumbering spirit of Austrian patriotism was neglected. The sacrifice of Dollfuss was identified with the struggle of the little country for independence. On 29th February, 1935, his body, and that of Ignaz Seipel, were solemnly transferred with a great display of brocades, plumes and wax candles to the vault of the Hospital Church at Rudolfsheim, which now became a place of pilgrimage. On Saints' days, festivals, All Souls' and anniversaries, the Government would go in procession to this crypt to hear the memorial Mass sung, and each July, on the day of the murder, his little old mother and men he had known in the early days would come there for the celebration of the "Years Mind" (the anniversary Mass).

Dr. Schuschnigg did all in his power to keep the remembrance of his friend before his countrymen. The greatest desire of both Dollfuss and himself was to revive enthusiasm for the military and political grandeur of the old Austria. To that end Dollfuss had organised the countless military parades and demonstrations, and as a small personal contribution, almost always wore his old Imperial Marksmen's uniform. Schuschnigg, although he could not replace the figure of Dollfuss himself, at least tried to retain the atmosphere which surrounded him.

He made a valiant effort to throw off the shackles of his past

—the lawyer's black gown, the courtroom air, the speech of the student immersed in abstruse thought. Those who were in close contact with him during those early days observed that his whole personality seemed to change. The slight stoop caused by overmuch study left his shoulders, and his back became once more as straight as in his army days. He cast away the preoccupied air of the scholar, and a new alertness seemed to come to his looks and speech. He, too, was rarely, if ever, seen out of military uniform now, and even the Army, who were at first inclined to regard him as a "political lawyer," now revised their opinion. There was nothing of the lawyer to be seen in the slim, upright figure in green, with falcon-feathered képi and polished leather Sam-Browne belt. They remembered that he, too, had first been a soldier—and that his father and grandfather had been old Army men. Because of this they gave him their loyalty, and because of his courage and endurance he won their respect.

His activities to popularise the new Austria were the most striking thing about his first year of rule. During this time there was no political crisis, either at home or in foreign relations. Without fuss or ostentation he set about achieving peace with her neighbours and a moderate degree of prosperity at home for his country.

His first act was of merely domestic importance and concerned the laws relating to the Imperial property which had been confiscated following the banishment of the royal family. Following his personal inclinations, he returned the Habsburg estates and revenues to the "Emperor" in exile at Steenockerzeel and made it legal for the numerous archdukes and duchesses to return, if they wished, to their native country. Only Zita and Otto himself were excepted by this law.

In this measure he was supported by Fey and Stahremberg, both Monarchists, although not as fervent as himself. In his next step, too, he had their approval, for it was to bind Austria closer to Italy, and they were both strong admirers of the Italian Government. Kurt von Schuschnigg himself had a low opinion of the heroes of Caporetto and did not take

kindly to the Italian influence in the Ballhausplatz, but he was convinced that with the menace from Germany growing stronger every day, Italy was the only country with the will or the power to protect Austrian independence. In spite of his dislike for such allies, he knew that it would be in the interests of his country to woo them, and accordingly he went to negotiate with Mussolini in August 1934.

It was his first personal meeting with the Duce, and from the commencement of their first conversation it was obvious that the rather sentimental friendship of Dollfuss and the Italian Dictator would not be continued. Both took an instinctive personal dislike to each other. On Dr. Schuschnigg's part, at least, this was perfectly understandable, in view of his inborn South Tyrolean hatred for Italians. On that occasion, Mussolini made a typical observation which remained for a long time in the Austrian's mind. "Force? Yes. But force is not a school kept by us, not a system introduced by us, not, what would be worst of all, a doctrine of æsthetics taught by us. The employment of force is disinterested, chivalrous and, in the surgical sense, wholesome." Kurt recorded the remark in *Dreimal Oesterreich* with the dry observation that it seemed typical of the man. However, he tried to forget the feelings aroused by Mussolini's views, and forced himself to be content with the Duce's statement, "A second German State [Austria] can live in Europe, German, but master of its own fate."

He had turned first to Geneva for help, with the thoughts of an idealist, imagining that the nations of the West, which had condemned rearmament and aggression, might intervene on behalf of his little country. He had long conversations with the British and French delegates—Anthony Eden, Sir John Simon, Arthur Henderson and Barthou—and found in them a spirit similar to his own. They offered him a great deal of sympathy, both for his own unenviable position and for Austria, but he left Geneva with the feeling that their words would not be supported by actions. He knew well enough that France's mid-European policy did not include alliance with Austria and that Britain's armed forces were alarmingly weak at this time.

Indefinably discouraged, he resolved to rely upon Italy only in future for protection, noting with satisfaction that she had recently concluded a rapprochement with France. Italy at least did not oppose his Monarchist leanings. France, however, in the person of Barthou, whom he had met at Geneva, had disapproved. He and Schuschnigg had found so much in common, and had talked for a long while about music, and particularly about Richard Wagner. But when the Frenchman rose to leave, he dropped a bombshell, "*Ne restaurez pas les Habsbourgs, mon gars!*" he chuckled, as he shook Dr. Schuschnigg's hand, and departed. Three weeks from that day, he was assassinated at the side of King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia at Marseilles.

In the early spring of 1935, the Chancellor decided that his lack of foreign contacts could not be allowed to continue. He had travelled very little abroad, and his personal knowledge of other countries was confined to a few flying visits to Germany, Italy, Hungary and Geneva. As he did not speak or read English, he was cut off to a great extent from acquaintance with West European ways of thought. The Austrian Government accordingly addressed an informal request to Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay, for him to pay an informal visit to Paris and London at the end of February.

There was a number of misunderstandings to be cleared up in both capitals. A great deal of ill-feeling still existed against the Government which had put down the Socialist rising of the previous February, and responsible politicians of the democracies had never had the opportunity of meeting Dollfuss's successor to discuss matters. He was still an unknown quantity, as regards both his personality and his real policy. He himself wished to sound opinion on the subject of a Habsburg Restoration, which he knew could not be carried through without help from the West.

Neither the French nor the English Socialists welcomed his visit. They remembered the shelling of the Karl Marx Hof more clearly than the man who had thrown his cap into Dollfuss's grave, pledging his life to keep Austria free from Nazidom.

When his special train arrived in Paris, on the evening of 21st February, he was surprised to find that it did not go on to the usual Gare de l'Est, but was stopped at a small station in the suburbs. Here he was met by the French Government representatives and the Embassy staff, who explained that the terminus was surrounded by a crowd of threatening demonstrators. For his own safety he was driven through back streets to the Hôtel Crillon, where his party was to stay.

Next day the Paris newspapers carried an impressive photograph of the Chancellor, silhouetted against the pillars of his balcony, and looking out dreamily on to the Place de la Concorde through the February rain and mist. He had cause to regard Paris with a pensive eye. His conversations on the subject of the Habsburgs demanded the utmost circumspection, but Prince Stahremberg, in his usual unthinking way, had just stirred up a peck of trouble for him. A Vienna press communiqué had foolishly drawn attention to a visit which Archduke Otto happened to be paying to Paris. It was pure coincidence that he had chosen the same date as the Chancellor. Nevertheless, it appeared that there was some sort of understanding between the two men, and this was the very last impression which Dr. Schuschnigg wished to convey. He was obliged to rectify matters by a fresh communiqué to the Havas Agency, but in spite of this he faced the French Foreign Minister with inward qualms when he came to call upon him the same morning.

In his talks with Étienne Flandin and Pierre Laval, however, he met with nothing but courtesy and friendliness. The French Government did their best to make him welcome and arranged a crowded programme of receptions, lunches, visits to various Ministries and to the Opera. At a function he attended at the Elysée Palace the highest mark of French esteem was conferred upon him—the Chevalier's Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. As he put the ornate cross with its blue, white and red ribbon with the glittering heap of his other decorations—the Papal Orders of Pius and Gregory, the Italian Maurice and Lazarus, the Grand Cross of Saint John of Jerusalem, the St. George of Bavaria—he must have thought of all the States

which had honoured him in this way, and wondered mildly whether their protestations of friendship were worth any more than these trinkets of gold and enamel, and these few yards of silk ribbon.

Actually his conversations in Paris gave him a momentary sense of security. For a little while his usual expression of worried gloom was broken by a smile of relief and something which was almost happiness. Flandin is supposed to have assured him of France's interest in Austria, saying that she would regard any attempt on Germany's part to alter the mid-European status quo with grave disapproval, and might even take military measures in defence of Austria. All this was expressed in more or less vague generalities, but the Chancellor felt a burden lifted from his shoulders and he began to visualise a united front of Italy, France and Great Britain on his side against Nazi Germany.

He left Paris for Boulogne with a light heart, half forgetting the incident which occurred just before he left. He had wished to attend the early Sunday morning Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires before departure, but the Socialists, who were out of hand again, had prevented that, and he was obliged to set off for England with his wish unsatisfied. He reached Folkestone, after a mercifully calm crossing, in the middle of a misty Sunday afternoon. Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister, met him and they went on to London. Sir John Simon and certain Foreign Office representatives were on Victoria Station to meet the train, but there was no crowd, and the general public did not seem to be aware of his visit. Through the gathering twilight and the empty streets a black official car with the red-white-red pennon of Austria took him to the Ritz.

On the Monday morning commenced a frenzied rush of activity which was to last for three days. With the Ambassador he called at No. 10, Downing Street, where he met the Prime Minister—Ramsay MacDonald—Montagu Norman and Neville Chamberlain. He called also at the Foreign Office for conversations with Sir John Simon. After lunch at No. 10 his hosts took him across to the House of Commons to listen

to a debate from the Strangers' Gallery, a rather peculiar way of entertaining a guest who did not understand English. The afternoon finished with tea on the House of Lords balcony, overlooking the river, and another visit, to Arthur Henderson at the League of Nations Secretariat.

On the first evening there was a *soirée* at the Belgrave Square Embassy, with a glittering array of stars including Jelly d'Aranyi, Myra Hess, Elisabeth Schumann and La Jana. Tilly Losch gave one of her wonderful "finger dances" for the guests. Beside the Chancellor there was an array of British politicians and foreign ambassadors; Princess Helena Victoria and the Duke and Duchess of York were also present. The next morning was spent in consultations at the Embassy, and Kurt had the rather shattering experience of meeting Sir George's dog Pépi. This great blue chow had struck fear into the heart of Dr. Rintelen, who otherwise feared neither man nor beast. The Ambassador says that Dr. Schuschnigg "made friends rather reluctantly with Pépi, and seemed to be rather shocked at the dog scratching on the door, my automatic summons to come in and his presence at all our conversations." There was an official lunch to be attended at the Carlton, then a reception at the Embassy in the afternoon and an evening at Lady Londonderry's.

On Wednesday afternoon he left for home, after expressing his thanks at a Press conference at the Legation, a little out of breath at the breakneck pace of the past few days. He had met practically all the prominent members of the British Government, and a wide section of London political society. Indeed, he gasped to Sir George that "they introduced me to some new person every ten minutes." On the journey back he had time to collect his thoughts, and, on the whole, he could feel fairly pleased with the results he had obtained. Although London had made a great fuss of him, Downing Street and the Foreign Office made no statements like those he had heard in Paris. Yet he had had an exhaustive exchange of ideas with members of the Cabinet and it seemed that they had no objections to his long-dreamed-of Restoration.

There had been some uneasiness before his arrival. A few

Hyde Park speakers made unpleasant observations on his policy, and some sections of the Press were afraid that he had come to ask for a loan, but everyone's suspicions were set at rest by his interviews with London newspaper men, and the general atmosphere had improved considerably when the time came for him to leave. He returned to Vienna satisfied, and later wrote about his visit, "in London and in Paris, we Austrians were warmly received, to our sincere satisfaction. My stay in London, in particular, made a very profound impression on me."

He settled down once more to the execution of the policy which he had declared shortly after taking the oath of loyalty to the Austrian Constitution. This consisted of a steady following through of his predecessor's theories, the consolidation of the Constitution and the building up of the Corporative State. These ends were to be attained by the clarification of Austrian foreign policy and the encouragement of the Austrian idea, particularly as it affected the young, by an intensification of the Fatherland Front's activities. He wished to see Austria rise up, strong and free once more, with a greatly enlarged and better equipped army, increased by the affiliation of the paramilitary formations. Finally, he announced that the curse of unemployment was to be resolutely tackled.

The general verdict of political writers on the carrying through of this programme was that the Chancellor's rule consisted of "*Absolutismus durch Schlamperei*"—authoritarian government watered down with a kind of tolerant carelessness. In some of the measures taken he achieved a remarkable degree of success, "not bad for a little country like ours," as he once said, but there were other occasions on which he blundered badly. These mistakes of his were due more to the lifeless system which he was attempting to administer than to any conscious injustice on his part. His policy had to fit into the framework of the Seipel-Dollfuss Christian Corporative State, based on the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* and its plan for the reconstruction of society.

Under this plan every branch of lay activity in the State was

divided, for the sake of convenience, into a "corporation" or economic group—Industry, Agriculture, Commerce, Trade, Transport, Finance and the Civil Service. In this new organisation it was hoped to replace the antagonism of employee and employer by collaboration. In actual fact the scheme soon grew beyond the control of the Government. Innumerable difficulties and confusions were caused by the overlapping of the functions of the various groups, and the employers most certainly preferred tyranny to co-operation. It was eventually found necessary to appoint a central committee to control the leading lights in each "corporation" who were exploiting the position for their own ends.

Dollfuss had abolished the Trades Union system which had existed in Republican Austria. Instead of the various organisations for different types of worker, one central Union, the *Gewerkschaftsbund*, was set up by the Government. This was at first extremely unpopular with the workers, who considered it at best a dummy affair run by the capitalists. The further fact that any party activity within its ranks was forbidden, kept a great many of the working classes outside. Dr. Schuschnigg, however, took steps to popularise it, and during 1935 the movement gained ground. He had the wisdom, during the following year, to allow a step towards more democratic conditions in the free election of shop-stewards. The former Trades Union leaders began to regain some of their old influence, and even made some members of the Government view matters in a more liberal light.

There was a number of other organisations which aimed to convert the Austrian people to the Corporative idea. The Fatherland Front, of course, was the main instrument of Government propaganda and dominated every activity. Some of its ideas can be traced to the Third Reich, but their execution lacked the regimentation of Nazi movements. Austria had its "New Life Organisation" which had parallels with the German *Kraft durch Freude* and the Italian *Dopolavoro*. "New Life" attempted to improve the workers' chances of leisure with cheap theatre and concert tickets, and holidays in the lakelands and mountains. It did some good work in the

cultural field—arranged free lectures and exchanges of lecturers, vacation and evening classes, and also organised theatrical tours for the more remote provinces.

In other fields the Government was not so successful. One notable failure was in the case of the *Mutterschutzwerk*—the League for the Protection of Mothers. In 1935 the old Socialist-founded League was dissolved and its affairs handed over to a special section of the V.F. The practical benefits of the old system were swept away (the provision of medical aid, baby-clothes, milk and kindergarten services) and in their place was put—ideology. It was, of course, the Chancellor's aim to spread the influence of the Church on Austrian family life by this means. The orthodox Roman attitude, defined in *Casti Conubii*, was maintained by the State, and aroused violent opposition even in the Women's Section of the Fatherland Front. The Church emphasised that the place for women was in the home, and attempts were made by means of the Married Wage-earners Act and other measures to convince them of this. It was all in vain. Austrian women, handicapped in the matter of professional training, barred from many occupations, and condemned to earn roughly half a man's wages, rose against their disadvantages in a spirit of most unchristian, uncorporate rebellion. Thanks largely to the Women's V.F. they obliged the Government to modify its attitude towards them.

In another sphere of activity the Austrian Winter Help did much-needed work. In spite of the Chancellor's efforts to reduce unemployment, a colossal sum of money was still paid out yearly in relief. As the amount given to each person was not sufficient to keep body and soul together, long queues of hungry Viennese might be seen waiting outside the soup kitchens throughout the bitter winter months. In spite of appeals to private charity, the efforts of the Church-sponsored "Caritas" and countless street collections, the position of the very poor remained appalling. The Winter Help partially met the crying need. Contributions were quite voluntary, and there was no obligation to give, but it was an open secret that a note was kept of all well-to-do people who refused to

subscribe. This particular work was very near to the Chancellor's own heart. He was always begging his countrymen to take poor children into their homes to give them meals, and his wife gave a great deal of her spare time to charitable work in the poor districts of Vienna.

This measure was at best only a palliative. The problem could not be solved merely by allowing the unemployed a pittance and a food card. The Chancellor was conscious of the vital necessity for work, and did his best to provide it by Public Works schemes. The building of the great motor roads (in particular, the Gross Glockner road) was the largest of such projects. In spite of criticism, thousands were voted for these purposes, and by the strenuous efforts of Dr. Schuschnigg and his helpers a reduction was made in the unemployment figures.

This naturally did not completely account for the persons without work. The German expedient of Labour camps was next tried. They seemed particularly suited to Austria, because large numbers of able-bodied youths were leaving school and University every year with no prospects of a job. It was, however, eventually found that the cost of maintaining the boys was not balanced by the value of the work done, and, in 1936, when conscription was reintroduced, most of them were absorbed into the Army.

The Chancellor knew perfectly well that unless financial stability were achieved, none of Austria's other ills could ever be remedied. During the first few months, Keinböck was absolutely indispensable to him. Helped by his experience, Dr. Schuschnigg was able to abolish the hampering currency restrictions and to assist the reconstruction of the national banking system. The budget was successfully balanced and the 1923 Loan converted. After much hard and uncongenial work he could at last feel the ground firm beneath his feet as he turned once more to the question of the hungry thousands of Viennese unemployed.

More money began to flow into the country. Firms which had been closed down for years began to reopen and to offer work to more people. At last the National Gold reserve seemed safe from the danger of vanishing completely. In Styria the

policy of agricultural subsidies had brought a revival in farming. In many essential products Austria could now call herself self-supporting. The labour of 1934-5 caused production and export figures to reach their highest peak for many years, in 1936, and there was noticeable prosperity among many classes of workers, particularly in the munitions industry.

Kurt von Schuschnigg had good reason to congratulate himself on these results. Little Austria, without the Prussian jackboot and ruthless regimentation of workpeople, could quite well stand comparison with the great German Reich. In spite of the rantings of Drs. Ley and Darré, the bankruptcy of the Third Reich could not be concealed. Austria of *gemütlichkeit* and *schlamperei* had enough for her needs and was beginning to build up a substantial export trade.

Yet the Chancellor's greatest desire remained unsatisfied. Beneath the veneer of unity there was intense hostility to his regime from the Austrian Nazis and Socialists. It required all the efforts and vigilance of the police, who were so much in evidence in the new State, to keep the two illegal movements under control. Dr. Schuschnigg despaired of ever converting his Nazi opponents, but it was a long time before he finally gave up hope for the Socialists. As Minister of Education he had done his best to introduce more religious instruction in the schools, and now as Chancellor he commenced a drive to wean the working classes from "Bolshevism." Under Dollfuss a man's religious views had quite unjustly been made a test of his ability to secure a job, and Schuschnigg mistakenly continued this policy. Thousands of people, previously classed as "Konfessionslosen" were forced into the Catholic or Protestant folds, and although this technically made an increase in the recorded numbers of practising Christians, the proportion of genuine conversions was negligible.

The Chancellor also had a set of mistaken ideas which, reduced to their essentials, meant that to alter the politics of the working classes it was only necessary to change their spiritual outlook. He proposed to impress on employer and workman their equality in the eyes of God, and their consequential duty of co-operating, not only for their mutual

benefit, but for the greater glory of their Maker. Only by the sincere practice of Christian teaching could happiness or any degree of success be attained in this vale of tears. He laboured devotedly, wrong-headedly, sincerely, for a very long time before he found that his theories made not the least impression upon the Austrian workers. The intensification of religious propaganda in the schools and the press, the efforts to take religion to the common people if they would not come to religion, all fell very flat. He had the backing of the Catholic bourgeoisie, the devoted peasantry, the traditionally pious aristocracy, but the Austrian workers were too hard a nut for him to crack, and he came to the regretful conclusion that these people would never yield to persuasion.

There is a story which illustrates the failure of this drive of the Chancellor's. In 1934 he gave orders that half of the fiction in the Viennese Public Libraries should be turned out and works of theology, lives of the saints, and meditations should be substituted. Within a month, subscriptions were reduced by seventy-five per cent.

For months the Chancellor had occupied himself with general questions of internal policy, but at the close of 1935 the personal element cropped up once more.

Dr. Schuschnigg, usually so willing to overlook faults in a political opponent and to excuse him if only it could be proved that he was acting for the good of his country, was strangely reticent on the subject of Major Fey. When one recollects that he was even prepared to look upon the leaders of the Socialists as "brave but misguided patriots," it becomes apparent that Major Fey's activities during the first few months of the new Chancellorship must have been shady in the extreme, for in *Dreimal Oesterreich*, in which he introduces friends and enemies alike, the Major scarcely receives a mention. This would not be surprising if Fey had been a figure of no account, but in view of the fact that he was the Minister for the Interior, Special Commissioner for Security and leader of the Vienna Heimwehr, it can only be that Kurt von Schuschnigg accurately estimated his character and aims.

The Major was not known as "Bloodhound Fey" for nothing. The Socialists, though driven underground, vividly remembered the shambles of February 1934. Schuschnigg himself saw all too plainly that Fey, with his never-ending intrigues, would be a permanent menace to him in the Cabinet. Minister Fey had the power of the Heimwehr behind him and there was reliable information that he had been seen in the company of the envoy of the Reich, Franz von Papen. Whoever was seen in association with Papen naturally came under suspicion. Fey's conduct was not exactly circumspect during 1934-5. He also fell under suspicion for his part in the Dollfuss murder, and scandal reached such proportions that the Chapter of the Order of Maria Theresa was obliged to investigate his actions. Though he was declared innocent, gossip still continued, and he was met with sidelong glances whenever he appeared in public. Fey, however, was not in the least put out, and on the anniversary of his inclusion in the Cabinet, brazenly held a torchlight procession of Heimwehrmen through the Vienna streets to celebrate the event.

Dr. Schuschnigg watched his antics coolly, waiting till he had sufficient cause for complaint against this dangerous colleague. It seemed perfectly plain that Fey was scheming to make himself Chancellor and to give free rein to Nazi influence, and he therefore took action, as he had been taught by his masters of the Stella Matutina.

Fey had no suspicion that forces were piling up against him. Still dreaming of displacing "the brat," as he contemptuously called Schuschnigg, he was completely unaware that President Miklas was on the Chancellor's side, that Mussolini also supported him, and that Stahremberg was eager to thrust at his old enemy. One night in late October 1935, when the autumn dahlias in the Volksgarten were obscured in the blanket of a thick river mist, barbed-wire entanglements and machine guns once more made an appearance round the Chancellery. Inside the brightly lighted Corner Room, Kurt von Schuschnigg threw down his glove to the Cabinet. He demanded the dissolution of Fey's Heimwehr and the in-

clusion of all the members in a new defence force, the Militia of the Fatherland Front.

There was opposition to this scheme. Many a Minister who had previously regarded the Chancellor as little better than a clever provincial lawyer was shocked at the new note of determination in his voice. He was in a fighting mood that night, and bent on having what he wanted. Angrily dismissing the Cabinet, he went off to the President's home, to ask him to dismiss the Government and appoint a fresh batch of Ministers whom he had selected. The Council was dumbfounded. They took note of the extra police, and the fortifications, and they found with amazement that the Chancellor had just increased the Vienna garrison to 7,000 men.

By early morning it was all over. Major Emil Fey, Vienna Heimwehr Fuehrer, Knight of the Order of Maria Theresa, had retired from the political scene to the comfortable, if inglorious, post of Chairman of Directors of the First Danube Steamship Company. Schuschnigg had thoughtfully provided the Major with half of his ambitions. If he had lost glory, he was certainly well off financially, and this served to draw the sting from his overthrow. The matter of the dissolution of the Heimwehr had to be held over for the time being. With the shadow of a smile the Chancellor found himself thanking his erstwhile colleague for his helpful co-operation and invaluable work for the good of the Fatherland.

Prince Stahremberg had sided willingly with the Chancellor in the disposal of Emil Fey. With him had gone the Major's friends Neustadter-Stuermer, Karwinsky and Riether. The Prince was well pleased with the results obtained. Count Baar von Baarenfels, who was a bitter foe of Fey, became Minister for the Interior in his place. Into the Cabinet came Dr. Draxler, who had recently done legal work for Stahremberg and Fritz Mandl. Ernst Rüdiger perhaps thought he could look forward to a future in which he alone would be the dominant force in Austria.

HERMA. JULY 1935

"All my life's light from thy dear life was given,
All my life's love lies in the grave with thee."

EMILY JANE BRONTË.

THE first year of her husband's Chancellorship brought no happiness to Herma von Schuschnigg. It had commenced on that terrible July day in 1934, when she had been told of Dollfuss's death and had been terrified for her own husband's safety. She knew that there could never be a moment's security for either of them while he continued at the head of the Government, and the strain of the knowledge told upon her nerves.

She had given up the flat at Innsbruck for good, and was now living with her husband in Vienna. At first they were put to some trouble to find a suitable home. Alwine Dollfuss had always been content with a four-roomed apartment in a side street near the Ballplatz, for Austria had no official residence for her Chancellors after the style of No. 10 Downing Street. After the July putsch an ordinary house would have been unsafe, and for this reason they went to live in a flat on the top floor of the barrack-like War Office. The place had iron-barred windows and stone walls like a fortress. No one could come in or out without producing an identity card. It was gloomy, but it at least afforded protection.

Herma had a lonely enough life in Vienna—she did not entertain much, and she was kept at home a great deal on account of her small son, now aged nine. The boy was delicate and always ailing, and she felt that she could not leave him. Because he was so frail, he was not sent to school, but was taught at home by a governess, Fräulein Alice Ottenreiter.

Occasionally Herma would go out in the evenings, sometimes with the Chancellor, but more often alone, because he was so tied by his work. César Saerchinger describes her at one party,

given by the old Court set, where all the guests came in the brocades and buckled shoes of the time of Metternich, and the old Viennese tunes were played — the *Fiakerlied* and Strauss waltzes. He gives one glimpse of her, little and bird-like in a gingham Empire gown, holding a great bouquet of red roses from the Chancellor, and having her hand kissed by dozens of mock "Barons" and "Court Councillors."

There were very few occasions like this, although she did pay one fleeting visit by air with Kurt to Budapesth, and sometimes acted as hostess to the Italians who were always in Vienna now. During that year she resigned herself to the life required of a pious Catholic Chancellor's wife, the presiding at V.F. meetings, the official interest in orphanages, hospitals and philanthropic campaigns. Was she a little annoyed that, in this "Third Austria," the Chancellor could never be photographed dancing with his wife, at the Vienna State Ball, or at a Legation reception, for they must always be pictured together at some commemoration Mass, kneeling, rosaries in hand, as stiffly as images at brocade-covered prie-dieux?

In spite of her fears, the first few months of 1935 passed fairly peacefully. She used to look forward to week-ends at their villa in Sankt Gilgen on the Wolfgangsee, and while she was in Vienna she and her husband could go whenever they wished to hear the Philharmonic, or to the Burg Theater or the Opera, for they both had the usual Austrian love of music. Some of her time was spent in posing for a portrait with her husband, by the Austrian artist T. R. Dreger. Even if her life was a little dull, it was at least undisturbed, and she might have been happy if it had continued so.

Unfortunately it was the Nazis who again disturbed her peace of mind. The trouble began after the Chancellor had settled down to the routine work of his post, and had shown both "browns" and "reds" that he intended to carry out Dollfuss's policy. Kurt was continually receiving threatening letters, usually in illiterate German, enquiring whether he had recently been to confession, because at any moment now he might be forcibly compelled to stand before his Maker. The Chancellor himself was not frightened by these threats, but

they terrified Herma. She gave an interview to a London newspaper's Vienna correspondent, telling her that she now never had a second's peace when Kurt was out of her sight. She said that she was haunted by the thought that one day, perhaps the Chancellor alone, or perhaps both of them, would meet with a violent death.

She was worried, too, because the strain of the tremendous burden of official work was telling upon her husband. He was at the Chancellery from early morning until very late at night. Diplomacy obliged him to rush to and fro—to Geneva, Budapest, Rome, Paris, London. She observed that he was looking very tired and in need of a holiday. She accordingly dealt with the matter in her own way, and instead of allowing him to go on working into the small hours of the morning, made him bring his important work home. She took down and typed all his confidential letters and dealt with most of his telephone conversations.

From this it was only a step to suggesting that the burden of work was too much for him. The Chancellor, however, would not listen to his wife, until something happened during the last week of June 1935 which made him begin to reconsider matters. A messenger had delivered a box, addressed to Frau von Schuschnigg, from one of the great Vienna dress houses. Inside was a complete set of widow's weeds, in black crêpe and lawn, with a swastika-stamped card, marked "You may shortly be requiring these." After this heartless joke, Herma redoubled her persuasions for him to resign. She was so insistent that even his firm conviction that he was carrying on a sacred trust began to waver. Knowing that she desired his retirement more than anything else in the world, doubts commenced to cross his mind. He thought that perhaps after all some other Austrian politician might be better fitted to carry Dollfuss's banner on. After long meditation he reached a point where it would have required very little to achieve the final decision, which would have sent him back to his practice in Innsbruck.

On Saturday 13th July, about a week after Herma's

thirty-fourth birthday, the Chancellor and his family left Vienna for a few days at Sankt Gilgen. They set off early in the morning in the black official limousine, driven by their chauffeur, Hans Tichy, and accompanied by the boy's governess, Fräulein Ottenreiter, and the usual private detective. The Chancellor's two A.D.C.'s, Major Bartl and Gendarmerie-Major Kern, followed in a second car, along the Linz road which follows the Danube for several hours' run from Vienna. The front car was doing an even 50 miles per hour and should have reached Linz by lunch-time, where it was proposed to stop for a short while before going on to Sankt Gilgen in the late afternoon.

In just over a month, Dr. Schuschnigg and his wife would be having their first real holiday for a year, the Chancellor's annual August leave, which he was needing so much after twelve months' hard work. Herma was looking forward eagerly to this break; she told a reporter that they would be going away "just to rest and talk, listen to music and go swimming"—a harmless enough way of passing the time, but Fate has a way of upsetting even the most harmless of plans. She must have found Vienna intolerable in summer-time, for the city becomes baked under a dry, breathless heat, so utterly different from Sankt Gilgen, on the blue bowl of the Wolfgangsee, with its white-towered church, water-meadows and woods nestling under the shadow of the misty mountains. Sankt Gilgen is only a stone's-throw from Salzburg which, in happier days, had its musical festival when the Vienna theatres and concert-halls were "dark" for the summer. Only a few hours' journey was red-roofed and cobbled Linz, with its Gothic buildings and domed churches. There, too, they had a summer musical festival attended by crowds from all over Austria.

It was about half-past twelve as they approached Linz, and the midday sun had reached its peak. Because of the heat, the sliding roof of the car was left open to get a little of the warm breeze. The road in these parts is very bad, thick with white dust, and full of ruts and holes. The desolate country is covered with matted heath-grass and scattered blackthorn bushes, while a few stunted trees are dotted here and there.

Blasting operations had recently been carried out on the roadway and the workmen had left large blocks of limestone lying about. The driver accelerated near the Wienzierl Chapel at Ebelsberg, in order to reach Linz by lunch-time. In spite of the bad road, he took a sharp bend at nearly 60 miles per hour. Suddenly the front wheels hit some obstacle with a terrific jar, and he lost control of the car, which swerved across a deep rut, capsized, rolled over and over several times, and finished in flames, crushed against a poplar tree.

The Chancellor was flung violently into the air through the wrenched-off door of the car, and fell heavily upon his head about a foot from a granite milestone. The impact stunned him, and he lay unconscious in the dusty roadway for several minutes before Major Bartl arrived in the second car. He was confronted by a horrible scene. The twisted wreck of the car, bent almost double round the tree, was still blazing, and the ground was covered with scraps of broken glass and metal. Herma had been thrown from her seat, and her head had struck the half-open roof. She lay limp in the back seat, in the midst of the smoke and débris. The chauffeur was slumped over the wheel, but the governess, who had shielded little Kurt from the worst of the shock, had managed to crawl out of the wreck with her pupil. The detective also was safe.

They lifted Herma von Schuschnigg away and laid her on the grass verge. There was no time for misplaced chivalry, so Major Bartl commenced to give first aid to the Chancellor rather than to his wife. After a while he succeeded in pulling him round, and by this time a woman cyclist on her way to Ems appeared on the road, and began, unasked, to attend to Herma. The woman, who had no idea at the time who these people were, afterwards gave an account of the scene to the *Neues Wiener Journal*. She stated that beside the burnt-out car was a small boy, badly cut about the face and hands and crying bitterly. A woman in a blue dress lay on the other side of the car, with two men kneeling at her side, one of whom seemed extremely muddled, and kept murmuring "My wife, my wife!" under his breath. The older man addressed him as "Herr Kanzler."

The passer-by did what she could for the unconscious woman, loosened her belt and chafed her hands, but she soon saw that it was useless and began, inaudibly, to recite the prayers for the dying. By this time, "the gentleman who looked like the Chancellor" had slipped back into unconsciousness, and did not know that his wife was dead. Kern and Major Bartl lifted him into the second car with the boy, and took them both on to the Hospital of the Brothers of Pity in Linz.

The Chancellor finally came to himself about half an hour later, in a private room at the hospital. The house-surgeon examined him and reported that he was unhurt apart from extensive bruises to his left shoulder, and the usual effects of severe shock—faintness, nausea and shivering. An X-ray confirmed his opinion. Although he was able to walk, the doctors insisted that he should stay at the hospital for the time being. They were unable to give him any answer to his questions about Herma, but told him that his son would soon be back to normal.

After a time, Major Bartl arrived with an old friend of the Chancellor's who lived in Linz, Mgr. Professor Matzinger. He was also Dr. Schuschnigg's confessor. Although the hospital authorities were dubious about admitting any visitors, he persuaded them to let him see the Chancellor and remained shut in with him for some time. He had a heavy task. Herma von Schuschnigg had been killed in the wrecked car on the Linz road, and the passer-by had been trying to revive a dead woman. When her head struck the open roof her neck had been broken, and death had been almost instantaneous. The local authorities had immediately taken charge and removed the body to the mortuary at Ebelsberg. It was not an easy matter to break the news to the Chancellor. Stephan Matzinger knew better than anyone what Herma's death would mean to her husband. Although he could not soften the blow in any way, he relied on Kurt's strong faith to bring him through the ordeal.

The Chancellor bore it as well as he could. For some time he could not realise what had happened, but as fuller consciousness returned, the mild symptoms of shock which he had previ-

ously shown increased alarmingly. Although he could still manage to stand, he found connected speech impossible and stammered painfully. At length he was able to convey with great difficulty that he wished to see his wife. Against the advice of the doctors, Bartl and Mgr. Matzinger took him off once again to Ebelsberg. A considerable crowd had collected by the time they arrived, among them some press photographers. They did not have the decency to leave him to his grief, and most of the Sunday newspapers carried a picture of him, his head bent down upon his breast, his hat over his eyes, and his coat collar turned up, supported by the arms of his two friends.

He went straight to the little mortuary chapel. An eyewitness of the scene described it as "heartrending." "The Chancellor, without any tears in his eyes, walked quietly, as if in a dream, up to the bier, cast one long look on his wife, and then knelt down abruptly and buried his face in his hands. After a long while he rose suddenly and left the chapel, with a handkerchief pressed against his face."

He was taken back to the hospital, where he spent the night, while they sent for his relatives in Innsbruck. Mgr. Matzinger stayed with him almost continuously, trying to comfort him and persuade him to get a little sleep. He apparently succeeded, because the next morning the doctors reported that the Chancellor had passed a "fairly quiet night." Early on Sunday morning, his father, the Major-General, and his brother Arthur arrived. Herma's body had been removed to the Carmelite Church, where it was temporarily lying in state. Thousands of people had filed past the catafalque, banked in white flowers, since the early morning, and instead of having the church cleared, the three took their places in the file, kneeling in their turn at the foot of the bier with the local shopkeepers and peasants.

Another ordeal followed. When he returned from the church, the Chancellor knew that he must break the news of Herma's death to his son. He was shown into the room where he lay in bed, watched by a nurse. The boy asked for his mother. Dr. Schuschnigg sat down on the edge of the bed,

and his voice shook as he tried to lie to the little boy. "She can't come, Kurti, she's hurt." It was useless. His self-control left him, and tears began to stream down his face. The boy was not deceived, for with a child's intuition he understood, and buried his face in the pillow.

It was necessary to take Herma's body back to Vienna for burial. The coffin was placed on a special slow train on the Sunday afternoon, and Dr. Schuschnigg insisted on accompanying it, although he was in no fit state to travel. It was impossible to take little Kurt with him, however, for the boy had taken a turn for the worse since hearing of his mother's death.

The train was stopped at Penzing, a halt outside Vienna; the station was closed to the public, and the tiny waiting-room was temporarily turned into a *chapelle ardente*. Prince Stahremberg and the other members of the Cabinet were waiting there to offer their condolences to the Chancellor, who was supported on either side, all through the speech-making, by his father and by Major Bartl. As Stahremberg finished, he was unable to curb his emotions any longer and burst into uncontrollable sobbing.

The coffin was taken on an open hearse, and the Chancellor, still scarcely able to walk, was helped across the courtyard by Major-General Schuschnigg. Although the heat was so intense that many people in the crowd fainted, he seemed to be shivering in the full glare of the sun; he had not yet had the opportunity to change into mourning clothes, and still had on the tan summer overcoat which he had been wearing the day before, buttoned tightly to the chin. He got into the back seat of an official car, which began to follow the hearse at a snail's pace. All the windows were shut tightly.

A number of correspondents, standing in the crowd, had an uninterrupted view of him as he passed. "He looked extremely pale and his eyes were closed," said one. "From time to time he held his hands to his forehead as if in pain." Many of these journalists followed the cortège to the Parish Church of Hietzing, where the final lying-in-state was to take place.

Once more the Chancellor knelt in prayer beside the coffin before allowing his people to take him home. As he left the church it was noticed that his walk was uncertain and hesitating.

It was his own wish that his wife should be laid under the silver birches of Hietzing, on the hill beside the river, where Dollfuss had been buried. That was why her lying-in-state took place in this Vienna suburb, far from her own home in Bozen or his own city of Innsbruck. She lay in the tiny church for two days, among banked lilies and white violets, calm as old sculpture, her sleeping face devoid of all pleasure or pain. Round her stood a guard of honour of grey-clad Heimwehrmen with fixed bayonets, looking impassively on the crowds, some said twenty-five thousand in all, who passed her by. While she was there Kurt came each morning and evening to kneel at her side, sometimes alone, sometimes at mass-time with his father and brother. His mother, Anne, could not come, as she was seriously ill in a Vienna hospital.

Vienna was in a state of ferment. Rumours of all kinds were flying about wildly—that the Chancellor's son had died of his injuries, that the Chancellor himself was not merely suffering from shock, but that his skull had been fractured in the accident and that his political career was at an end. One responsible London paper went so far as to suggest that the bulletin already issued concealed the true state of his health, and that even if it were not subsequently discovered that his injuries were grave enough to force him into retirement, a very long rest would be absolutely essential. Most people dismissed these tales for what they were worth, but Prince Stahremberg was apparently persuaded that there was a certain degree of truth in them. It was this which had brought him back hot-foot from the Lido (where he had been amusing himself, with la belle Grigor) at the first news from Vienna. London papers reported what they politely called "intense political activity" in the capital on the Saturday evening after his arrival.

It would appear that the Prince was entertaining golden dreams of himself as the Chancellor's successor,

wielding supreme dictatorial power. Those dreams must have been encouraged by his meeting with his grief-stunned chief on Penzing station on the Sunday afternoon; the Chancellor's collapse confirmed his opinions, and he is supposed to have mentioned among his butterfly friends that Schuschnigg was an utterly broken man who would never recover from the blow.

He also knew, as well as most members of the Government, that Herma had for several months been persuading her husband to resign, and that she had been on the point of getting her wish.

It was, perhaps, a great shock to the Prince on the Monday morning, when the Chancellor, returning from early Mass at Hietzing, telephoned to the Ballplatz for the usual reports from his heads of departments to be brought across to his rooms at the War Office. The Cabinet was astonished; everyone had counted on his taking at least a month's sick leave before returning to his post, yet, in defiance of his doctor's orders, he was continuing with his work. Stahrenberg's chance of employing that month of freedom to his own advantage vanished.

Yet in spite of his decision to stay at his post, the Chancellor was a very sick man, and, as those who were nearest to him confirmed, on the verge of a breakdown. He still could not control his nerves sufficiently to broadcast, and the Vice-Chancellor, accordingly, thanked all who had offered their sympathy, in his name. Sir George Franckenstein, the London Ambassador, perhaps saw the position most clearly. In a tribute to Herma, written for *The Observer*, he said that it was more likely that the Chancellor would seek consolation in hard work, rather than in resignation or absence from duty. Kurt certainly seemed to be taking this course.

Throughout Monday, telegrams and letters of condolence poured in—sincere regrets from the Prince of Wales, who remembered his holidays in Austria, and from ex-Empress Zita, and Otto, who valued the Chancellor for his monarchist sympathies. There were official condolences from the Pope, Victor Emmanuel of Italy, Mussolini, Laval of France,

Admiral Horthy and General Gömbös of Hungary, Alfonso of Spain and George V. The Fuehrer and Chancellor of the German Reich conveyed his regrets by means of the fox von Papen. He had expressed similar regrets after the death of Engelbert Dollfuss.

The newspapers of the world were full of the accident. The obscure little woman who had married an unknown Innsbruck lawyer, suddenly replaced queens and duchesses as front-page news. She, whose life meant only this, that she was born, married and died, had her story told by every journal, from the London *Times* to the Sunday picture papers. It seemed almost incredible that journalists, who a few months ago, during the Chancellor's visit to London, had been almost hostile, should now be lavishing their sympathy on the bereaved husband and the "young, beautiful, fair-haired wife," who had been so cruelly taken from him. They hoped desperately that "Dollfuss's youthful successor in the unenviable rôle of the defender of Austrian independence would not be permanently affected by the results of the accident, and that these results would not interfere even temporarily with the execution of his official duties."

The funeral was on Tuesday, 16th July, a day of blazing hot Vienna weather. The Chancellor wanted the last few hours alone with his wife, so from twelve until three in the afternoon he remained behind the locked doors of Hietzing Church. The burial was timed for three o'clock. The church was so small that only a very small number of the mourners could be found places inside. Beside the relatives, Kurt's people, Herr Masera, Herma's father, and the Major, her brother, there were the Diplomatic Corps, representatives of the exiled Habsburgs, the entire Government and a number of local officials. No pressmen were allowed inside the church to hear the last rites performed by Cardinal Archbishop Innitzer, assisted by the Papal Nuncio.

The streets along the short route to the churchyard had likewise been cleared of cameramen by the police. After the service, the coffin was placed upon a hideous open carriage,

draped in voluminous folds of black crêpe, and drawn by four black-plumed horses. Its villainous baroque design, with the encumbrances of carved woodwork and muffled lanterns, dated back to the times of Metternich. Piled upon this monstrosity were dozens of wreaths, but two only lay upon the coffin. At her feet was a chaplet of white edelweiss and snow roses from his mother and father, with a card "to our son's truly devoted wife" and on her breast some of the red roses they had both loved so much, brokenly inscribed "to my dear, dear wife" and beneath "to Mummy."

Dense crowds, kept back by an irregular straggle of Heimwehrmen, lined the scorching streets. The Chancellor walked stiffly behind the carriage, all in black, his head erect and shoulders squared, but with a grey, set-looking face. Behind him followed President Miklas, the members of the Federal and Provincial Governments, the Diplomatic Corps, members of the Army and the Fatherland Front and the delegates of the Central Trade Union.

He took part wearily and despairingly in the ceremonies of her end. The voice of Cardinal Innitzer droned on in the half-heard Latin syllables:

"Omnes gurgites tui et fluctus tui super me transierunt

"

"De profundis clamavi. Domine, exaudi vocem meam

"

"Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis . . ."

He did not hear the stifled whisper of the journalists, one to the other, "His hair has gone almost completely grey since the accident." The Superior of the Schotten Kloster spoke the words of committal, and before they covered the coffin the Chancellor recited the Pater and Credo aloud.

Before he said good-bye to her for ever, he dropped another bunch of her red roses upon the coffin lid. Then he broke down completely, and left the churchyard.

For days he did not leave his locked rooms at the top of the War Ministry. His heart was buried under the birch-trees at

Hietzing, beneath a small granite slab which read: "Herma von Schuschnigg. 1900-1935. The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord."

There have been speculations on the probable course of European history if Herma von Schuschnigg had not died on 13th July, 1935. Perhaps it is not so fantastic as it seems, to assume that Austria might have remained Austria if she had lived. Her death deprived the Chancellor of the only real friend and adviser he ever had, and when Nazi intrigues to overrun the country reached their climax he was able to offer less resistance, because there was no one at his side to guide his decisions. He thought much of her judgment in affairs, and if she had been alive in July 1936, she would have advised him against the fatal Pact which he signed with the Third Reich. Her vision in such matters was clearer than his; she had a kind of uncanny intuition which helped her to detect mischief. She most certainly would never have been deceived by Guido Schmidt, Seyss-Inquart, von Papen, and the other false friends who betrayed her husband in 1938.

Papen, particularly, feared her. While Reich Ambassador to Austria he lived up to the reputation he had earned in America—of obtaining information through tapped telephone calls and private letters which his agents tampered with, and stolen documents. It is said that while Dr. Schuschnigg's wife was alive Papen could never succeed in extracting any information from the Chancellery, because she insisted on all secret documents being kept at their flat (where her eye could be on them), attended all confidential meetings in the place of the Chancellor's secretary, and made a point of listening to his 'phone calls to prevent espionage.

Papen certainly wished her out of the way, but it would be assuming too much to say that he had a hand in her death. The way in which she died is more reminiscent of the murder of Frau von Schleicher, who was accidentally shot when the Nazis made away with her husband. Attempts were made at the time of the Schuschnigg car accident to explain it away by natural reasons, but in spite of statements "that this stupid and

inexplicable affair was not arranged by the Gestapo," it seems certain that it was an attempt upon the Chancellor's life.

There is definite evidence to support this belief. To begin with, the widow's weeds forwarded to Herma two weeks before her death cannot be explained away. They had the definite statement attached—"You will shortly be needing these." Then there was the suspicious manner in which the affair was hushed up. Although Herma's body was examined by the Ebelsberg police-surgeon, and the wreckage of the car was sent to Vienna for the opinion of experts, there was no inquest and no report. It can be assumed that the findings implicated the Nazis and were never published for fear of offending Hitler.

The testimony of all concerned in the accident points to something suspicious. Dr. Schuschnigg himself was so shaken that he could remember very little of the affair; he thought, however, that the chauffeur might have been taken ill and subsequently have found it impossible to control the car. But the evidence of Hans Tichy himself is exactly contrary. The man, who had been with the Schuschnigg family for several years, was absolutely trustworthy, and it can be assumed that his account is correct. He denied that he had felt ill in any way, and asserted that for some inexplicable reason the steering gear had suddenly ceased to respond. He had made an effort to right the car, but had not succeeded, and it had plunged away into collision with the poplar tree.

It was stated unofficially that the steering column had been completely worn through "by the action of particles of grit and sand." This statement seems peculiar in view of the fact that the car had not done more than 107,000 kilos, and had recently been thoroughly overhauled. Moreover, Tichy himself had found nothing wrong during the previous week.

There is also some indirect evidence of an unusual kind. There have been several attempts to assassinate opponents of Hitler, and the attempt has always taken the form of a car accident, although, by some coincidence, the intended victim has always escaped. Leopold of the Belgians was showing signs of hostility to the Nazis in 1935; in September came the news

of the car crash in Switzerland, in which Queen Astrid was killed. In 1940, just after the collapse of France, Paul Reynaud, the Prime Minister, was flying from Bordeaux, presumably intending to head the Free France movement in England. Somewhere in Provence a car accident occurred, in which his companion, Hélène de Portes, lost her life. In both of these cases, too, the steering column of the car was found to be worn through.

If anything further were required to condemn the Nazis, it is their own free and unashamed confession of guilt. Mr. G. E. R. Gedye quoted a poetic effusion "in the most inimitable Nazi taste," which appeared in the Austrian press shortly after the Anschluss. After glorifying the murderers of Dollfuss, Planetta and Holzweber, as martyrs who perished at the hand of a bloody tyrant, it continued:

"We tore from the murderer's side his own wife,
We ate into him, body and soul."

CHAPTER XI

PAPEN THE GRAVE-DIGGER

" . . . When the days of golden dreams had perished
And e'en despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence might be cherished,
Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy."

E. J. BRONTË.

THROUGHOUT July, August and September the Chancellor did not appear at any public functions. Although he had shaken off the physical results of the accident, he was too crushed with grief to take any part in human affairs. He was still young, only in his thirty-seventh year, but he was so utterly tired and so absolutely sad, that life no longer held any interest for him. His most urgent need was rest, for he was at the point of complete mental and physical exhaustion.

On the Monday, immediately after the accident, he had insisted on putting in some hours' work at home, saying that there was nothing wrong with him, and that he would be back at work on the Ballplatz in a few days. He kept his promise and within a week attended a Cabinet meeting. Stahremberg was watching him, and again considered matters as he saw the Chancellor, seated at the head of the long table, like a man in a trance, seeming scarcely conscious that questions were being addressed to him, and when pressed for an answer replying at random.

For weeks after this meeting, Dr. Buresch acted as Vice-Chancellor, for Dr. Schuschnigg finally realised that he was not capable, in his present state, of carrying on. President Miklas and his colleagues in the Cabinet insisted that he should take a long holiday, but he stubbornly refused, saying that he was not due to go on leave until the middle of August. Instead, he continued to drug himself with overwork, barricaded into his study at home. Free to brood in the solitude of the rooms in the War Ministry, the sharp edge of his misery turned to a kind

of indwelling melancholy, and he realised more bitterly than before that he had lost not merely his wife, the woman who had borne his son, but the one person in the whole world to whom he could unburden his whole heart. There was no one else, no friend or relation, to whom he could turn for help and advice, no one with whom he could discuss his own private and personal worries. She had been a support to him, a shield against his unconquerable shyness, a companion who loved the things he loved, a friend dearer than any other. Now his perfect wife was dead.

The Chancellor was still tortured by worry about his son. The boy had taken a turn for the worse, and the shock of the accident seemed to have affected his nerves. Although he was in no state to travel, Kurt flew down to Linz to see him on the Friday after the funeral, and stayed by him for two days, as long as he was able; the crisis by then had already passed and he felt obliged to return to Vienna, where Stahremberg continued to work for more power.

This was not the end of his anxiety. In mid-August he was hurriedly called to one of the large Viennese hospitals. His mother, Anne, now sixty-four years old, had been ill for several weeks, and the news of Herma's death had made her condition worse. By 20th August she too was dead. Both he and his father expressed a wish that the funeral should be private and that friends intending to send wreaths should, instead, give the money to charity. His mother lay in state in the high-roofed hall of the General's town house in the shadow of an Italian triptych and surrounded by a forest of ranked candles. Once again he was obliged to walk behind a crêpe-clad hearse, and to kneel in that sickening atmosphere perfumed with lilies, carnations and burning wax, while the Cardinal intoned the Mass for the Dead. This new sorrow could add nothing to his misery; when the heart is thoroughly saturated, whole seas can pass over it and not add a single tear more.

- As the summer wore on, he began to long more and more for company. He felt so lonely that he was willing to be friendly with anyone. President Miklas heard that he spent his days

completely alone at the flat, and judged it high time to intervene. There was a young man in his entourage (his chef de Cabinet) called Guido Schmidt, who had been educated at the same Jesuit college as Kurt. When the Chancellor had been too ill to attend to the formalities bound up with Herma's burial, Guido Schmidt had obligingly stepped into the breach and had satisfied coroners, local authorities, undertakers and churchmen while the Chancellor had a chance to recover sufficiently for the funeral. Now he called at the flat quite often and sat with Kurt in his darkened study, listening while he talked about Herma or the boy, or talking himself about any subject under the sun, to distract the other man's mind from his personal tragedy.

It was largely due to strong persuasion from Guido Schmidt and the President that he took his badly needed leave on 25th August. He did not realise himself how much he was in need of the rest, but his colleagues were well aware that he had reached the end of his resources. The uppermost desire in his mind since the accident had been to resign the Chancellorship, and to retire completely from public life with his grief. He could not help thinking of Herma, as she implored him to give up the post and devote more of his time to his home and family. Now, in the opinion of one of his confidential assistants, it was only the fact that he was worn out which prevented him from going to the President and asking to be released from the Chancellorship. His fatigue was so great that he was incapable of taking the decision, and found it easier to listen to his friend's advice to do nothing.

For several weeks, therefore, he was able to enjoy the absolute peace and quiet of Sankt Gilgen and to escape entirely from the routine of work at the Chancellery. Although his son was with him, the loneliness must have been poignant, for he had spent many summers with Herma at the lakeside villa. "We are going away—and then we shall have a chance to swim, to read, to talk to each other"—he must have remembered that, too. For several weeks he received no visitors—but for one exception. Once a month Herma used to invite a number of peasant children from the village of Palfau to have

tea at the villa. He would not disappoint the children of their August visit, so he played host to them himself—and was photographed with a small and grimy child of ten, or thereabouts, perched on each knee.

It was a very long time before he could summon up enough courage for a public appearance, and from 13th July till the first week in September he remained in seclusion. On 5th September he made a short speech at a Fatherland Front rally in Linz, but his appearance still maintained Stahremberg's hopes of supplanting him.

He returned to Vienna in mid-September not yet fully recovered, for the rest had been inadequate, but nevertheless well on the mend. It was obvious that to have recovered such a degree of health in so short a time he must have had a remarkably tough and elastic constitution.

He turned to Guido Schmidt for some consolation in his distress and found that he shared his tastes in many things—art, music, books. In the early autumn he allowed himself to be persuaded by his new friend to go to a concert on the Lothringarstrasse. The other ministers heard of it, and were glad, for it was a sign that their Chancellor was once more taking an interest in life and that his slow recovery was nearly complete. They had no desire to see Prince Stahremberg as Chancellor, and accordingly they welcomed this evidence that Schuschnigg was returning to the normal course of existence.

As he drove down the Lothringarstrasse on that warm September evening, he felt almost happy, for the first time for many weeks. Guido Schmidt and a few other friends were standing in the foyer, as he came forward, a little nervously, in his evening clothes with the black crêpe band on the sleeve. They took their places in the front of the house, and as he listened to the orchestra tuning up, and to his friends who were laughing and talking, he felt a comforting warmth after all that time when every emotion and sense had seemed frozen. He was in the centre of a laughing, happy crowd of people, no longer alone. He had found a good friend in Guido Schmidt, who sat at his side. As he had passed through the hall, many

people had come forward to touch his sleeve and murmur condolences. It made him feel less lonely and less lost to know that he was surrounded by people who really wished him well and who were concerned about him. Above all, he was consoled by the thought that he would once more be able to listen to his beloved Beethoven, in whose music he could lose his own identity and, with it, all his sorrows.

The lights in the concert-hall were suddenly dimmed. The orchestra ceased their preliminary scrapings. The conductor gave three taps with his baton and the great Third Symphony began. The combination of music and circumstances profoundly stirred the Chancellor. The orchestra was one of the finest in the world, the Vienna Philharmonic, and the conductor the world-famous Bruno Walther. They were playing that wonderful work, so well known, yet loved by so many, the Beethoven *Eroica*. Kurt sat there quietly in the darkness with closed eyes, listening to the thunder of the mighty chords for perhaps the hundredth time, yet held fascinated none the less for that. With the music there came a sense of release. The peace of his spirit was the peace of exhaustion, the peace which follows mental travail.

At last the music came to an end and a storm of clapping swept over the audience. The Chancellor's party rose to go back to the foyer, and for a second he stood under the gentle light of the chandeliers, a little sombre-looking with his black suit and tired face, the yellow radiance catching at his pale hair and turning the lenses of his glasses into pools of light. A man on the other side of the hall, who was not so short-sighted as Kurt, had caught a glimpse of him as he stood there and was now hurrying down a gangway towards him.

It was Franz von Papen, Reich Ambassador to Austria. He was very cordial with the Chancellor, shook his hand warmly, and said how glad he was to find him recovered so soon from the results of the accident. Kurt wondered vaguely why the foxy-faced diplomat was so anxious to be friendly this evening, for relations with the Third Reich had been somewhat strained since Dollfuss died. He was soon to learn the reason.

The Chancellor sat down once more, and Papen sat at his

side. The Austrian gave his companion a long, veiled look from beneath drooping eyelids, but could gather nothing from the impassive face. He did not trust the man; in German and Austrian Catholic circles he was referred to as the "Nazi Judas" who had sold his faith in the Church in exchange for the favour of Adolf Hitler. With his hatred of hypocrisy, Kurt instinctively shuddered away from the man who would one day attend early Mass at Saint Stephen's, and the next, carry out the commands of the tyrant who persecuted the Catholic Church and her ministers. He knew about Papen's activities in the U.S.A. during the great war, when, as German Ambassador, he had sunk to the level of a spy and murderer. His own austere code of political honour, which had never allowed him to tell an untruth even in the best of causes, made him look with contempt on the Uhlan's record of broken pledges and violations of diplomatic immunity.

Yet for all this, he had a persistent feeling of inferiority in the presence of the German. He mildly envied his skill in diplomacy, the soft, persuasive voice which could talk down any opposition, the cunning brain which was so ready to seize on the least point of vantage and use it for its own ends. In comparison, he felt a little slow-witted and clumsy, and it was only unwillingly that he listened to him, for he was on his guard against a trap.

Papen was saying that he wished he could arrange matters so that there was more friendliness between their two countries. The Chancellor should ignore the ignorant rantings of the press against Austria, or the hostility of petty officials. He himself was in touch with the Fuehrer, and he could say, with the fullest confidence, that *he* wished nothing better than to be good friends. Adolf Hitler was an Austrian himself; he wanted only good to come to the country of his birth. And as for Germany—well, had he not said a thousand times that Germany stood for world peace? The Reich would never risk another war; the results of the last had been too devastating for her. He hoped, on behalf of the Leader, that the Chancellor would change his attitude of hostility, to their mutual advantage. He regretted with all his heart that, after "the events of last year," there

should be friction between Germany and Austria. He said that he himself was a living proof of the peaceful intentions of the Reich towards her neighbour. He had never made any secret of his sympathies for a German Austria and felt that the moment for the declaration of a chivalrous German peace had arrived. In view of the precarious international situation, the necessity to regularise relations had become most acute. Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure made the Italian alliance more difficult for Austria. He wished to convince the Chancellor, by his own presence, that the true Germany and National Socialism were by no means inseparable, and that the Reich could in no way endanger Austria. His opinion was that a Vienna-Berlin alliance would not only ease pressure between the two nations but would considerably assist the persecuted Catholics within the Reich. His Chancellor and Fuehrer had offered all European countries "an honest, reciprocal peace pact," and he declared that the time had come for Dr. Schuschnigg to accomplish a great European mission and make the first steps towards accepting such a peace.

Kurt rather weakly let himself listen. He was unused to Papen's gentle persuasion; he had been expecting a flood of veiled hints similar to many thousands of others which he had heard from Nazis inside and outside the Third Reich. Perhaps he was not as much on his guard as he should have been, for no suspicion was roused within him, only a boundless sense of relief. He saw a light shining in the darkness of Austria's political turmoil, which showed him the way to end the perpetual riots, threats and deeds of violence perpetrated by the Nazis. He reached out eagerly towards that light.

Still clothed with the icy calmness which his publicists made so much of, he gave Papen another of his penetrating looks. The German met the blue stare without wavering. The Chancellor had succeeded in concealing from him the fact that he was in the least surprised by the proposal. At last he said, very slowly, and choosing his words, "Herr von Papen, I am glad to hear you say this. But I can only repeat the words of my predecessor, my martyred predecessor" (his voice became somewhat sharp). "We want nothing more than

friendly and neighbourly relations with the Reich. I am the last person who must be reminded of the brotherhood of Germans and Austrians. The disturbed relations between the two countries cannot be laid at Austria's door, and my desire to settle these differences is as great as yours. There would be no happier man than I, if I could make any contribution to European peace. Incidentally, I should like to correct a mistake in what you have just said—Austria is not exclusively dependent on Italy for support. She is grateful to the Duce for many things, but her foreign policy is not based entirely on Rome. Her one aim is to live in peace and friendship with all her neighbours. This is the reason for her remaining within the League of Nations, although she can appreciate the view of States outside the League. So much for the principles of the thing. I gather from what you have said that concrete proposals for an alliance may be brought forward, so I must ask whether you are voicing your own personal opinions, mein Herr, or acting under instructions from the German Government?"

Papen was not to be caught out. "My own personal opinions, naturally, Herr Bundeskanzler. If I had been speaking as Ambassador, I should naturally have requested an interview. But I am in complete touch with the Wilhelmstrasse, and I can say that I have said nothing that goes beyond the views of either the Foreign Minister or the Chancellor. If your Excellency will permit, I will inform the Foreign Office of to-day's conversation and we may perhaps have a further discussion on the subject."

The interval came to an end. Rising to his feet, Papen took the Chancellor's hand once again before returning to his seat and leaving his conversation to sink in.

The audience was returning to the hall and the lights were lowered once more. Throughout the rest of the performance, his friends noticed that Kurt had become very meditative and disinclined to talk. At the end, he was still too lost in thought to notice the long look which passed between Papen and Guido Schmidt, otherwise his new-found peace might have been disturbed.

That night he drowsily turned over the events of the evening in his mind. He realised that the conversation with Papen marked the end of one period in his life and the beginning of another. The sorrow which had clouded his mind had left him stronger, harder and better able to fight for Austria. It had shown him his weakness, and suddenly shed a great light on all his problems, so that they became simpler and easier to solve. He acknowledged to himself the sin which he had been upon the brink of committing when he had considered resigning the Chancellorship. It was the will of God that he should continue to direct the destinies of a Catholic, independent Austria, and all rebellion against this predestined order of things was cowardice. Because he had so nearly yielded to temptation, the Lord had taken away his wife as a punishment. He accepted her loss; he would continue the fight as an atonement, merely an instrument in the hand of Almighty God. So he found peace.

A PACT WITH THE DEVIL

"No man ought to expect performance of promise from an enemy, except the last seal of bond be fully annexed thereunto, wherein, notwithstanding is then much care and vigilancy required. . . ."—JOHN FLORIO'S *Montaigne*.

AS the winter of 1935 slipped into 1936, Kurt von Schusch-nigg felt his strength returning. By sheer toughness he had survived the ordeal of the previous summer, and he had proved to himself that his grip on affairs was strengthened rather than diminished by what he had endured. The Fey menace had been disposed of; for the time being the local Nazis, looking with longing eyes towards Germany, had been reduced to silence, and now, in order to preserve that perfect balance which he considered so necessary in the State, it was essential to proceed against those elements in his Cabinet which seemed willing to be seduced by Italy.

Of these admirers of "der grosse Onkel Benito," as the Socialists called Il Duce, Prince Stahremberg was the most obnoxious to the Chancellor. To do him credit, he did all in his power to find something good to say about the Prince. When he stated that the differences between himself and Stahremberg were mainly of temperament, he laid hold of the root of the matter. Far too generous by nature, and too charitable towards his fellow men to have acted as he did from any motives of jealousy or spite, he yet saw that the presence of Ernst Rüdiger in his Cabinet was undesirable. One prominent Austrian politician has regretted that Schusch-nigg disposed of the Heimwehr leader, for, he says, Stahremberg had the only vivid personality in the politics of the Third Austria. Because of his colourful character, he stood a greater chance of appealing to the masses; his wild exploits, his dash and his gift of mob-oratory caught people's imaginations as the Chancellor himself could never hope to do. With all respect to this authority, the wildness of Stahremberg was

the very reason for dropping him from the Government. The Austrian Cabinet was no place for a swashbuckling *condottiere*, who plunged his country deeper into the morass with every speech he made.

The Chancellor had immense reserves of patience, but throughout 1936 these were very sorely tried. With mounting wrath he watched Stahremberg's progress. As far back as July 1934, the Prince had been aiming to displace Dr. Schuschnigg, during the disturbed period following the death of Dollfuss. For many months, although he had seemed compliant, and had even gone out of his way to co-operate in some matters, there was a persistent feeling of insecurity. Throughout 1935 he was quarrelling with Major Fey for the command of the Heimwehr. In February of that year, it seemed that he had deliberately tried to make the Chancellor look a fool or a knave by his ill-timed communiqué at the time of the Paris visit. In April he got wind of the Chancellor's intention to dissolve the Heimwehr, and made the famous remark that it should only be disbanded over his dead body. He felt vindictive and made an attempt to discredit Dr. Schuschnigg by suggesting that the Ostmärkische Sturmscharen had been accepting bribes from the head of the bankrupt Phenix-Wien Insurance Company. This man had hoped to hush up some of his very shady financial dealings by buying the silence of certain influential people. Stahremberg's attempt ended in ignominious failure, for the Chancellor promptly scotched the scandal by publishing the company's entire balance-sheet. Against the gift of a few pounds to his own organisation stood the damning figure of 95,000 schillings to the Prince's private army.

In July 1935, when the Chancellor was ill through the shock of his wife's death, Stahremberg, with complete lack of sympathy, was announcing himself freely as his successor. Only a certain stubbornness in Kurt von Schuschnigg's character, a determination not to give in, had saved Austria from the caprices of Ernst Rüdiger as her ruler. When he assumed control of the Heimwehr in succession to Major Fey, his power became a positive menace. While the Prince

was leader of the Vaterländische Front, the Chancellor was only his deputy. The man who had been brought up to regard the Italians as "Welschen," could not reconcile his hidden contempt for his Vice-Chancellor's admiration of Italian Fascism. Their original difference of opinion gradually widened into a genuine split, and at last, Schuschnigg, unable to bear with his subordinate any longer, decided to dispose of him.

The Chancellor never placed any real reliance upon Italy, and accordingly felt obliged to appease the Blond Beast in the north. These efforts Stahremberg tried to sabotage by every means in his power, not because he saw clearly that such an alliance meant the end of Austria but because of his pro-Italian sympathies. His conduct throughout 1936 was, for a subordinate, incredible. He did not hesitate to call his chief some very hard names at a political meeting at Horn, and was constantly threatening to have some of Schuschnigg's most intimate advisers removed.

The climax came in July. The Duce had just concluded his little expedition into Abyssinia, where he had distinguished himself by "civilising" a backward State with all the modern amenities of dum-dum bullets, mustard gas and cannon-firing aircraft. Stahremberg disgraced his country by sending a telegram of congratulations on the Duce's victory to Rome, containing his well-known praise of the "victory of Fascist spirit over democratic dishonesty and hypocrisy." Although the Chancellor had never risked a public condemnation of Italian policy, he now seized on the opportunity to demand the resignation of the Vice-Chancellor and of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Berger-Waldenegg, who was also implicated. It was a golden political opportunity—but quite apart from this, Dr. Schuschnigg himself was deeply shocked by this act of fawning cynicism. If he had not followed the general policy with regard to Sanctions on Italy, it was due to Austria's dependence on the Duce and her fear of absorption by the Reich, but even while maintaining relations with Italy, he lost no chance of expressing his disapproval of her methods.

Stahremberg's foolish act called down a perfect storm of

wrath on the Chancellor's head from members of the League, who did not distinguish between his policy and that of the Prince. Therefore he acted. Surrounded by the usual paraphernalia of Palace revolutions, he proceeded adroitly to oust his rival from the Government. It was a mid-May night, and the Prince was playing the rôle of Vice-Chancellor, not at the elbow of his chief in the tapestry-hung Ballplatz, but among the blondes and the neon-lights of the Cobenzl Bar. He had to be fetched away from these pleasant surroundings, to stand, slightly dazed, and rather puzzled by the proceedings, in front of the austere Chancellor.

Although it was past three in the morning, Dr. Schuschnigg remained as unruffled as ever, as he acquainted Ernst Rüdiger with the fact that he was no longer a member of his Government. His ex-colleague did not appear to be very much perturbed by his words, and departed happily once again for the society of the Vienna blondes. Schuschnigg gazed after the receding figure, and a current joke may have crossed his mind: "Our Chancellor tells us to look after the children of the poor, and take them into our homes to feed them; Prince Stahremberg is even more tender-hearted—he looks after the birds." However that may be, there was a somewhat sarcastic smile playing about his mouth as he signed the document appointing the fallen hero "President of the Austrian Mothers' Aid Association."

On 1st October, 1936, just before he was due to leave Vienna for Budapesth to attend the funeral of General Gömbös, his dismissal of Fey and Stahremberg brought in positive results. He had succeeded in disbanding the Heimwehr, and although the rest of the private armies, including his own Ostmärkische Sturmscharen, had been sacrificed at the same time, he felt that the addition of these forces to the new Fatherland Front Militz was a step forward in the fight for Austria. Now he put into effect an idea which he had been playing with for some time. In the early autumn of 1936 he reintroduced universal conscription in Austria. On that day he commented, "a melancholy chapter in the enslavement of the Fatherland has

come to an end," as he recalled the tiny army which post-war Austria had been allowed by the Peace Treaty. It was, to him, as to the majority of Austrians, "a release from degrading and humiliating bonds."

All internal checks upon his freedom of action were now gone. Major Fey continued to make a good thing out of the First Danube Steamship Company. Prince Stahremberg, while not exactly overburdened with the affairs of the *Mutterschutzwerk* and the Austrian Sports Organisation, was finding life very pleasant. He was safely installed in a villa on the Riviera, complete with a new Princess Stahremberg, for the Government had obligingly arranged with Rome for the annulment of his first marriage. His retirement from politics was inevitable. On his dismissal he had gone post haste to Rome, hoping to enlist Mussolini's sympathies. The Duce had turned a deaf ear to his complaints, and on 16th May sent a telegram of congratulations to Dr. Schuschnigg. The Chancellor had finally closed the door upon him by appointing a rival Heimwehrman, Baron Baar von Baarenfels, as Vice-Chancellor.

Kurt, unchecked by Herma's influence, was working himself to death. The light on the second floor of the Chancellery would often be burning till the small hours of the morning, and certain persons who called on him at this time invariably reported that he looked worn out, and as though he had not slept for days. He was worried and, in consequence, in a particularly nervous frame of mind. The strain showed itself in a hundred different details, in the irritable way in which he treated telephone enquiries (snapping monosyllabic replies and jamming the receiver down if contradicted), in his drawn face and tired eyes. He was smoking excessively, and his ash-tray was always full of dozens of half-burnt cigarettes, which he had crushed in fits of nerves before they were finished.

His friends found his temper very trying. One night he would be on the best possible terms with Hornbostel, playing Beethoven and Mozart with him at his house; on the next he

would have flown into a rage, and the pair would not be on speaking terms. Curiously enough, however, whether they were quarrelling or not, they would always share a box at the theatre, opera or concert-hall, providing a source of great amusement for members of the Government who knew what was going on. These signs of frayed nerves were due to one thing only—his old nightmare of invasion by Germany, which the last few weeks had brought back again with redoubled anguish.

The conversation with Franz von Papen in the early winter of 1935 had made the Chancellor very decided that a pact with Germany was essential. He was, however, greatly disappointed when the weeks slipped by and the Wilhelmstrasse gave no sign that it was in agreement with Herr von Papen's ideas. Some months passed, the Chancellor had not entirely given up hope, and the Ambassador was alarmed to find that in the absence of information from the Vienna Embassy, the Austrian Government proposed independently to ascertain the views of Germany and the rest of Europe on a possible Pact.

That Kurt von Schuschnigg should have been eager for some such alliance was to be expected, for a number of reasons. Great Britain and France had suffered a blow to their prestige by their half-hearted Sanctions policy against Italy during the Abyssinian war. No longer trusting them to take effective military action, Belgium, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and Switzerland swung away from the West and the Collective Security principle in their foreign policy. Beck of Poland had just engineered a treaty with the Third Reich. The Chancellor of Austria, then, like other Mid-European statesmen, doubted whether, in the event of aggression, the democracies would even be willing to offer him aid.

It is easy to blame the Chancellor's wish for this Pact on to his fatal Germanophilism, an inferiority complex towards the Big Brother in the north, and a simple-minded trust in Adolf Hitler's word. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was no fool. He admired German culture and achievement—the civilisation represented by Goethe and Beethoven, but he

held no brief for the Reich of the nineteen-thirties. There was in his nature not a single jot of sympathy with the Nazi doctrines of racial purity, anti-Semitism, and the glorification of military conquest. Not in these could be found the greater light for which the Master of Weimar prayed. Although he advocated the Leader-principle in Austrian politics, in his philosophy that man was more servant of his country than Fuehrer, and the theatrical ravings of Hitler merely filled him with contempt.

He himself was utterly opposed to any Anschluss with Nazi Germany, but since the murder of Dollfuss he was under no illusions as to Germany's intentions in the matter. If consent were lacking, rape would serve Hitler's turn.

It was merely in the hope of staving off the inevitable day that he arranged terms with Berlin. Hitler's army and air force were not yet ready for the blitzkrieg which was launched on Holland, Belgium and France in 1940, and it suited him to play for time. Meanwhile, Dr. Schuschnigg obtained twenty-one months of existence for his country, and he was determined to obtain the best possible terms for her in those last hours of life. He saw vividly the danger in which Austria stood and realised fully the disaster which threatened. He belonged to the small—very small—band of politicians who had taken the trouble to read *Mein Kampf* to find out Hitler's declared aims.

There were other factors which made him determined to reach a peaceful settlement. Foremost among them was the part played by Papen, that dispenser of insidious poisons. There was one point at which Dr. Schuschnigg's sentiments could be touched and that was in his devotion as a Catholic. "Chancellor," the German envoy would say, "the fate of all our Catholic brothers in the Reich, and here in Austria, depends upon you. By being amenable to the Fuehrer's suggestions you will find that he will revise his attitude to them out of gratitude." By sly insinuations, he instilled it into the Chancellor's mind that the immortal souls' weal of seventy million people lay in his hands. "What is the alternative to agreement?" he would query, "Anschluss! I am a Catholic, and I know as well as you do yourself, Herr Bundeskanzler,

what would become of Catholic Austria under Hitler's domination. Believe me, I would not wish to see that day. You alone are responsible for Austria's salvation. You must choose."

The economic position was another fact which forced him into the Agreement. There was critical poverty in the frontier districts owing to the Thousand-Marks Ban. Unemployment was rife and there was an agricultural crisis in Styria. He felt very heavily the burden of his promise to provide bread and work for all. There was no other way to carry out the wishes of Engelbert Dollfuss worthily and to feed his people.

The final and deciding factor was the persuasion exercised by Dr. Schuschnigg's confidant, the chef de Cabinet, Guido Schmidt. By 1936 the Chancellor had come to place absolute reliance in his friend, and accordingly listened willingly and unsuspectingly to his pleas for a better understanding with Germany.

Throughout the spring of 1936, Dr. Schuschnigg's confidential assistant states that his chief was a prey to terrible anxiety. The Italo-German alliance made him sceptical of the "Watch on the Brenner," despite assurances from the Italian Ambassador. The Saar plebiscite, which was decided in favour of Germany, had added to his cares, for it left the Fuehrer free to persecute Austria with his attentions. Blow followed blow. In 1935 Hitler had denounced certain clauses in the Versailles Treaty. Exactly a year later, German troops marched into the demilitarised Rhineland, and the Locarno Pact was repudiated. France and England were dumb. Almost immediately the raking fire of propaganda from the German radio-stations, which had remained in abeyance for some months, was turned once again upon Austria.

The situation could not have been more precarious, and it was with a feeling of despair that he set off for Rome at the end of March for a conference with the signatories of the Rome Protocols. There was little cordiality between Chancellor and Duce. They had met first over a year back, in Florence, and, as previously noted, had taken an instant dislike to each other.

Dr. Schuschnigg was not at his best when dealing with such

personalities as Mussolini; his conversation was liable to be somewhat laboured, and he found it hard to put his thoughts into appropriate words. Choosing his phrases, and speaking with obvious care, he asked Mussolini what he would say to an Agreement between Vienna and Berlin. He was a little surprised at the Duce's outburst of enthusiasm, at his offers of his services as intermediary, and also somewhat embarrassed by the conspiratorial way in which he proposed to take Austria into the Rome-Berlin orbit. "My dear friend," he said, "we are witnessing the final crack-up of the West European democracies. Austria's place is at the side of the dynamic powers. This is how you can best ensure your independence."

In June 1936, he went with his friend and confidant, Guido Schmidt, to see Mussolini once again, this time at his estate in the Campagna, Rocca del Carminate. They drove along the parched, dusty level from the airport, by that cypress-fringed road, with its memories of the hard-hearted Catharina da Forlì. No less hard-hearted was the present owner of Rocca.

The two Austrians approached the extraordinary building which is the Duce's summer residence—half modern villa, half turreted stronghold of some mediæval baron. In the shadow of the watch-tower is a large courtyard, filled with an assorted jumble of old trophies. One of these in particular stood out among the rest, and with his usual tact Mussolini called the attention of his visitors to it—a rusty naval gun from the Imperial cruiser *Viribus Unitis*, captured by the Italians during the Great War. Dr. Schuschnigg was never enthusiastically friendly towards Italy, and this incident brought back memories of his three years on the Isonzo, followed by a year in an Italian prison. "Yes," he murmured gloomily to Guido Schmidt, "it is always we Austrians who are regarded as Italy's hereditary enemies. That is why they invite us to this place with its unpleasant memories." After, when he faced Mussolini over the conference table, it must have taken all his powers of self-control to remain cool and undisturbed. It rankled that he, an Austrian from the South Tyrol, should have to beg assistance from the nation which had looted his country.

Mussolini was effusive in welcoming him, and talked volubly and unceasingly in a mixture of Italian, bad French and worse German. When the real conversations began, Dr. Schuschnigg, remembering the Duce's outburst of the previous March, when he had seemed so enthusiastic for an Austro-German Pact, expected similar demonstrations of joy at the news he had brought—that this long-awaited Pact was now in sight.

Characteristically, he sat down and made Mussolini a little speech about it, pointing out that a declaration of Austria's independence would be a feature of the Agreement, and saying that the Nazis had undertaken not to interfere in Austrian internal affairs. The present unnatural tension in Europe would be removed, and there would be an effective and united barrier erected against Soviet encroachments. Italy would now be free to look after her African and Mediterranean interests without undue anxiety as to the state of affairs in the north. Of course, great care would still be needed in dealing with Germany, for he did not in the least degree imagine that Hitler's predatory instincts had been lulled to sleep. He did, however, wish to regularise and legalise relations under the protection of the Italian guarantee of friendship.

He ceased speaking. If he had not been so well schooled in concealing emotion, there would have been astonishment in the blue eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses. Mussolini gave no sign of pleasure at his words. Without the Austrian's ability to render his face an impenetrable mask, he betrayed great weariness and disappointment, in the slackening of his famous jaw and the droop of his eyelids. Dr. Schuschnigg could not tell what was passing behind the brazen façade. He could not divine that the Duce was on the point of concluding a "Gentleman's Agreement" with England, which he hoped might develop into a Four-power pact. Independent action on the part of Austria and Germany threatened to disturb his plans.

After a little, Mussolini pulled himself together and remarked stiffly and formally that he had never intended to interfere in Austrian foreign policy, and especially in her relations with the Reich. However, he would say that he could wish for nothing better than to help his Austrian friends to smooth out a difficult

chapter in their history. As he continued to speak, he gradually regained his good humour, and he began to see an opening for Italian diplomacy, in helping on the arrangement of the Pact. From that moment, until the Chancellor left, his expression remained alert and determined, and he threw himself wholeheartedly into the hard work of discussion, planning and advising.

That visit to Rocca must have provided the Chancellor with some of the most vivid memories of his career. The strange architecture, the accumulation of arms and armour, statues and presentation pieces—his tour of the appallingly furnished rooms, with their endless bric-à-brac, photographs and objets-d'art—the presentation to Signora Rachele Mussolini—the Duce's outbursts of temperament—all these remained in his thoughts for a long while. The strangest impression of all, and one that at a later time he would often call to mind, was of Mussolini leading him to a formidable-looking telephone installation in his study, and saying: "M'amico, you see these telephones. If I come to Rocca and Rome says I am not available, it means that I do not wish to be reached. But to you, my dear friend, I am always available."

The Chancellor returned to Vienna with an obstinate determination to carry the negotiations with Berlin to the wished-for conclusion. World opinion was ranged behind him. Papen at last received definite instructions from his masters in Berlin, and sped to and fro between the two Chancelleries, rounding off certain phrases in the draft Treaty, removing difficulties and making suggestions. England and France were both deeply involved in the prevailing appeasement policy, and through the agency of Austen Chamberlain, who visited Vienna in the spring of 1936, had done their best to impress upon the Chancellor the importance of peace-at-any-price. In France, of course, all the Chamberlains were known by the name of "J'aime Berlin." The London *Times*, too, popularly supposed to have an occult influence on politics, was wholeheartedly in favour of a reconciliation, and spoke of the "understanding, too long delayed, between the two states of German blood."

On the afternoon of 8th July, the Chancellor called some of his assistants into his own room on the Ballplatz, and was able to tell them that the signing of an Agreement was near at hand. Then, with Baron Froelichsthal, he saw to the drafting of a letter to the various Austrian embassies abroad, setting out the reasons for the Pact, the advantages to be gained from it, and its political significance in relation to home and foreign affairs.

He was in a distinctly optimistic frame of mind that day, in spite of serious opposition from some of his nearest friends and advisers. A very close friend, Ernst Karl Winter, who had never hesitated to speak his mind to Dr. Schuschnigg, had some very hard and bitter words to say to him during the few days prior to the Agreement. Winter had no political influence, although he was Vice-Burgomaster of Vienna. One writer calls him "a sort of animate conscience" to the Chancellor. Dr. Schuschnigg, before coming to any decision, would talk on the subject for hours to Winter, whose job was to act as the Devil's Advocate and to bring up any possible objections to the scheme in hand. In his capacity as counterbalance to any misguided impulses on Kurt's part, he had his say on the question of the Agreement, but the promptings of the Animate Conscience were not loud enough, and in spite of his angry protestations, the negotiations continued. He then vented his full spleen in an interview with his chief, in which the rôles seemed to be reversed, for it was Winter who treated the Chancellor like an irate schoolmaster trouncing a small and disobedient schoolboy. It was a bad quarter of an hour; when Winter had finished lavishing the treasures of his sarcasm upon him, he turned to bitter personal upbraidings, calling him a bad Catholic, a traitor to Austria and a betrayer of his Church. "You," he shouted, "you are trying to act a Papen part—to imitate that two-faced rascal who looks to Rome on one side and to Adolf Hitler on the other." Dr. Schuschnigg rarely lost his temper, but on this occasion he was stung to the quick, and shouted back, calling his friend a "political Utopian."

Winter left the Chancellery in a rage, and shortly afterwards

published a book, significantly in Italian, proving that Austria was now a vassal of Germany, and that her policy was controlled from the Wilhelmstrasse. Although he had recently done valuable work in attempting to appease the Vienna Socialists, Winter found himself deprived of his position as Vice-Burgomaster.

Dr. Schuschnigg had another meeting in his study on the next evening—10th July. Assisted by Guido Schmidt, he interviewed the Austrian Press chiefs, and gave them their instructions on the manner in which the Pact was to be presented.

On 11th July, the long-awaited Agreement was announced. Pessimists viewed the small space occupied by the actual text and made gloomy remarks about a "scrap of paper," but the Chancellor appeared, as far as might be judged, well satisfied with the results of his weeks of hard work. He turned over the paper "bearing his signature and mine," and considered the published terms once more:

(1) Following the declarations made by the Fuehrer and Chancellor on the 21st May, 1933, the Government of the German Reich recognises the full sovereignty of the Austrian State.

(2) Each of the Governments considers the internal political structure of the other country, including the question of Austrian National Socialism, as part of the internal affairs of that country, over which they will exercise no influence, either directly or indirectly.

(3) The policy of the Austrian Federal Government, both in general and toward the German Reich in particular, shall always be based on principles which correspond to the fact that Austria has acknowledged herself to be a German State. This will not affect the Rome Protocols of 1934 and the supplementary agreements of 1936, or the position of Austria in relation to Italy and Hungary as her partners in these Protocols.

A great deal of hard work had been necessary before those three clauses were completed. There was a mass of unpublished material which represented months of labour by the Chancellor, Herr von Papen and Guido Schmidt. Berlin,

recognising the part played by Guido Schmidt in engineering the treaty, had suggested that he should become Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Dr. Schuschnigg, who thought well of him, saw no objections, and he was appointed to the post. His real authority, in spite of optimistic claims by Berlin, was small, for the Chancellor held the actual Portfolio himself.

These three clauses were all that the general public ever knew of the Treaty. Even in authoritarian states, however, a certain proportion of the population use their reasoning powers, although they may not broadcast their conclusions. Many people in Germany and Austria must have wondered what that flimsy document had cost the Austrian Government. Dr. Schuschnigg never saw fit to admit the price he had paid for his cherished admission of independence, but when the collapse came, a draft of the secret Treaty was smuggled abroad and made public. It contained these provisions:

(1) The Austrian Nazi party to be permitted to wear swastika badges, give the *Heil Hitler!* salute and sing the Horst Wessel song *in private only*.

(2) National Socialist organisations (like the German-American Bund) to be set up for German nationals on Austrian soil, provided that no Nazi propaganda was spread.

(3) The Nazi "opposition" to be invited to co-operate (at a moment considered suitable by the Chancellor) in the government of the country. Austrians who were personæ gratae to the Reich (Guido Schmidt, Seyss-Inquart, Glaise-Horstenau, etc.) to enjoy more of the Chancellor's confidence than hitherto.

(4) An amnesty to be granted to Nazi political prisoners sentenced for crimes less than murder.

(5) The Chancellor to consider the question of an amnesty to the "Austrian Legion."

(6) Austrian foreign policy to be brought into line with that of the Reich.

(7) Certain German newspapers, including Goering's *Essener Nationalzeitung*, to be admitted to Austria.

So much for the debit side of the account. On the other side of the ledger can be set the recognition of independence, the lifting of the Thousand-Marks Ban, the admission of selected

Austrian papers into Germany and a guarantee "to avoid aggressive tendencies in radio, films, news or theatre."

That evening he broadcast to the Austrian people. There was no one, now that Herma von Schuschnigg was dead, who could tell his real thoughts as he quoted the words "The Brother seeks his Brother." Perhaps the face of his murdered friend rose before him as he concluded the phrase, "and if he can give him help, does so gladly." It was certain that though he regarded the Pact as essential, he was also under no illusions as to the nature of his adversary. Even as he spoke, he must have felt the weight of the burden upon his shoulders, and the knowledge that he could not relax his efforts for Austrian independence.

Three conversations round about this time are illuminating. To one visitor he said: "Our relations with the Reich are now on a solid and lasting basis. Now we have solid ground under our feet. To my mind the main advantage is that a solemn agreement has willingly been made with the Reich, recognising our independence. Hitler, of his own free will, has offered mutual contracts of guarantee. His international prestige will not allow him to treat this first pact as a 'scrap of paper.' For this is the first, because the agreement with Poland is a mere armistice, while ours is a lasting peace. Germany has had too bad an experience with the 'scrap of paper' theory."

In the same week he received G. Ward Price of the *Daily Mail* at the small house in the grounds of Schloss Belvedere, which he had taken over as his residence, for he was no longer living in the rooms over the Kriegsministerium. (Contrary to the belief of many people, he never had apartments in the actual Palace itself, but preferred to use the one-storied, white-washed house of a former Imperial official, standing midway between the Upper and Lower Belvedere.) The Chancellor stated that "Austria has secured complete control over her internal affairs, but she will hold firmly to her independence."

He continued in a tired voice: "There is only one policy available for me—that of balancing 'Primum vivere'—that is

my motto." He smiled sadly. His next words left no doubt of his real opinions. "The prominent part that racial ideals take in the programme of the Nazi Party must necessarily cause anxiety to all countries with German minorities, and most of all to a German country like Austria."

Finally, in evidence of his real thoughts, must be quoted his conversation with Count Huyn during the early part of 1936. The diplomat found him, as usual, exhausted with worry. "Count," he said, "you know Germany so much better than I do. Tell me frankly, do you think Adolf Hitler will abandon his ambitions?" "No, sir, I do not," replied the Count. "Neither do I," repeated his chief softly and mournfully.

For the future he looked forward to endless strife. Weary with the first phase of the struggle, he left Vienna on 17th July, for the peace of a long holiday at Sankt Gilgen, for he was well aware that he must find new energy for the inevitable battle.

TAVS OF THE TEINFALTSTRASSE AND OTHER TRAITORS

"A prudent ruler ought not to keep faith when by so doing it would be against his interest, and when the reasons which made him bind himself no longer exist. Legitimate grounds are never wanting to a prince to give colour to the non-fulfilment of his promises. Of this one could furnish an infinite number of modern examples . . . and it is seen that those who have best been able to imitate the fox have succeeded best. But it is necessary to be able to disguise this character well, and to be a great feigner and dissembler; and men are so simple and so ready to obey present necessities, that one who deceives will always find those who allow themselves to be deceived."—NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI: *The Prince*.

ANXIETY commenced for the Chancellor almost immediately after the signature of the July Pact. If he had maintained the official view, he would have believed that the Austrian Nazis had now been disowned by their master, and left to perish. This was mere wishful thinking, and many of the Austrian journals were guilty in this respect. Dr. Schuschnigg had reason to believe the exact opposite, and it was with no marked pleasure that he saw to the execution of one clause of the Pact—the admission of Nazi newspapers into Austria. In return for this concession he had merely obtained entry into the Reich for one or two provincial papers, a gossip sheet and the official Government organ.

He was on holiday in the Salzkammergut when the promised political amnesty took place, and Woellersdorf Camp gave up its Nazi prisoners. They were all persons celebrated for their bomb-throwing and terrorist activities—a few, even, had taken part in the uprising of 1934 in which Dollfuss had been murdered. He surveyed with a disillusioned eye reports of the conduct of these individuals on release. They certainly showed no suitable contrition for their offences; indeed, their attitude seemed to be one of "it won't be long now, comrades, it won't be long now," and they could hardly suppress cries of *Sieg Heil!* at this first link in the long-awaited chain of victories. Dr. Schuschnigg was equal to the situation. With

complete impartiality he simultaneously released an almost equal number of Socialist political prisoners as a counter-balance to the Nazis.

The Austrian police was an extremely efficient body very much in evidence at this time. The activities of the German Embassy were certainly not all hidden from its considerable army of detectives. The appointment of Herr von Papen as Envoy to Vienna would have been sufficient to direct the attentions of any Government to his own activities and those of his staff. Papen's inglorious career in the United States had never quite been lived down.

Dr. Schuschnigg himself knew as much as most people of the Reich Ambassador's history, but he had made up his mind, while the appointment was still comparatively recent, that no useful purpose could be served by maintaining a hostile attitude. After all, although one could not trust Papen, he was a sincere Catholic, which was something. Perhaps Vienna was fortunate to have an Ambassador who was at least a gentleman by birth, when one of the half-educated, soldier-of-fortune type of Nazi fanatics might have been sent to plague the Austrians. Accordingly Schuschnigg was solicitous to keep Papen at the Embassy, telling himself that good manners never do any harm.

The Chancellor returned from Sankt Gilgen on 29th July, when a curious incident occurred. The 1936 Olympic Games (of which Frl. Leni Riefenstahl made one of the longest and dullest films on record) were being held in Berlin. Picked international athletes were to carry a lighted torch in relays, from Mount Olympus in Greece to the altar in the Sportspalast in Berlin. Part of the route lay through Vienna, and a great rally of sports organisations had been arranged for the occasion. Prince Stahremberg emerged from retirement to take up his post as Austrian Sports-Leader at the meeting, and the Chancellor stood side by side with him on the same platform for the first time for months. A panting runner had just mounted the steps to hand the almost extinguished brand to the Chancellor, a dim figure in a light summer overcoat. As he turned aside into the shadows to relight the torch at the ceremonial brazier,

before handing it on to the next runner, an old familiar howl broke forth from the crowd: "*Ah! ah h h! Sieg Heil! Ein Volk, ein Reich! Heil Hitler!*" The Nazis, released on condition of their good behaviour, had broken loose once more as a reminder that "Comrade Ahi" had not forgotten them. They seemed to be taunting the Chancellor himself with their cries, and it became necessary for the V.F. to get up a counter-demonstration immediately, for this type of activity was likely to discredit the makers of the July Pact with the public.

Shortly after, the Chancellor obtained a copy of a circular addressed to members of the German Students' Union in Austria. It spoke of "a continuation of the battle" and set down plans for the spreading of "Greater German" propaganda, the winning over of the teaching profession to the N.S.D.A.P., and the use of theatre, cinema, press and radio in their cause. In teaching, the Nazi element was to be stressed in lessons on history, economics and geography, and anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic ideas were to be introduced. It spoke of the teachers as "shock-troops of the Reich" and recommended them to apply themselves most particularly to the winning over of youth. The Chancellor was unable to take any measures against this menace. It was his misfortune that his word was his bond and that he held himself in honour bound not to proceed against these illegal elements who were protected by the Treaty.

Presumably with the help and advice of Papen, the Austrian Nazis proposed to form a "German Social People's League" to contain within its folds all with any degree of sympathy for the Anschluss idea. This plan even had the approval of the Minister of Security, Herr Neustadter-Stuermer, but Schuschnigg, after some preliminary hesitation, took decisive action and prohibited its formation.

It was the Chancellor's firm opinion that if some connection could be established between the underground Nazis and the Government, discussions might take place in an atmosphere of sweet reasonableness and the friction which led to acts of sedition and terrorism might be eliminated. He looked about

him, and his eye, carefully directed by Guido Schmidt, fell upon certain prominent Nazis ranged under the leadership of a certain Capt. Leopold. It was known to him that this individual, and his bosom friends, Drs. Tavs and Jury, had served sentences at Woellersdorf, but he unwisely dismissed the whole group as political theorists, sufficiently dangerous perhaps, but well within his power to control. He would have saved himself much bitter disappointment if he had known of Leopold's patient schemings in captivity, and his plan to reconstitute the disbanded party under the camouflage of certain harmless intellectual activities.

He studied Leopold's dossier. In private life the man was a civil engineer. There were stormy passages in his Army history, a story of failure to achieve officer's rank, final attainment of an honorary captaincy as a reward for long service—and then deprivation of the honour on account of Nazi political activities. He was disillusioned and bitter against the regime which had disgraced him, and allied himself to men of similar sympathies who had suffered for their beliefs. Dr. Tavs was one of these; a civil servant of nearly twenty years' standing, who had been a Government chemist in his early days but had been dismissed for his activities. Jury, a country doctor from southern Austria, had fled to Germany, abandoning his position as State Councillor for his district, and finding work as an official of the Strength-through-Joy movement more attractive:

The Chancellor knew, through the Police Department, that these individuals had formed what they called a "Committee of Seven." Besides Leopold, Tavs and Jury themselves, there was a newspaper man, In der Mauer (a creature of Papen's), an ex-member of the Imperial Army, Feldmarschall-Leutnant Bardolff, an intellectual, Professor Menghin (lecturer on pre-historic man) and a person, as Mr. G. E. R. Gedye says, "with the fine old Aryan name of Globotsching" who had been a subterranean Nazi leader for years.

Schuschnigg was convinced that this Committee would provide the necessary liaison with the Third Reich, and indirect negotiations went on for some time. Finally, in February

1937, he openly asked them to come to the Ballhausplatz for an interview. Two A.D.C.'s, Major Bartl and Sturminger, the Ministers of Security, and Skubl, the Police Chief, were present. Also, for some obscure reason best known to the Chancellor, Artur von Seyss-Inquart was seated at his right hand, perhaps to lend moral support. Leopold waited at the door of the mighty and was only presented when the conference had been in progress for some time.

A list of the concessions which the Chancellor was prepared to make was handed to the Nazi leader. The Committee of Seven was to be recognised, certain agents were to be appointed in Austria to maintain contact on National Socialist questions, the amnesty of July 1936 was to be extended and there was to be examination of the possibility of reinstatement of officials and students dismissed for Nazi activities. The Chancellor was confident that these concessions would keep the "National Opposition" quiet, and felt a moderate satisfaction when Capt. Leopold generously agreed "on political grounds to recognise the independence of Austria and to take this as our basis. This shall also apply to the 1934 Constitution and to the V.F., outside which we will form no party."

Dr. Schuschnigg certainly never considered himself easily deceived by people; perhaps the explanation of his lack of suspicion regarding the Committee can be put down to his personal worries, which were making him very preoccupied at this time. Be this as it may, he was certainly incredibly unobservant in a matter of vital importance.

Franz von Papen could look with a certain pride upon his work in Vienna. He was on almost friendly terms with the Chancellor, who, although he still kept a wary eye upon the Ambassador, had not been given the slightest reason for suspicion. Beneath the camouflage of this assumed cordiality he was carrying on the type of illegal activities which were food and drink to his intriguing nature. The Committee of Seven, he considered, was one of his most outstanding successes, and his only regret was that in the nature of things he could claim no recognition for his service until Der Tag arrived.

The Chancellor, in perfect ignorance, was dealing with an organised illegal movement, whose aims were directed explicitly against the State. One of Papen's right-hand men even was included in the list of members—Embassy Councillor von Stein. The golden arguments which Papen had found so useful on other occasions, had also won over a high Army officer. Highly respected politicians like Herr Mannlicher and Major Wolfsegger had been coaxed within the fold by means which the Ambassador knew so well how to employ.

The Chancellor would have been astonished to find that the harmless lecturer on prehistory, Professor Menghin, was in reality another of the conspirators, and that a former comrade-in-arms—Major Jager—spent his spare time in organising Storm Troop battalions whose orders came from Berlin, via the Committee of Seven.

Captain Leopold installed himself in offices in a prominent position on the Teinfaltstrasse. A Vienna sub-committee was housed on the first floor; on the third the conspirators had their own quarters. There was much coming and going at the new address, and a great deal of suspicious activity by despatch riders on motor-cycles from the German Embassy. The Austrian police had the place under observation for a considerable time, and the Chancellor himself, on calling there unexpectedly one day, received a resounding shock when his hat was taken, not by the usual doorkeeper but by a Brownshirt guard.

The place was, in effect, one of the notorious Brown-Houses. A few minutes' walk away were other premises, of which inspection was not invited. They consisted of a laundry in the Helferstorferstrasse. Behind the usual paraphernalia of washing and drying rooms was concealed an illegal printing press which turned out Nazi propaganda posters and pamphlets camouflaged in a number of different ways. Harmless-looking brochures on "The Care of the Canary," "Fifty Facts for Allotment Gardeners," "Everyman his own Lawyer" or "Why You Should Purchase One of X's Vacuum Cleaners," contained red-hot incitements from Berlin and extracts from *Mein Kampf*. There, too, the bundles of German-produced litera-

ture, smuggled over the frontier, were sorted and given out to district distributors.

Leopold and his friends had not long been in occupation on the Helferstorferstrasse when the Austrian police, who had been aware of the position for some little time, arrived with search warrants and removed some interesting material. The Chancellor lost some of his illusions about the Committee. It was now proved that Berlin was financing the Austrian Nazis, in spite of the July Agreement. He accordingly gave orders to the police to redouble their vigilance, and it thus came about that some of Herr von Papen's neatest devices received recognition, though not of the kind he would have preferred.

A ski-ing club in Vorarlberg camouflaged a Nazi courier service; German trains coming into Austria were found to have illegal pamphlets concealed in the coal-bunkers; the prominent Detag Chemical Company, an ancillary of I.G. Farben, concealed the financial organisation of the illegal party. Other things, however, escaped the detectives' notice. Foremost among these was the printing press which was speedily removed from the laundry to the head office. On the Trattnerhof the German Club had its premises. Members included Bardolff of the Committee, Jury and Professor Menghin. Prominent among the officials was the Chancellor's own friend Seyss-Inquart—and frequent visitors with whom he was perpetually in contact were Herr von Papen and his useful Councillor Stein.

Dr. Schuschnigg did not know at this time that his "friend," accompanied by his "nationalist" associates, used often to spend the evening in the house of that Planetta who had been hanged for the murder of Dollfuss. Here they would discuss the latest strokes of luck which had enabled them to carry the war into the opposite camp.

Kurt von Schuschnigg was firmly convinced that since he could rely on neither Italy nor the Western democracies for help, his only chance of keeping Austria alive was to adhere rigidly to the terms of the July Pact. To this end he gave instructions to radio, press, cinema, police and local authorities that the Third Reich was not to be given the slightest chance

of accusing Austria of a hostile attitude. No book, newspaper or film which even remotely criticised Germany and the Nazi system was permitted during those few months after the signing of the Pact. Foreign periodicals were banned from time to time if they carried articles unfriendly to Hitler, and works by German refugee authors, such as Stefan Lorant, or even the Chancellor's own favourite writer, Konrad Heiden, became unobtainable. The propaganda over the German radio, which had not ceased, in spite of guarantees, had to be ignored, and it was not permissible for the Ravag to put out any answer to it. The police were forced to stand by with their hands in their pockets while Austrian Nazis gave each other the forbidden *Heil Hitler!* salute or sported black-and-white swastika flags on their car radiators.

The Chancellor would say: "If we give no offence, they can take none," and in this opinion he passed the next anxious months. Time showed the futility of the idea, for it became slowly but surely apparent that Germany had no intention of keeping her part of the bargain.

The first serious outbreak was in February 1937, when the German Foreign Minister, Baron von Neurath, paid a State visit to Vienna. The Belvedere Palace had been opened for the occasion and the Chancellor was to give an official dinner there in honour of the guest. During the visitor's drive from his hotel to the Palace, the local Nazis arrived in large numbers along the route, and proceeded to give a demonstration which put the previous summer's Olympic Games disturbances quite in the shade.

Less spectacular, but none the less harmful, were the constant visits of lecturers on history, sociology, art, economics and other subjects, who were sent from Berlin under the cloak of the "cultural relations" clause of the Treaty. These persons, as has been seen more recently in other countries which Germany intends to devour, were the vanguard of invasion. The careful attention with which the finest products of the German film studios, the best orchestras and the most well-known actors and actresses were sent to Vienna, was not a sign of good neighbourliness, but a subtle

attempt to impress the Austrians with the glamour of the Third Reich.

Dr. Schuschnigg was obliged to ignore all these open affronts. He was in full possession of the facts about Leopold and the secret propaganda depot on the Helferstorferstrasse, and at first had toyed with the idea of taking action against the culprits. Then he remembered that this too might be used by Germany for a complaint, and he let the matter drop. It was no mere coincidence that Franz von Papen had called upon him shortly after the information had been placed in his hands. The presence of the Reich Ambassador only served to convince him of the uselessness of protesting.

Papen had reason to congratulate himself on his success. In addition to the "cultural infiltration" which he was helping to organise with such ease, he had made useful contacts in the Government. Threads certainly connected the Embassy, the Teinfaltstrasse, Secretary Guido Schmidt, State Councillor Artur Seyss-Inquart, and certain elements in the Army, direct with the Chancellery on the Wilhelmstrasse. Lower down the scale were dozens of smaller men just as ready to accept their share of the thirty pieces of silver. These persons were chosen, for preference, from positions of responsibility, but any recruit to the party from the ranks of the administration was welcome. Papen was particularly satisfied that he had been able to get a sympathiser, Councillor Wolff, into the Foreign Office. This had been done mainly in collaboration with Guido Schmidt, who saw that Wolff had access to most of the confidential reports from the embassies. Any information he thus obtained was naturally passed on to the Reich Minister for transmission to Berlin.

Perhaps his most spectacular success was in the case of Baron von Froelichthal. This young aristocrat, with the air of gentle and distinguished cynicism, had been at Stella Matutina with the Chancellor; although in a lower form, for he was some years younger. When the Chancellor found that he required a personal secretary, he chose Froelichthal from among fifty other applicants from Austrian Catholic schools. He seemed an ideal choice in all respects—a member of an

old and honourable family, thoroughly educated, with a university training in addition to his Jesuit upbringing. His politics, too, were beyond question. His birth naturally inclined him to monarchist views and he seemed to be a zealous supporter of the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg Austria. He settled down on the Ballhausplatz and made himself absolutely indispensable to the Chancellor, who soon came to be attached to him and to treat him as a friend. In Schuschnigg's office he had access to practically all confidential documents; he was present at most important conferences and was able to listen to any telephone conversations he pleased. There was scarcely a letter written by his chief which he did not see before despatch.

In a country which paid its Chancellor a mere £2,000 a year, the salary of a personal secretary was not princely, and Papen accordingly found no difficulty in persuading the young man of the merits of National Socialism. The matter was managed with the utmost discretion, and until the last Schuschnigg was never aware that every word he uttered was repeated by the pleasant young man whom he trusted implicitly, for the benefit of Berlin. Indeed, the betrayal was so staggering that many Austrians refused to believe it, and for months after the Anschluss it was thought that the Baron had thrown himself under a train out of sheer grief at the fate of his chief. It was a considerable time before it was generally realised that he was enjoying a high Austrian administrative post with a large salary attached, as a reward for his treachery to the man who was now suffering for his trust at the hands of the Gestapo.

There can be no doubt that, as time went on, the policy forced upon Dr. Schuschnigg by the July Pact grew more and more distasteful to him. To remove all possible causes of friction, he was obliged to curtail the activities of the V.F., and the V.F. was the soul of his Austria. They were now forbidden many of their parades and demonstrations, and almost the only signs of their existence were the routine meetings at which the Chancellor so often spoke. He did his best. Never a popular speaker until that last hour, when his lips

were touched with the sacred fire, he strove to conquer his nerves and to work up a sort of cold passion in his delivery, which went far to conceal a hundred faults. Yet he was bound hand and foot by the Pact. He could never condemn the blight which threatened Austria in concrete terms; always, for fear of offending Germany, he was obliged to talk in vague formulæ. With all his difficulties, however, his people felt, on listening to these speeches, that here was a man of courage, resolution and unshakable calm.

Those who knew him only superficially realised nothing of the hidden torments which the glacial façade concealed. Self-consciousness, an inferiority complex towards all things German, doubt of his own powers—were the least of them. A well-known French writer described him as "a troubled spirit, turned inward upon himself, harrowed with scruples, for ever debating with himself his worthiness for the task which lay before him." During 1937 his friends said that this usual condition of unhappy brooding was aggravated by a persistent fear that Germany would soon attempt some military aggression against Austria. In the world of more concrete facts he was feeling the pressure of Berlin very heavily in respect of his internal policy.

He had taken Guido Schmidt into his Cabinet as Foreign Secretary immediately after the Pact was signed, as a gesture of conciliation towards the Reich. This had been no hardship, for he put complete trust in his friend. Two other pro-German appointments had, however, been forced upon him—Edmund Glaise-Horstenau, as Minister without Portfolio, and Neustadter-Stuermer as Minister of the Interior. Both these men were more than friendly to the Nazis, and Glaise-Horstenau in particular only gave very half-hearted support to Austrian independence. His position, during the war, of liaison officer between Kaiser Wilhelm and Emperor Karl's armies had brought him very much under German military influence, and during the past eighteen years he had kept in close touch with certain circles in the Reichwehr.

The original allocation of portfolios proved to be unsatisfactory. The Austrian Nazis were not appeased by the

appointments, and the Chancellor was obliged to reorganise the Cabinet once again, in the face of Glaise's complaints that he was given no real authority as unattached Minister. Dr. Schuschnigg realised his potential danger and made certain adjustments calculated to render his Minister's activities harmless. He was given the Ministry of Home Security—normally attached to the Police. To prevent him using the police power for pro-Nazi ends, Schuschnigg himself took over the Department with the help of Skubl.

During 1937 he was pressed to include certain pro-German elements among the State Councillors. Thinking to evade the probable bad consequences of such a concession, he nominated a personal friend, Artur von Seyss-Inquart. This fellow-lawyer, educated at the Schottengymnasium, had fought with him on the Isonzo in the 4th Kaiserjagers. He had been invalided out of the Army with a broken knee-cap (which left him with a permanent limp) some months before the Armistice, and thus escaped Kurt's fate—imprisonment in an Italian internment camp. In 1937 he had a comfortable, but not conspicuous Viennese practice. His "von" gave him the right of entry into the Monarchist salons, and he was also well known in Catholic political circles. For the rest he was quiet, friendly, a good Churchman, only notable for his strong German "Nationalist" views. Dr. Schuschnigg thought he understood him; Guido Schmidt agreed with him in the matter.

So it was that the blond, bespectacled solicitor, with the earnest look and slight limp, secured a position in the Government. Kurt von Schuschnigg thought well of the move—he had found a collaborator whose sense of fairness would keep him true to his Chancellor although perhaps his sympathies were towards *Deutschtum*. When anyone queried the appointment, his face would take on a look of incomprehension. "But Seyss-Inquart is a practising Catholic," he would say. "I cannot believe that he would do anything against his Church."

He was not so complaisant over other signs of German interference. Herr von Papen intimated that certain closer advisers of the Chancellor were not personæ gratæ to the

Wilhelmstrasse. He mentioned by name Herr Ludwig, Chief of the Press Services, and Hornbostel, Chief of Protocol at the Foreign Office. In the interests of Austro-German accord they must be removed and persons more favourable to Germany put in their places. Dr. Schuschnigg's patience was at an end; while he might consider transferring Ludwig, he would not hear of parting with Hornbostel, who, after all, was practically the only unbiased and reliable adviser he had. He was so emphatic that Papen for once took "no" for an answer. Unable to dislodge Hornbostel, he did his best to stir up quarrels between him and the Chancellor, but without much real success. He was, however, able to make matters extremely difficult for Ludwig in his own department, where he had an unpopular reputation for Liberalism. Finally, Dr. Schuschnigg found it necessary to place him in charge of a department less in contact with the sensitive authorities across the border and to put Colonel Adam, who had less energy and also less bitterness against the Nazis, in his place.

The perpetual pressure exercised in connection with the high offices of state was continued down the scale, from heads of departments to clerks and typists. In such cases the matter was managed less obtrusively. If the appointment directly concerned the Chancellor, Guido Schmidt or Baron Froelichsthal would take it upon themselves to recommend their own candidates. If the Chancellor proposed to give a position to a man of well-known anti-Nazi views, they would say confidentially, "The man is a concealed Nazi; he cannot possibly be appointed," and they would produce a suitable nominee of their own. Schmidt, Glaise-Horstenau and Stuermer introduced as many of their protégés as they dared, both into their own Ministries and into the Civil Service as a whole. It was a considerable time before anyone discovered that the blonde and efficient secretary of Zernatto, General Secretary of the V.F., was a paid agent. And, most horrible deception of all, the Chancellor's own bodyguard was a concealed S.S. man.

There is an anecdote dating from this period which shows to what extent the Nazis had penetrated, even in the Ballplatz

itself. One day, when the Chancellor was entertaining Count Ciano on one of his periodical visits to Vienna, he took him into his own room at the Chancellery for a conversation with Guido Schmidt. Baron Froelichsthal was present taking notes. In the course of the polite preliminaries the Count admired a baroque presentation clock which stood on the mantel-shelf. At intervals this clock would play a few bars of Strauss or Mozart in the same tinkling way as a musical box. "How charming," enthused Ciano, "how typically Viennese." Just then, to the great consternation of Schmidt and the secretary, the clock began to play the Horst Wessel song. Both grew furiously red and kept their eyes fixed on their shoes. "Someone's ridiculous joke," snapped the Chancellor, when the forbidden tune had finished. "I can't understand how anyone can have got in here to tamper with the clock. Perhaps in Dollfuss's time—but not now—the place is too well guarded." Herren Schmidt and Froelichsthal both remained silent, and it can be presumed that they knew the answer.

VERA

"Mon cœur vous est connu, Seigneur, et je puis dire,
 Qu'on ne l'a jamais vu soupirer pour l'Empire—
 Votre cœur est troublé, j'ai vu couler vos larmes—
 Bérénice, Seigneur, ne vaut point tant d'alarmes.
 Ni que par votre amour l'univers soit malheureux."

RACINE: *Bérénice*.

THE danger of assassination since the car accident on the Linz road had increased, in spite of special police precautions. The windows of the Chancellor's home were heavily barred, and he was never seen out without at least two plain-clothes detectives. Even at religious processions such as the June 1936 Corpus Christi festival, he was followed about by a bored individual whose hands were always in his pockets.

He himself was quite well aware of the constant danger, but made light of it and, according to his bodyguard, took too many risks. There were a hundred occasions on which he could have been shot down in his tracks by any Nazi who cared to take the chance. In the autumn of 1936 he received direct proof of the danger he was in. The police had arrested an engineer called Woitsche. This man had been abroad, in Brazil, for some years. On returning home he had taken up Nazi-ism and soon became one of the most notorious of the underground terrorists. He had even concocted a plan to murder the Chancellor. This scheme, being thoroughly Austrian, had none of the prosaic features of the putsch in which Dollfuss lost his life. One proposal was to drop bombs on the Chancellery in the Ballhausplatz from a plane in order to blow up the Chancellor, and with him his whole staff.

The other was worthy of the highest standards of Nazi taste. Woitsche was to conceal himself in Hietzing churchyard, either on one of the frequent occasions on which the unhappy man went alone to pray at his wife's grave, or on All Souls' Day in the coming November, when he would attend the early

Mass at Hietzing Church. At the appropriate moment the victim was to be shot down. Incidents of this type did not make matters easier for the Chancellor, and he had already had sufficient to fear.

These intentions were frustrated by Herr Woitsche's abrupt departure for the Woellersdorf Concentration Camp, where he remained until the 1938 amnesty.

"An aimless and unhappy life in a strange city"—that is how one writer sums up Kurt von Schuschnigg's existence during the long months after the death of his wife in 1935. The casual observer can see something of his misery in the resignation of his words, that the Lord took away his wife that he might better serve Austria. From the autumn of 1935 till the summer of 1936, he had succeeded in drugging himself with overwork in connection with his cherished Pact, but with the relaxation of the strain came unmistakable signs of reaction.

"When I became Chancellor, I knew that it meant giving up much, perhaps everything." He was lonely, practically cut off from normal human contacts by the isolation of office. His family did not live in Vienna, and there were few people to whom he could turn for company—a handful of friends or half-friends merely, like Guido Schmidt, Dr. Pertner, the little-known Vienna lawyer Artur von Seyss-Inquart, Hornbostel, Froelichsthal, Winter. Occasionally the popular press would get hold of a photograph showing him, off for a week-end's ski-ing with Foreign Secretary Schmidt or his instructor Rudi Maat. Sometimes he would get in a day's hunting (as on the occasion when the Vienna military command invited him to their annual Saint Hubert's Day chase), for he was a hard rider and knew how to handle a horse. On evenings when the Vienna Philharmonic was giving a performance on the Lothringarstrasse or at one of the other concert-halls, he was very rarely missing, although the audiences were usually quite unaware of his presence in the shadows at the back of one of the smaller boxes. Did he not once say, that, to an Austrian, heaven was inconceivable without Haydn and Mozart?

Yet even though he might snatch these brief moments of relaxation, or even a few days away at Sankt Gilgen, he had

very little rest or pleasure of any kind, the work of a Chancellor being, like that of a king, ended only by death or resignation. He had the perpetual burden of private and official worry to support—in both cases without help. Herma's death had left him, a widower with his hands tied, to care for their only child, a frail, always ailing boy of eleven. His own mother, Anne, was dead, and he had no near woman relative to whom he could send the boy. It must have been humiliating to him when a committee of pious and aristocratic Catholic ladies generously offered to relieve him of the responsibility of caring for little Kurt. He declined the offer with appropriate thanks.

These personal worries, combined with renewed anxiety regarding Austro-German relations, produced an extreme weariness in the Chancellor. "He no longer seemed to find any pleasure in his duties as leader of Austria," remarked one of his entourage, "and his public life only seemed to fill him with disgust." His despondency can be understood; he had been through great grief, anxiety and disappointment; for a considerable time he had overtaxed his energies in the struggle with the Nazis, and there seemed to be no way out of the political impasse.

In these circumstances the constant round of official visits could scarcely appear other than futile. A glance at his activities during these months gives some indication of what was expected of the head of the Third Austria. He was scheduled to attend Army manoeuvres, military masses on days of Austrian saints, special services of intercession and thanksgiving, processions on festivals such as Corpus Christi or Assumption. There were functions scarcely connected with politics at which he must be present—dedications of churches, visits to hospitals and orphanages, rallies organised by the Catholic Students' Association (C.V.) and the Society of Austrian ex-Service men. Then there were the meetings of the Fatherland Front, and the dozens of speeches which had to be made up and down the country on any variety of subjects. It was small wonder that he had little spare time for relaxation, and that in consequence his mood was extremely depressed. The load of political responsibility, in addition to these minor activities, demanded

that someone should help him bear the burden, and that person was no longer with him.

About this time he received the journalist Kurt Lubinski. He was struck by the Chancellor's depression, "the sad droop at the corners of his mouth, which showed him to be conscious of the heavy responsibility weighing upon him," and spoke of him as a "serious man who seldom laughed." It might have proved impossible for him to continue had he not found a very true friend who showed him that there was still hope in life.

She was not young (her age was thirty-four) when she first met the Chancellor, and her life, like his, had been unhappy. She had been married in 1924 to Count Leopold Heinrich Karl Friedrich Maria Fugger of Babenhausen, but it had been a *mariage de convenance* into which the personal inclinations of the parties concerned did not enter. Her name had been sufficient to find her a husband from the ranks of the old nobility—for she was Vera, niece of Count Czernin of Chumenitz, Emperor Karl's Chancellor of evil memory.

The Czernins were members of the old Imperial aristocracy, with estates in Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. They had perhaps been over-confident in the power of the Habsburgs to remain upon the Austrian throne, for all the wealth from these estates had been placed at the disposal of the crown. When the crash came, their war bonds were valueless; the Peace Treaties which gave independence to Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia deprived them of their lands, which were promptly confiscated by the new Governments.

The hopes of the family now centred in the possibility of Vera making a successful marriage. Count Fugger seemed suitable; his family were immensely wealthy, and although once mere merchants, now figured largely in the *Almanac de Gotha* as "Princes of the Holy Roman Empire" with the title of "Hochgeboren." The great banking house of the Middle Ages had laid the foundations of the Fuggers' fortunes, and their capital had steadily increased during the years.

At twenty-two Countess Vera married their heir Leopold,

then aged thirty. In twelve years of marriage she remained the dutiful wife, true to the Germanic ideal, and presented him with four children, Eleanor in 1925, Rodolfe and Rosemarie in 1927, Sylvie in 1932. The marriage, never founded on any real affection, went to pieces. An heir to the title was born in 1927, and from that time onwards husband and wife began to drift apart. The attitude of the mother-in-law, the Dowager Countess Fugger, did not help matters. Although Leopold had the title of Count, this gave him no control over his own finances. His mother had a poor opinion of his intelligence, and kept a very firm hand on his allowance. This was a mere pittance, and even eked out with his official salary as a Major in the Vth Munich Air-Squadron (the Babenhausen branch of the family came from the German side of the frontier) was quite insufficient to keep up appearances. The Countess was accustomed to ruling all in her circle with a rod of iron, and she was particularly hard on Vera, whom she looked down upon as a poverty-stricken dependant. Vera Czernin's character was not particularly meek, and she resented this attitude. The growing hostility between two strong-willed women and the estrangement between Vera and her husband made the position quite intolerable. With the accession of Hitler to power in Germany, the Count became a member of the Nazi party. Shortly after, Vera finally left their home in the Kunigondstrasse, Munich, and early in 1936 took divorce proceedings against him for infidelity.

Vera Czernin was given custody of the children, whom she sent to relations in Hungary. She herself had no means of support and was obliged to work for her living as a supervisor of the Phoenix-Wien Insurance Company, who were willing to offer her a position on account of her famous name. She had a small flat in the Falkenstrasse and, in spite of her circumstances, kept up her old social contacts. She was a prominent member of the women's section of the Fatherland Front, and the Association of Austrian Catholic women. It was almost inevitable that sooner or later she would come in contact with the Chancellor either socially or officially.

Till 1936 he knew nothing of her except as a prominent

society woman whose photograph often appeared in the lighter newspapers. Once she was formally introduced to the Chancellor and his wife at a ball at the German Legation, but they did not become any more closely acquainted.

Until July 1936 the Chancellor was still in deep mourning for Herma, and was not very often seen at public functions. During the year, the Countess had had occasion to call on him several times in connection with Fatherland Front affairs. In the early spring they met at a private dinner-party at a friend's house. Gossip insisted that Dr. Schuschnigg had merely made polite and disinterested conversation to her on that occasion, but that afterwards he had seen her more frequently. She made friends with the Chancellor's small son, who soon became very fond of her. The lonely, reserved man discovered that he had interests in common with this new friend, that she had the same ideas on a variety of subjects. Above all, she loved the music which meant so much to him, and it was through this that they were really drawn together.

There seemed no reason why the Chancellor should not marry again. He was only thirty-eight and could hardly be expected to spend the rest of his life as a solitary widower. Moreover, he had a young son who was growing up without a mother's care or influence. After the misery he had been through, sympathetic members of his circle felt that an early re-marriage might be a help to him in the difficult times which lay ahead. Nothing could have been more natural than that he should turn to his closest woman friend, Vera Fugger.

She was an immensely attractive woman, tall and very slender. Her ash-blonde hair and pale complexion contrasted startlingly with level black brows, set wide apart, and large dark eyes. Her other features had a kind of chiselled classic severity—straight, rather sharp nose, determined, well-defined chin and thin lips which were usually curved into the ghost of a Mona Lisa smile. To set off those dark eyes and pale hair she usually dressed in dark clothes, black silk or chiffon for evening, navy blue for the day.

To merely glance at her face gives one an impression of an

almost intense intellectualism. This impression is not strictly accurate, although the piercing expression of the eyes and the slight hardness at the corners of the lips seem to bear it out. Actually Vera Fugger was a woman with razor-sharp wits and the kind of cleverness which effaces itself. In the Vienna and Budapest salons, where the old aristocrats, just as impoverished as the Czernins, met for cards or dancing or gossip, "kleine Vera" was well known for her sarcastic wit.

The Chancellor was never a man to suffer fools gladly. A stupid woman with merely good looks to recommend her would never have attracted him. Vera Fugger held the balance well enough. She had a great deal of real intelligence and sufficient cleverness never to stress the point. Once in a very rare burst of confidence the Chancellor said to a friend that the reason why he got on so well with the Countess was because "she makes me forget I am a politician. She hates to talk about politics."

Vera was soon a member of that small inner circle of intimate friends with whom the Chancellor discussed the inside details of government. There have been some hard words said about her supposed influence on his policy, but the truth is probably, as Dr. Schuschnigg himself said, that she was simply not interested in politics. She confined herself to sympathy and support, knowing that he was lonely and unhappy and had no one in whom to confide, except Guido Schmidt. But for the unkindness of Fate, she might have become his wife.

Kurt von Schuschnigg was born to misfortune. At thirty-eight his past life was a tragedy and his future seemed to hold nothing but disappointment and frustration. Certain irresponsible persons in high Government circles said openly, about Christmas 1936, that the Chancellor might marry the Countess. The rumour was taken up by Hungarian society and newspapers, and in due course the *New York Times* produced an entire column on the subject in their political pages. Various opinions, mainly sympathetic to the Chancellor, were voiced. It was unfortunate that these busybodies had overlooked the essential fact. No marriage could possibly take place. Although Vera Fugger had obtained a legal

divorce from her husband, it had been granted in a German court. Under the Concordat the Austrian State did not recognise the legality of civil divorce; tragically, Schuschnigg himself had been mainly responsible for framing this Agreement.

Matters had reached an impasse. The Chancellor, pious Catholic as he was, would never have consented to the obvious way out—civil marriage before a registrar—for to him this would have constituted no marriage at all. Some months dragged on in this unhappy way, during which his depression seemed to increase, and his associates noted a preoccupation utterly foreign to him.

There was one way out, a desperate hope, with perhaps one chance in a million of success. This was to obtain ecclesiastical annulment of the first marriage from the Roman Curia. Decrees of this sort were very rarely granted, and were usually given only on condition that neither of the parties involved re-married. Moreover, the usual reasons accepted by the Curia—consanguinity, spiritual affinity,* or refusal to have children were patently lacking in this case.

But Kurt von Schuschnigg was a lawyer, and resolved to take the chance. The petition was forwarded to the Archbishop of Vienna, who approved, then to the Primate, and finally to the Court of Cassation in Rome. Details are completely lacking, but it is assumed that the case was based on the fact that the marriage contract had not been freely entered into by the bride. Compulsion has always been recognised by Rome as a sufficient cause for the dissolution of a marriage, and until very recently there was a curious custom in Eastern European countries, particularly Poland, in connection with this. A father, giving his daughter away, would give her a violent push towards her husband, so that if the marriage proved unhappy, she could allege that she had been forced to the altar. Even in comparatively recent English legal history there is the case of a titled woman, married for a number of years, and the mother of several children, successfully obtaining a nullity decree from Rome on grounds of compulsion.

Rome, as it happened, was lenient, and Countess Fugger

* When one of the parties concerned is godparent to the other.

was released from Leopold von Babenhausen. The *Almanac de Gotha* chronicled gravely under the heading "Fugger"—"mariage déclarée nulle religieusement, 1937." The last obstacle, as far as the outside world could see, had been removed.

Personal and official anxiety may have blinded the Chancellor to certain happenings around him. It was not his way to talk indiscriminately about his personal affairs, and he had never mentioned his plans to anyone but his very closest friends. By means which were afterwards shown up in their true light, the German Embassy got to know that he had obtained the annulment from Rome, and was proposing to marry the Countess shortly.

Almost simultaneously with the granting of the decree, a violent and artificially produced storm of indignation against the marriage, voiced by representatives of all classes, swept over Vienna. The Chancellor was bewildered by this outburst of feeling, for he could not see any reason why anyone should begrudge him happiness in a purely private and personal affair. It did not take long for the Austrian police to trace this outbreak to the German Embassy and to the study of Herr von Papen. The Third Reich, whose foreign policy now received embellishment from Doktor Goebbels of the Propagandaministerium, was trying a variation on its usual tactics to embarrass the Austrian Government and to stir up popular feeling against the Chancellor.

In this last, the new move failed miserably, yet it did sufficient harm. Influential Catholics, who till now had only had the vaguest of ideas about the Chancellor's sentiments for the Countess, now flamed up into a blaze of bitter persecution mania. Chief among them were Richard Schmitz, Mayor of Vienna, and a friend of Kurt's, and Bishop Gföllner of Linz, who had been so outspoken in condemning the conduct of certain others in high places.

It did not occur to these pillars of decorum that they were now dealing with a totally different case and that it is sometimes advisable to temper justice with mercy. Schmitz, in particular, had been struck by the Windsor-Simpson affair,

and duly acquainted the Chancellor with his views on the subject. It was unthinkable, he said, that the leader of Austria, who had given so many years and so much time and effort to the building of that new Christian, Roman State, should now imperil his whole building, erected through such toil and trouble, by his decision to marry a divorced woman. In a private individual such an action would pass unnoticed; in the Chancellor it struck directly at the security of the State, at the Catholic principles on which it was built. He recalled the disrepute which the Simpson divorce had brought upon the British crown; that affair had shaken the rock of the Empire to its base; in tiny Austria, such a scandal in a country menaced by a powerful neighbour and torn by internal dissension, would be the death of the State. More especially as Austria recognised the Leader-Principle, was it desirable that the Chancellor should be placed on a pinnacle, remote from the passions of a wicked world, merely the incarnation of the ideal—devout, unswayed by emotion, untouched by anything irrelevant to the matters of Government.

The opposition commenced by Schmitz was carried on by Bishop Gfollner. He did not deal so much in theories, but employed the direct personal approach. It appears that he used the religious argument which was always certain of success with the Chancellor; marriage while still in office would be desertion of duty, and as Kurt von Schuschnigg well knew, the task of holding the bastion of Catholic independence was a God-given mission. Any act which might serve to weaken Austria's position was treason to his Lord, and unworthy of him.

It was this pressure from the Bishop of Linz which finally decided the Chancellor. It was natural to him to deny his own inclinations when it was a matter of duty. Duty had taken him to the Italian front during the war, had made him enter Parliament as a deputy when he would rather have remained at his Innsbruck practice. Duty forced him into the chair of Engelbert Dollfuss against his own wishes; it kept him there in 1935 after his wife's death, when his only desire was to retire from politics. Now once more he was

forced to make the difficult choice, to surrender personal happiness in a higher interest. It was a hard struggle, but he won it, and in the autumn of 1937 it was generally understood that he had abandoned all thought of marriage until the day, far ahead in the future, when he should have carried the Constitution through and could retire once again into private life.

Official Vienna breathed a deep sigh of relief. Not so the general public. Just before the débacle in 1938, Mr. R. Taylor, author of *A Young Man Looks at Europe*, was in Vienna. Standing in the crowd one day outside the Volksgarten, he saw the Chancellor hurrying by on his way to lunch. His companion gazed at the sombre figure with upturned coat-collar and slouched hat and remarked with a deep sigh, "If only there were the vestige of a scandal about his private life, how popular he would be!" But the gossip-writers and the relayers of inside information remained disappointed, for both the Chancellor and Vera presented a blank front of circum-spection to the world, before which any breath of scandal wilted. There was nothing on which the papers could fasten beyond a remark, reported to have been made by the Countess, that she could wait, and that Austria came first. With this they had perforce to be content.

CHAPTER XV

THREE TIMES AUSTRIA

“Oesterreich heisst das Land
Da er's mit gnädiger Hand
Schuf und so reich begabt
Gott hat es lieb gehabt.”

ANTON WILDGANS.

IT had been the Chancellor's intention, almost from the beginning of his career as Minister, in those days when he had first worked with Dollfuss, to write a book setting out the meaning and aims of his Austria. No propaganda of the V.F. or the Press Bureau could hope to influence Austrians in the same way as the political testament of her own Chancellor. Dr. Schuschnigg had observed, with attention, the success of *Mein Kampf*, and he reasoned that if a badly constructed, shoddily written work of this kind could have such an overpowering effect on the German masses, a confession of faith from his own pen would similarly hold the Austrian people.

As far back as 1933, Dollfuss, too, had seen the possibilities, and he was continually pressing his friend to commence the book. He argued that he had the necessary qualifications. His prose, as might be expected from a lawyer, was clear, concise and easily readable. He had had several pamphlets printed before, under such titles as “Austria and the Christian West” and “The Reform of the Austrian Constitution.” Unfortunately he could never find the time to tackle the task; his work at the Ministries of Justice and Education kept him occupied every minute of his time. The first year of his Chancellorship also gave him no opportunity, and it was not until after the signature of the July Pact that he felt he could conscientiously make a beginning.

He proceeded spasmodically for a while, whenever he had a moment to spare, until 1937. Then, as he put it, “there was a lull in the political turmoil of Austria,” and he was able to escape for a little to the quiet of Sankt Gilgen, for a much-

needed rest. Kurt von Schuschnigg was, however, a man who fretted at inactivity, and while he could leave the troubles of Vienna behind, he insisted on commencing once again on the book. In those happy weeks "there was enough time, both in sunshine and in rain, to set down thoughts which for a long time had been occupying his mind."

He called the book *Dreimal Oesterreich*—"Three Times Austria," the Empire of the Habsburgs, the Republic and the Catholic State of his own creation. This mystic use of the number three has been exploited by others—Dritte Reich, Third International, Troisième République. To the foreigner, however, there was no power in the spell, and when the book appeared in England, it was under the name of *Farewell, Austria*; in New York as *My Austria*; in Paris as *Autriche ma Patrie*.

Students of international politics and writers on Central Europe waited impatiently for the appearance of *Dreimal Oesterreich*, fully expecting something in the nature of a memoir which would throw some light on this obscure Austrian statesman. They did not have their wish until early in 1938, when the first copies were issued by the publishing house of Jakob Hegner, Vienna. During the few brief weeks which remained of Austria's freedom, the book had an outstanding success. Although the price (13s.) was beyond many people's reach, 68,000 copies were sold before the catastrophe of mid-March. With the Anschluss, sales were of course prohibited, booksellers' stocks and private copies were confiscated. When Commissioner Buerckel had settled down to the work of "Germanising" Austria, he ordered a most edifying public burning of the works of scientists, doctors, lawyers and politicians hostile to the Nazi regime. In this conflagration perished the manuscript of Dr. Schuschnigg's book.

Fortunately Messrs. Cassells had already acquired the English rights, and within a very short time a translation of the original text, with the addition of the Chancellor's three most important speeches, could be obtained in England. Defiantly the sombre black volume appeared in the red-white-red dust jacket—the clothing of all the official publications of

the Vienna Stationery Office. The translation (by Segrue, Eckstein and others) was a good one, if a little lacking in character and without the accuracy of the French version. It enabled a large section of the English-speaking world to gain some insight into the motives and ways of thought of a great and too-little-known patriot. During the months before the black mist enveloped Europe, versions in Dutch, Magyar, Spanish and Italian also appeared. It will not cause any surprise to say that all the royalties (which must have amounted to well over £20,000) were calmly appropriated by Berlin. Since the war this arbitrary process has fortunately been stopped, at least in New York and London, to the great chagrin of certain officials of the German Finance Ministry.

Anyone reading *Farewell, Austria* without a preliminary knowledge of Kurt von Schuschnigg's character, and (perhaps this is more important) some acquaintance with his part in the crisis which swept him from the leadership of the country he so loved, may feel some disappointment. It is not a great book. Written before the urgency of pain had lent him passion, its very evenness and lack of drama discourage readers. One looks for some intimate detail of his birth, education, war service and early career, but there is only the barest outline of all these things.

He mentions, in passing, his father and mother, the time at school in Vorarlberg, the day he joined the Army, his front-line service and the post-war days in Innsbruck, but the narrative is stripped of all but the essential facts, and there are no details of impressions, emotions or experiences. Three years in the Isonzo produced nothing but these words: "In the matter of war experiences I have nothing outstanding to describe; my hardships and adventures were those of thousands of other young men who found it a natural thing that they should fight for their country." Yet he was the holder of nine military decorations, among them awards for the most conspicuous valour. In the same way he reveals nothing of his private life during the years before he came to power. "Since 1924 I had a happy home of my own," and, "a few months earlier I was

called to the Bar"—these isolated fragments are all that he permits his readers to know. The tragedy of his life, the death of Herma Masera in July 1935, wrung from him only this admission of pain, "This year can certainly not be said to have been an easy one. I myself have suffered acutely enough. But where the fate of the nation is at stake, the destiny of the individual is of no account."

Throughout the book this impression predominates—that he is endeavouring to push his own personality and views into the background, while letting all the limelight fall upon his Austria and the man who symbolised Austria for him—Engelbert Dollfuss. Dollfuss is practically the only vivid figure throughout his pages, and it is in speaking of him that he rises to the only emotional heights in the book. The passage on the Requiem Mass for the Chancellor stands out from the surrounding matter in a strangely moving way, as if the writer was no longer able to keep his usual rigid control over his pen, when contemplating this last farewell to his friend.

With other figures he is strictly impartial. Only one personal anecdote enlivens the pages, a vivid little thumbnail sketch of Anton Rintelen, "... who ... during conferences, would use up an uncanny number of matches, with which he would set fire to notes, memoranda, or other scraps of paper in his possession. On this account Dollfuss would jokingly call him a Pyromaniac." They pass by in a level column, friend and foe alike—Socialist, Nazi, Christian Social, and not one rouses his spoken bitterness and scorn.

Unemotionally he introduces us to the man who made him—Ignaz Seipel, his master in politics. He shows us the Prelate's successors, Schober, Ender, Vaugoin and the men who worked with him and with Dollfuss, Stahremberg and Fey. Even in the case of Major Fey, the spirit of chivalry which governed his attitude to all his opponents would not allow him to make any bitter or critical observations.

The book is concluded with extracts from a private diary. It seems almost incredible that any man can have made these dreary, official-sounding observations for his own use in a personal journal. The style is even more detached than that

of the rest of the work, and the touch which distinguishes the bureaucrat from the human being is lacking. It is therefore a double shock to read the last chapter, an impassioned praise of Austria, her verse and music, ending on a note of exaltation and homage to her greatest genius, Ludwig von Beethoven. Then, and only then, can be glimpsed the soul of the man behind the politician, prostrate before "that intoxicating music, which, swelling up to Heaven, unites for ever Vienna and Weimar, Rhine and Danube." Without this we could not comprehend the man for whom "Heaven without Haydn and Mozart was unthinkable."

The speeches which follow the text in the English version are the transmutation of all the half-expressed desires, all the stifled emotions before unuttered. The speech to Parliament on 24th February, the Innsbruck speech and the last sad words on the night of 11th March are his true testament. Three phrases stand out from them, "Red-White-Red till we are dead"—"Say Yes to Austria," and the broken ending "Gott Schuetze Oesterreich." In these utterances stands the confirmation of his words "an Austrian is what I am."

Of his work he himself said, "This book is the outcome of a soul's compulsion, and its purpose to further justice, to awaken comprehension and to serve the cause of truth. It is nothing more than the testimony of an Austrian."

"ALL HOPE ABANDON . . ."

"Where are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
 Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
 You cannot say, or guess, for you know only,
 A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
 And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
 And the dry stone no sound of water . . ."

T. S. ELIOT: *The Waste Land*.

IT was in the summer of 1937 that the Chancellor began to find the position intolerable. The policy forced upon him by the events of the past year was rapidly proving more and more distasteful. To repudiate the Pact meant open war, not only for Austria, but for the rest of Europe. Yet it was obvious that some alternative means of maintaining the country's life must be found.

A little clumsily, for he was not sure of himself, he began tentative negotiations with the other Central European powers. It was easy enough to get into touch with Czecho-Slovakia. Twice during 1937 he had meetings with President Hodza and Dr. Benes, and the Vienna Press Office took great pains to give these interviews the right kind of publicity. Mussolini advised him to tread carefully in his negotiations with Czecho-Slovakia, for fear of offending Berlin, but Dr. Schuschnigg openly resented this advice, saying, "I may have entered into an agreement about my house, but that does not prevent me opening the window." Relations with Hungary had been fairly close since 1932. In 1935 he had paid a visit to Budapest with Herma. In 1936 he was there again, walking sombrely in plain black at the side of the bemedalled Goering, behind the coffin of the dead Gömbös.

1937 saw him at a conference of the signatories of the Rome Protocols, staying at the Hotel Duna Palota above the Margareten Island, and acting out a little comedy with Count Ciano, whom he detested for well-founded personal reasons and

wished to avoid. He had certain ties with Hungarian Government circles, the frail and ailing President Kanya was an old friend, and he was also well known to Count Alexander Apponyi, one of the most prominent Magyar "elder statesmen."

With Jugo-Slavia he was not so successful. Relations had always been a little strained between Vienna and Belgrade, although Prince Paul's outlook was in some degree similar to the Austrian Chancellor's. Mussolini would have liked a Buda-Vienna-Belgrade Entente, and he did his best to persuade Schuschnigg to visit Paul. But the Austrian was stubborn, and three times he flatly refused to go to Belgrade. During the last months there were unpleasant incidents on the frontiers, which led to the unjust expulsion of some Austrian nationals, and unavoidable reprisals by Vienna.

Switzerland, although never departing from her strictly neutral attitude, was always friendly. Dr. Schuschnigg had a great admiration for the President, M. Motta; in *Dreimal Oesterreich* and in several speeches he put in a word of praise for his Government. He was also perfectly well aware that in his own Tyrol there existed a strong movement in favour of complete union with Switzerland. Its supporters regarded Anschluss with the Reich with loathing.

The only results obtained from these activities were, however, negative in character. Guido Schmidt "fought and sabotaged from his office all attempts . . . at co-operation with the other Danube States." He was now a frequent visitor to Germany, had suspicious interviews with General Goering at his country estate of Karinhalle, near Schorfheide, and was quite well informed of German intentions towards Czecho-Slovakia. The Chancellor was approached discreetly in early 1937 on his possible reactions to a partition of the Czech State. Had he been willing to come to terms with his conscience and throw in his country's lot with Germany in an invasion, he might have secured a form of illusory independence. Unfortunately for Hitler, his suggestions were made to a man of honour, to whom the League and its principles were a vital reality, and who was too far-sighted to purchase an unreal freedom at the price of

disgrace. In spite of the willingness of Admiral Horthy to soil his hands with the affair, and the persuasions of Guido Schmidt, who urged co-operation for reasons of self-preservation, he remained firm, remembering his conversations with Hodza and Benes.

He maintained his position even after he was informed that the Little Entente would stand by to let Germany march. Hitler's fury was immense. This one man stood in the path of his ambition to be master in the Hradschin on Prague hill, to control the Danube waterway from the Reich frontiers to the Black Sea and to plunder the riches of Hungary's wheat and Rumania's oil. He had carefully arranged the pieces on his chess-board, played on the jealousies, weaknesses and hatreds of every State which might be conceivably interested in Czecho-Slovakia. The master piece was Austria, the door to power and wealth for the Reich.

"Can this Jesuit be bribed?" was Hitler's query to his specialists on Foreign Affairs. Assuming that all men have their price, he dangled the prize of Southern Bohemia as far as Budweis before the Austrian Chancellor's eyes. In return the mechanised units of the Army which he and General Zehner had built up were to invade from the south, assisted by the Germans and Hungarians. Of all Central European statesmen three only refused to have any truck with the German plan—Schuschnigg and his friends Kanya and Daranyi of Hungary.

Deliberately, and in full knowledge of the consequences, Kurt von Schuschnigg wrecked all the schemes of the Third Reich by simply entering into direct agreement with Prague.

A meeting of the Rome Protocol signatories was held in Vienna at the close of 1936, and a renewed attempt was made to buy the Chancellor over. Quite clearly, and without any attempt to conceal his true opinions, he said, "My Government remains firm in its decision to have nothing whatever to do with such suggestions under any circumstances. I am of opinion that it is quite possible that France will fulfil her obligations towards Czecho-Slovakia. In such a case, European war will be unavoidable. Austria's mission is to preserve peace, and, if only for this reason, she must oppose by all

diplomatic means open to her, any policy of aggression." In case this statement of policy was not clear enough for Germany, he made Guido Schmidt write to his friend Goering in December, categorically refusing to entertain all the proposals put forward.

He received little gratitude and no help from Prague in return for his refusal to help in the destruction of the republic. The Czechs' release from the thrall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire was far too recent for them to view Vienna with any trust. They suspected Austria of designs on the Sudetenland, and feared a Habsburg Restoration. For these reasons the better atmosphere established by the Vienna, Prague, Budapesth talks produced nothing concrete to help Austria in her hour of need.

For himself, the Chancellor would have liked to lean more upon France and Great Britain for help, but he could see that any guarantee which did not involve Italy would be useless, for without her help, no military assistance could be given. Unfortunately, Italy was at that time most unfriendly to the democracies and her attitude towards Germany was suspect. Moreover, there was the influence of Guido Schmidt on the Chancellor's foreign policy. After his short visit in 1935, Schuschnigg did not come to London or Paris again. There was an opportunity in May 1937, when he was invited to represent Austria at the Coronation. But he refused the invitation, and sent in his place Secretary Schmidt, Count Hoyos and General Schilharsky. It was, of course, Schmidt's policy to discourage him from too much friendliness with Britain and France, and he cleverly used certain aspects of democratic home politics to back up his persuasions. The election of Léon Blum and the Front Populaire came as a great shock to the Chancellor, and he was very bitter against the French Catholics for permitting this "Red Blight" to rule in their country.

Since the split between Italy and the democracies over the matter of Sanctions, the Chancellor had avoided meeting British and French politicians. It was remarked that he had pointedly absented himself from the 1936 and 1937

League meetings at Geneva, presumably for the same reasons.

A Habsburg Restoration was the real fear which prevented any effective alliance with the Balkan States. They had all experienced the rule of the Austrian Emperors, and it was only after much blood and suffering that they had won their independence. This anti-Imperial feeling was particularly strong in Prague which, as if in defiance, gave Masaryk the title of "Liberator." While Austria was ruled by Monarchists there could be no real trust between her and her former vassal States.

The Legitimist question (the name usually applied to the schemes for a Restoration) was also a stumbling-block in home affairs. The supporters of the "Emperor" in Steenockerzeel must have known as well as the Chancellor did, that to invite an inexperienced boy in his early twenties to rule the country, could only end in disaster. Otto had not the support of a tenth of the population—the Socialists would hear nothing of a monarchy, and the Nazis were openly antagonistic. Restoration would have inflamed any number of slumbering passions in neighbouring States. "We will not tolerate a Restoration, whether the fellow's name is Otto or anything else, so tell your Chancellor that," said General Goering.

A faithful servant of his Emperor, Dr. Schuschnigg knew that there could be no experimenting with monarchy. Either Otto returned to a safe, stabilised, loyal Austria, or he remained for life a pretender in Castle Steenockerzeel. To replace him on the throne, only to find that he was hurled from it once again, either by premature Anschluss or by the disaffection of his people, would have been to ruin the dynasty for ever. Not even the Habsburgs could survive two depositions.

After the interview with Bishop Gfollner on the subject of his marriage, he seemed to throw himself into Monarchist activities in an effort to forget. He knew that he must take the whole burden of preparing the way for his Emperor upon his own fast-tiring shoulders. The work would be hard and long—at least two years would be needed to stabilise the Constitution, and even then, no one could say what the position might be.

Unhappily, he said to the Legitimists, "I must do it by myself." Hopes of retirement and normal happiness receded into the dim distance.

After the July Pact he began to speak of the return of the Habsburgs as "not within the field of vision" and as "Austria's last card" which he was concealing up his sleeve, ready to slap upon the table in answer to any threat of aggression. The Monarchists, however, steadfastly refused to recognise his point of view. They were, perhaps, blinded by the glory of Charlemagne's crown, and would gladly have sacrificed all to see their old master's son in Schönbrunn.

The internal political situation was most depressing, and it is a proof of the Chancellor's courage that he was able to continue in spite of all setbacks. There were extremes on both sides to be dealt with—not only the Nazis, but the underground Socialists, indulged in illegal activity. The Legitimists were the only party which showed any constructive ability whatever. Between the two poles of left and right lay a dead weight of inertia—"a frightening weariness of politics." "We don't know what will happen in Austria, and we don't even care much. All we do know is that it will happen on a Saturday," was a favourite saying.

The Chancellor was frankly worried over this position. In an unusually outspoken speech he said, "Nazi-ism, Socialism and indifference are the three main enemies of Austria." Hornbostel had repeated a remark of Guido Schmidt's to him, that the present Christian Corporative State could have no appeal to the youth of Austria. It seemed only too true. All his own efforts to infuse life into the dry bones of the Dollfuss Concept seemed a failure. The people would dutifully turn out in large numbers and obediently cheer his speeches, but there was no real enthusiasm. It became increasingly apparent that the V.F. was not as the Chancellor had hoped, a kind of unofficial indicator of Austria's will to live. Men joined it mainly for private advantage, for membership was a help socially and in the business world. The inactivity imposed on the movement by the Pact was also doing Austria no good.

There were many things contributing to the general sense of dissatisfaction. Unemployment was increasing, and the tourist trade had fallen off a good deal owing to currency difficulties. This hit the people of the Tyrol and Salzkammergut particularly hard, and coming on the heels of the period of the Thousand-Marks Ban, led to unrest. The Government did its best to help matters by Public Works schemes, but money was lacking to carry through anything really worth while.

The Socialists were restive because they had no voice in the conduct of affairs and complained bitterly that while in the old Austria there were six parties, there were now sixty cliques intriguing and quarrelling with each other under the cloak of the V.F. Unity was utterly lacking, and it would have been well-nigh impossible to find a formula on which all classes could be asked to vote, in the event of a plebiscite being held.

The Chancellor was repeatedly being asked for such a plebiscite, but received such suggestions with extreme coldness. "As long as one foreign voice asks for it—there will be no plebiscite," he said. "The election of a new President is out of the question. The rumours that I want to make myself 'Federal Leader,' and force Herr Miklas from his position, are absolutely absurd. Must I really go on repeating that I neither am nor want to be a Dictator?"

In this atmosphere charged with explosive it was obvious that something violent must happen soon. The Chancellor's noticeably nervous condition, varying between morbid depression and feverish energy, could be laid at Germany's door. Various persons retailed anecdotes of significant happenings in the Reich to him, and these only increased his unhappiness. Stories of Adolf Hitler collecting picture post-cards of Viennese buildings and reading every work he could find on baroque architecture did not make him smile. Warnings from Mussolini, who advised him to keep the Army prepared for any event, were not encouraging.

He went to see the Duce in Venice in April 1937. The movie camera-men gave the visit the usual publicity—Austria's Chancellor chatting with Italian friends in the Square of Saint Mark's—snatching a free half-hour for a swim from the Lido—

being conducted over the luxury liner *Conte di Savoia*. Actually, relations were not so cordial. The Austrians stayed at the Hotel Daniele, on the waterfront, and berthed conspicuously under the Chancellor's window was the German Strength-through-Joy liner *Milwaukee*, defiantly and offensively decked with swastika flags. One of the entourage complained about this and the ship was moved farther down the quay.

The Chancellor paid the formal courtesies, including the laying of a wreath on the local war memorial. Mussolini was not present. Then followed a conference between the two statesmen at which the Duce assured Schuschnigg that he was ready, once again, to man the Brenner if need be. He was not to be discouraged by the co-operation between Germany and Italy. Above all, Mussolini advised him to pacify his Nazis, and, if necessary, admit them to some share of responsibility. He concluded by saying that "were the situation of 1934 repeated, he would act exactly as before." Did he envisage the murder of another Austrian Chancellor? If so, there was but cold comfort in his words.

When the Duce had departed (to receive a party of the Kraft durch Freud trippers) Count Ciano came in and treated the Chancellor to a few minutes of unmitigated impudence. Having called him an idiot, and several other names, he proceeded to advise him to take Nazis into his Cabinet or it would be the worse for him. Kurt von Schuschnigg raised an eyebrow, "I am not interested in your interpretation of what you think the Duce thinks," he remarked quietly. The scene with Ciano stuck for a long time in his memory.

G. Ward Price interviewed him at the Hotel Daniele after these encounters, and found him unusually outspoken and very pessimistic. "The idea of Italian military aid against the Reich is absurd," he said. "The Italian divisions would first have to fight the local Tyrolese population who regard them as their hereditary enemies. You might just as well think of Belgium defending herself against France with the aid of a German army. In any case, it would not serve Austria's turn to become the battleground between Italy and Germany." His mood had blackened into one of fury, however, when he

read an article published by the Duce's tame newsmen. Gayda, prophesying the entry of a Nazi into the Austrian Cabinet, just as Ciano had suggested. It was, of course, necessary to issue an immediate personal denial.

For some time afterwards he was in a highly suspicious frame of mind about all communications from Italy. "We must keep the umbrella open for a while," he would remark. Confidence was not increased by the knowledge that Austria was being treated as a political pawn in a diplomatic game between England, Germany and Italy.

Towards the end of the year, Anthony Eden wrote personally to Guido Schmidt with a warning against a coming German invasion of Austria. The Chancellor would sometimes voice his own gloomy forebodings in some such words as these, "Hitler is in a position which he cannot hold much longer. He will soon have to make a spring forward and at least make a show of victory as a temporary stimulant to German morale. My view is that the only way he can act is against our poor little Austria."

He got no encouragement from Mussolini, who did not wish to have any further meetings with him. On 5th July, 1937, he went to Grado on the Adriatic, ostensibly for a few days' holiday with his boy, but really hoping for an invitation to see the Duce. But he was disappointed and after a very short time was obliged to return home.

It was the Committee of Seven who first gave the German game away. Dr. Tavs overreached himself by writing an article in a Jugo-Slav paper, complaining about the Chancellor's "flagrant breaches of faith" in connection with the Pact. Dr. Schuschnigg was at last moved to wrath and ordered a thorough search of the offices on the Teinfaltstrasse. A wealth of illegal material was removed, including information about the secret S.S. units, the underground leaders and the distribution system for Nazi propaganda. All this the

police carried off to their own headquarters. One document, however, was extracted by Police President Skubl and laid upon the Chancellor's table.

When Dr. Schuschnigg looked at these papers, his staff thought he was about to have a fit. His face went white and he began to tremble violently. When the first paroxysm of anger passed off, he gave orders for the immediate arrest of Dr. Tavs and numerous other persons whose names had been discovered in the Teinfaltstrasse files.

The document which had just roused him to fury bore the initials R. H., and it has been known ever since either as the R.H. Plan or as the Tavs Plot. R. H. was Rudolf Hess, the Fuehrer's deputy and almost only friend. With almost unbelievable hypocrisy, the preamble to the plan set out that the faithless Schuschnigg, who had time and again broken the July Treaty, was unworthy to be leader of a German State. *It was therefore the moral duty of Germany, in the interests of her oppressed Volkgenossen over the border, to remove this traitor and his Government from power.*

This removal was to be managed in best diplomatic style. A démarche would be forwarded from the Wilhelmstrasse protesting against the Austrian Government's repeated violation of its pledged word. Mere words would be followed up by threats, threats by the combined might of the newly enforced mechanised Reichwehr and the Stuka dive-bombing formations of the Luftwaffe. Jugo-Slavia was to be dragged into the plot and made to mobilise on account of a false rumour that Austria was about to restore the Monarchy. German propaganda was to arrange to keep Italy's hands tied, in order to prevent another "Wacht am Brenner."

The last details of the coup had been worked out. There was even provision for an emergency Cabinet to take charge after Schuschnigg's anticipated headlong flight from the country. The next Chancellor was to be a mere figure-head, with no authority or strong political views. Policy would be dictated by a strong Nazi Vice-Chancellor and three important Nazi ministers. Slowly the partly Nazi Government was to change to one wholeheartedly in favour of Germany, and a

“ Plebiscite ” would eventually be sprung on the population to confirm it in office.

The choice of Ministers was most interesting. Seyss-Inquart was to be Minister of Public Security, Guido Schmidt Foreign Minister, and Glaise-Horstenau was to have his old liaison post between the Austrian and German armies.

This was the mere skeleton of the plot. The fertile and unscrupulous mind of Rudolf Hess filled in the remaining details with a wealth of imagination. Riots were to be stirred up, so that the Nazis should have a chance of invading Austria to restore order. As it was necessary to give these a serious character, it was arranged that German agents should assassinate Herr von Papen, thus killing two birds with one stone, for the Reich Ambassador was not popular in Berlin at the time.

There was just as much anger in Nazi circles as in the Chancellor's office over the discovery of the R.H. Plan, although for quite different reasons. Austrian Nazis who knew little of the inside details went about utterly crestfallen, saying, “ Tavs has betrayed us. Tavs has sold us to the Government. Now the whole party organisation in Austria is doomed.” The Wilhelmstrasse cursed heartily. It had been Hitler's intention to accuse Austria of violating the Pact in a forthcoming speech. Now this plan was wrecked and it was Germany (quite naturally) which had been proved faithless. Papen went about with a very glum look, and confided in his secretary, Ketteler, that the Austrians now possessed a most deadly weapon against the Reich.

All and sundry, from the youngest underground Nazi to the Fuehrer himself, expected the Austrian Chancellor to blazon the whole story to the world in a White Paper. That was his own first impulse, and he swore that he would have Tavs, Jury and company put on public trial for high treason, thus exposing the part played by the Third Reich in the affair. But “ I know my Kurt. Once he begins to negotiate, he begins to give way,” as his friend Seyss once said. Papen saw his grand opportunity, both to strike a blow for the Fatherland and incidentally to restore himself to Hitler's good graces.

On the day after the raid, he demanded an interview with the Chancellor, who received him with much coolness and suspicion. Papen was a good actor, and he quite took Dr. Schuschnigg in with his pretended fear and trembling. In distraught tones he asked for police protection against an alleged *Monarchist* "*Iron Legion*" plot to assassinate him. The Chancellor, knowing the contents of the "R.H." dossier, was a little surprised, and promised the necessary guards; he was, of course, not to know that the Nazis had their agents in the *Iron Legion*, and that these men were entrusted with the execution of that part of the R.H. Plan.

Papen grew confidential. He naturally knew that some invasion plan had been discovered at the Teinfaltstrasse, but he did not compromise himself by showing too accurate knowledge. Only when the Chancellor had complained bitterly of Germany's dishonourable conduct did he express any opinion.

It would be the height of folly to bring the Tavs case into open court, he said. Austria would be throwing away her most deadly weapon by revealing these secrets to the world. Adolf Hitler, he would pledge his word, had no knowledge of the R.H. Plan. It was merely the work of extremists to whom Treaty morals meant nothing. The Fuehrer would be enraged at them for the discredit they had brought on Germany. Armed with the Tavs documents, Dr. Schuschnigg could dictate any terms he cared to the government of the Third Reich, who would be only too willing to co-operate, as they would be under an obligation to him.

So convincingly did Papen reason that, after a little, Dr. Schuschnigg began to waver. Finally, when the Ambassador begged him as a personal favour to suppress the documents, he gave in. The temptation to make political capital out of the discovery was too strong. Accordingly he took the papers and stowed them away, together with all the other German skeletons-in-the-cupboard, in the side drawer of his desk, waiting for future use.

THE HARD DAY

"We have no wishes, no claims.
We want peace."

"Whoever opposes me shall be crushed."—ADOLF HITLER.

IT was New Year's Eve, 1937. At the Austrian Legation in Belgrave Square, diplomats and members of society danced night into morning at the last great ball which would ever be held within the peeling stucco walls of the Regency house. The men and women whirling to the music of Strauss never dreamed that those waltzes were the Dead-march of their country.

Vienna also was oblivious, or had ceased to care. *Fasching* (Carnival) was held as usual in the January snow, with the famous *Bal der Staat Wien* in the old Gothic Rathaus. The processions and merrymaking were not less gay because of the iron tramping behind the dancing feet, and the staccato cries of *Sieg Heil!* behind the violins. The Chancellor himself had to fall in with the spirit of *Fasching*. The light in his office would be burning long after midnight; then he would go home to Belvedere and give little Carnival parties to a handful of people—one or two friends and a scattering of civil servants from the Bundeskanzleramt. No one dreamed of returning home before five or six in the dark January morning; within a few hours the Chancellor would have to be at his desk on the Ballhausplatz once again. This heartrending simulation of a gaiety he did not feel deceived nobody. Members of his staff in close contact with him spoke of a "great resignation" in his attitude—a kind of "tout est perdu sauf l'honneur" frame of mind to which the inevitable end was in sight.

Papen felt, during the spring of 1938, that in spite of his success with the R.H. Plan, he in his turn had been sold. He had been in Austria since 1935, and could show scarcely

anything concrete in evidence of his activities on behalf of Anschluss. He realised the danger of his position, and was fully aware that unless he produced the results desired by his Fuehrer, his political career, so often menaced, would come to an abrupt end.

The Leader summoned him to Berchtesgaden on 6th February. That day was not too pleasant for the Ambassador, for Hitler used no ceremony in telling him exactly what was in store for him as an unsuccessful envoy. Papen had mental pictures of greedy rivals filling his place—Josef Buerckel, ex-gaolbird, ex-Commissioner for the Saar, Colonel Kriebel, or the intriguer Krebs. He also saw vividly what might become of him at the hands of the Gestapo.

It says a great deal for his persuasiveness that he managed to talk Hitler out of his impatience and dissatisfaction, and to cajole him into giving him one more chance. He had a plan, which he had cherished for some time. It was, in brief, to lure the Austrian Chancellor to Berchtesgaden for a personal interview with the Fuehrer. The idea happened to fall in with Hitler's wishes, for the German Chancellor prided himself on being something of a psychologist, and he had dreams of an easy victory over "that Jesuit," as he contemptuously designated Schuschnigg. He has always believed himself immune from the usual Austrian weaknesses—slackness, looseness of thinking, and lack of persistence, but in his opinion they were all fully displayed by Dr. Schuschnigg. With his superior mental equipment, total absence of sentiment or "gemütlichkeit," he imagined that he would be able to dispose of his victim without difficulty, split and paralyse his will, mesmerise him as a stoat mesmerises a rabbit. Into the bargain he had just succeeded in ridding himself of the last elements in the Reichwehr which were opposed to "foreign adventures." So he welcomed Papen's plan, and for the moment the Reich Ambassador obtained a reprieve.

He went back to Vienna, knowing that his task was not easy. Kurt von Schuschnigg was free from any of the illusions about Hitler's character shown by some of our own prominent politicians. His favourite author, Konrad Heiden, is not exactly

complimentary about the Fuehrer, and he was quite well acquainted (from interviews with persons in touch with the Wilhelmstrasse) with Hitler's methods. For some time, Papen achieved nothing by all his pleadings, for the Chancellor remained adamant in his refusal to be drawn into the trap. He even called in Italy to back him up, but with no better result, for Dr. Schuschnigg took a poor view of Count Ciano, who was playing a leading part in these negotiations. Papen, however, was persistent, and during those first days of February was one of the most frequent visitors to the Chancellery.

After a while his constant pleadings began, slowly but surely, to take effect. Each time the weary-eyed man faced him, Papen could feel that a few more inches of his resistance had been broken down. The Ambassador's theme was always that there should be discussions between the two Chancellors on "the differences which had arisen in the interpretation of the July Pact." Dr. Schuschnigg knew that that way lay disaster, and it is reported that he refused no less than six such invitations during the first two months of 1938.

Papen thought he could understand why the Chancellor hung back. It was because he feared political blackmail, distrusted Hitler, disliked dealing with Nazi-ism, dreaded being misunderstood by his own people, doubted his own strength to resist. The Ambassador set about breaking down these barriers in characteristic style. He offered Dr. Schuschnigg the protection of the "Fuehrer's glittering and immaculate word of honour," painted a picture of the quiet fireside talk which the Chancellors could have at the Berghof, persuaded him that once the question of Hitler's *Parteigenossen* in Austria was settled, he would have no further ambitions in Europe. Having prepared the ground with these assurances, he tried out his old and successful argument,—appeal to the Chancellor's religious sentiments.

Dr. Schuschnigg wavered, but would not give a reply one way or the other. Even though assailed at his weakest point he could not rid himself of his quite natural suspicions of Papen. He felt that before he could confront Hitler he

must have stronger weapons in his hands than his own courage and the uncertain will of Austria to live.

Papen saw through this hesitation also, and bethought him of the "R.H." plan safely locked away in the Chancellor's desk. "Take those papers to the Fuehrer," he urged, "the plot is the work of an isolated group of Austrian fanatics, and some extremists in Germany. The Leader has absolutely no knowledge of its existence. When he learns, Herr Bundeskanzler, that you have rendered such a great service to the German people by suppressing these documents, he will be induced to look upon Austrian independence more favourably."

To lend force to his argument, he called in Dr. Schuschnigg's friend and Foreign secretary, Guido Schmidt. The Minister had not made a study of the Chancellor's character over a number of years for nothing. He knew that he was trusted implicitly, and accordingly threw all his weight into Papen's scale. It was his urging which finally made Dr. Schuschnigg agree to travel to Germany.

There is a story which is told by a distinguished French journalist in connection with these conversations between Papen and the Chancellor. It may or may not be true, but it is certainly remarkable.

In Adolf Hitler's early days, when he was loafing in Vienna with an occasional job from a building contractor or decorator, he used to spend a great deal of his extensive spare time in the Viennese art galleries, dreaming of becoming a great painter. One picture particularly appealed to him—Drefregger's painting, dated 1844, called "The Last Class called to the Colours," which showed a crowd of old men, Austria's last resource, volunteering for front-line service. The Fuehrer's taste in art is somewhat curious, but there seems no reason for his attachment to this particular painting. However, twenty years later he had not forgotten it, and he set his heart on obtaining it from Vienna. Papen was instructed to drop a few delicate hints that the picture would be welcome in Berlin as a mark of esteem. Dr. Schuschnigg expressed graceful regrets, saying that it was not in his power to part

with State property. Papen returned to the Fuehrer, but like the bold Sir Bedivere, was forced to return to the charge. "See if the man can be bribed," said Hitler. Papen accordingly offered an almost priceless French mediæval manuscript from a Berlin Museum in exchange. Dr. Schuschnigg remained polite, but regretted that no substitutes could be accepted in exchange for irreplaceable art treasures. A third time Papen tried, on this occasion offering a vast sum in marks for the picture, many times its actual worth. The Chancellor lost his temper. "Herr von Papen," he said, "tell your Chancellor that we do not barter our property—or our independence."

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On the night of Friday, 11th February, he entertained the Viennese foreign press representatives at the Chancellery. For once he seemed almost gay, and his unusual cheerfulness was something of a mystery to the majority of the newsmen. If any of them had any inkling of what was in the wind, they were forced to maintain the deepest silence.

This secrecy was kept up throughout the evening. There was no crowd at the Vienna Westbahnhof to see the Chancellor, dressed in ski-ing costume, and armed with skis and sticks, board the train, accompanied by his young son and Secretary Guido Schmidt. No one queried the boulevard gossip-papers' explanation that Dr. Schuschnigg was taking the week-end off for a trip to the Salzkammergut. Perhaps they would have been surprised to see the train stopping a few miles outside Vienna so that young Kurt could be sent back home. They would have been even more surprised to find the Chancellor hurriedly changing the leather jacket and baggy trousers for formal black morning clothes. He was shortly joined by his equally formally dressed Secretary, Baron Froelichsthal, Dr. Peter of the Austrian Foreign Office, Major Bartl, his A.D.C., Hofrat Weber of the Press Bureau and a few guards.

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It was early dawn as the special train drew into Salzburg station, on the frontier between Germany and Austria. In

the chilly February morning the Chancellor's party drove to the Hotel Chiemseehof. Without any interval for rest, Dr. Schuschnigg endeavoured to reach Mussolini by 'phone, because even at this late hour he was racked with doubts as to the wisdom of his course. He had cold comfort from the Duce. "My dear fellow, I have the fullest confidence in your statesmanlike abilities," said the Italian dictator before hanging up abruptly.

The Chancellor made certain preparations after this, as of a martyr going to his death. He knew that Italy had abandoned him, and his Embassies abroad all told him the same story—that England and France also would do nothing for Austria. He called the Governor of Salzburg to his room at the Chiemseehof and told him that if he had not arrived back by nine o'clock that night, the frontier garrison was to be called out. To his entourage he confided his political will and testament. Burgomaster Schmitz of Vienna was to become Chancellor in his stead if he did not return. His forebodings affected his staff, and they eventually succeeded in persuading him, with very great difficulty, to take three special armed guards with him.

It is not the fate of the individual, but that of the whole country which must be considered.

Early in the morning Papen joined the party, and they set off in the black official car, flying a red-white-red pennon on the radiator, and followed by the bodyguard. They crossed the bridge over the River Salzach, and then, to the Chancellor's surprise, the car was stopped at the German frontier post. A black uniformed S.S. man insisted that the three Austrian guards should be left behind, before he would allow the party to proceed. The Chancellor bit his lip with anger, but signed the escort to return. Another "bodyguard" was then forced upon him—three more S.S. men of the toughest and most criminal appearance, whose faces he had seen many times before in the Viennese police dossiers, as dangerous members of the N.S.D.A.P., who had been expelled from Austria. They were headed by a notorious member of the "Austrian Legion," a certain Captain Spitzky. He was obliged to swallow

the insult, and the drive thereafter continued in unbroken silence.

He scarcely had time to brood over the incident. As they penetrated more deeply into German territory, the blue sky of early spring seemed to be alive with the latest types of German fighters and bombers. Captain Spitzzy explained that this armada, which was deafening the visitors with the roar of its engines and the whine of repeated power-diving, was "on manœuvres." The car turned into winding lanes, and the Austrians could see that practically every thicket camouflaged groups of armed men. From time to time they would pass detachments of soldiers in full battle kit, accompanied by armoured cars and mobile guns, all moving towards the frontier.

The Chancellor, as an ex-soldier himself, was not deceived by Captain Spitzzy's ready explanations, and very soon began to form definite suspicions as to the purpose of all this activity. What else could it be but the R.H. Plan being put into operation? If this were so, then his main weapon against Hitler was shattered, and he would be fighting with his bare hands against an armed opponent. Neither Papen nor Schmidt appeared at all surprised by anything they saw, and Dr. Schuschnigg, although he said nothing, must have realised in that moment that he had been betrayed. Even then, his nerve did not fail him. He could easily have ordered the chauffeur to turn about and make for Austria once more, but his pride would never have allowed that, and he went impassively on.

For five miles the car continued to climb the zigzags of the mountain road, mounting higher and higher up the rocky valley wall till the village of Berchtesgaden lay beneath, like a landscape seen from a plane, its high-pitched roofs and painted gables scarcely visible through the morning haze. The village took its name from Berchta, the Evil Fairy, who, says the folk-tale, broods for ever in those mountains, surrounded by perpetual thunders and lightnings. On that February day the legend was almost justified.

At the foot of the crags, just seen through veils of floating mist, lie the woods and river of Salzburg, and her castle-crowned citadel—Austria at the feet of Hitler.

"I thank Almighty Destiny that I was born in Austria, in the hamlet of Braunau-am-Inn."

The English public are familiar with the doorway which leads to Hitler's home, Haus Wachenfels. How often, since September 1938, have they seen it reproduced in news-reels—the broad flight of shallow steps, the panorama of drifting cloud, pine forests and crags, the wooden-faced, soulless-looking young guards? Just as Neville Chamberlain saw all this in September, so Kurt von Schuschnigg was confronted with the spectacle in February of the same year. There were differences, of course. The English Prime Minister had no "bodyguard" of thugs inflicted upon him, and the host was ready, with his oiliest smile, to welcome him at the threshold.

The Austrians were shown up the white steps into the rambling low-roofed house, but Hitler did not come out to greet them. They were taken into the main room on the ground floor, a vast hall, whose walls are lined with carefully chosen slabs of polished woods. Most of this surface is hidden beneath a wealth of Flemish woven tapestries with formal designs in dusty pinks, greens and buffs. This slightly sombre background is set off by some priceless Italian masters in heavy gilded frames, most probably looted from national collections. The parquetry of the floor is scattered with elaborate Persian rugs worth a king's ransom, and the whole room is lit in a unique way by a huge, unbroken wall of glass, stretching from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall on the side which looks on to the valley. It would be interesting to know the Austrian Chancellor's reaction to this display. Perhaps he remembered a verse which the Germans were repeating among themselves in 1937:

"Keine Butter, keine Ei.

Aber ein neu Reichkanzler! " *

and thought of his own home, the low, limewashed building in the grounds of the Belvedere, which had once belonged to

* No butter or eggs, but a new Reichs Chancellerv.

a court official and which, as George Lansbury once said, "looked rather poor by the side of No. 10 Downing Street."

He was given ample time to admire the gift of the German people to their beloved Fuehrer. Hitler could not give such a paltry matter as the reception of the head of a sovereign State his immediate attention, so Dr. Schuschnigg was obliged to sit for an entire hour in the ante-room, like some office boy waiting for a reprimand from the head of his firm. Hitler had provided an occupation for his guest's enforced spare time. As the Chancellor put his brief-case down on the table, he saw a large folio of maps, which had obviously been left about for his inspection. He flicked the pages over in idle curiosity, and was horrified to find that they were marked in coloured inks with the route for an invasion of Austria; concentrations of troops and aircraft were shown converging in wedge formation on the frontier. His suspicions of the early morning were confirmed—those movements were identical with the "R.H." Plan, and it was obvious that Hitler was in full possession of the facts. The papers in his despatch case were quite worthless.

Perhaps in that anguished moment he noticed again that Guido Schmidt and Herr von Papen did not betray the least surprise.

The vanity of Adolf Hitler is so unbounded that normal comparisons applied to it cease to have any meaning. The detached observer regards him, the son of a lower middle-class civil servant, a good-for-nothing who was bad at his lessons and shirked school, a loafer with no education, capable of turning out a few mediocre water-colours or architectural drawings, but whom no art-school thought worth while training—a bricklayer's labourer—a hawker of coloured postcards—an obscure non-combatant soldier. The observer glances at his political career—spy in the pay of the Reichwehr—Munich agitator, gaoled in Landsberg for a ludicrous putsch—*Ahi*, the comrade of Germany's dregs, the brutal fanatics of the S.A., the man who crawled to power with the support of Industry and Big Business—the traitor who shot his friends and

established a regime whose morality is based on the betrayal of the pledged word. So much for the view of the outsider.

As for Adolf Hitler, he has forgotten all this. To-day, and indeed as far back as 1933, he saw himself as the peer of Frederick II, Wagner and Machiavelli. Soon his spirit began to spurn mere human greatness. Strange sayings broke from him: "To the Christian doctrine of the infinite significance of the individual human soul and of personal responsibility I oppose, with icy clarity, the saving doctrine of the nothingness and insignificance of the individual human being, and of his continued existence in the visible immortality of the nation. The dogma of vicarious suffering and death through a Divine Saviour gives place to that of the representative living and acting of the Leader, who liberates the faithful from the burden of free will." Thus Hitler. Those who heard such sayings were inspired either with blind love or uncompromising hate of the principle they enshrined.

He knows that by some he is regarded as the Beast, drunken with the blood of saints, whose name is Abomination. He also knows that to others he is the Divine Leader. Both concepts are equally incense to his supreme vanity. He is aware of the claims of the Hohenstaufen, Frederick II, whom he regards as his Forerunner, the Saint John who is not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoe. Those claims he has made his own, so that now the faithful regard him as born of a holy mother, the Child of Miracle, *Vas electum Dei*. The Byzantines of his court see in him the Christus enthroned, circled in the unearthly brightness of the mandorlâ, the frowning brows bound with lightnings, in the stiff hands the Iron Rod and the Orb of majesty. Thus he sees himself, without pity or compunction, the merciless Lord of the Last Day, King of the World, the Judge, the Divine Wisdom, Pantocrator. He, who has drunk the wine of madness, has identified himself with the wild concept of Nietzsche, God-man, God-devil, Dionysos-Christ, the Emperor of the End.

For such a man, ordinary human conversation is impossible. There can be no friendly negotiations with gods. Thus it happens that interviews with Hitler follow a blasphemously

inverted formula—Anti-Christ enthroned high above the world calls mere trembling mortals before his Judgment Seat amid all the terrors of the End. This is the scene as Hitler would wish to see it. In actual fact, interviews with the Fuehrer (in one of his Man-God moods) are a horrible mélange of the ravings of a madman, imagining himself the Treader of the Winepress of Wrath, and of the small-minded drivellings of a neurotic.

On 12th February, 1938, Kurt von Schuschnigg was exposed to the worst of such encounters which it has fallen to the lot of mortal man to endure.

When the hour was up, the door of the Fuehrer's room was thrown open by the household guard, and the Chancellor was told to walk in. He went alone, leaving Guido Schmidt, his secretary and his adjutant in the ante-room. Hitler did not move from his chair or offer his guest a seat, but merely remained silent and staring. The Austrian's general's son stood facing him, pale, calm and glacial, each feature composed to that studied and expressionless immobility which years of suffering had taught him to assume.

Then Hitler began to speak, first in a low trembling voice which he gradually worked up into a hoarse scream. The substance of that hysterical outburst has been put on record many times, his laments for his "poor, dear, oppressed German people who called for deliverance," his accusations that Dr. Schuschnigg had "dared to torture them" for years, his threats that the Austrian Chancellor would be broken like everyone else who stood in his way, his arrogant assertions that he was "the greatest German who ever lived." His voice broke at the peak of his raving, and he continued in tones of maudlin sentimentality, "I am an Austrian, the only good Austrian I know. My parents are buried in Austria, out of respect for them I will never abandon my people."

Dr. Schuschnigg afterwards confessed that this outburst nauseated him. He knew that it was hopeless to threaten Hitler with the R.H. documents, but nevertheless his legalistic mind made him produce them and enter a formal protest.

Hitler would not listen to his quiet accusations, but launched forth into a fresh tirade, mingled with a series of brutal threats of what he would inflict upon the Chancellor when he was in his power. In a state of frenzy he poured out a volley of personal abuse, screaming at such a pitch that Major Bartl, in the ante-room, could pick out certain phrases—"Jesuits' spawn," "Planetta murderer," "Jews' lackey." Ribbentrop, who was talking to Papen outside the door, went scarlet, and studied the ground closely. One of Hitler's own adjutants muttered apologetically to Bartl, "This very rarely happens." Guido Schmidt lifted his eyebrows in gentle cynicism.

Dr. Schuschnigg looked coldly at the Fuehrer, not an eyelash flickering, showing nothing of the rage and shame which were consuming him. Half-believing that he faced a raving maniac, half inclined to walk out of the room and leave Haus Wachenfels immediately, he was undecided what to do. There was nothing in his forty years' experience of life to guide him, so he continued to stand motionless. As always in moments of stress, he pulled the cigarette-case from his breast-pocket. "Put that away," Hitler hurled at him. "I allow no smoking in my presence. In a moment like this, there is no time for such frivolities." The Tyroler gave him one of his old looks—the head slightly tilted back, the upper lip curled, the left eyebrow raised. Then he deliberately took out a cigarette, lit it, flicked the match aside with a gesture of supreme contempt, and continued to observe Hitler through the drifting smoke.

The Fuehrer thumped upon the table with his fist, and belowered for one of the men in the ante-room. "This is General Reichenau, commander-in-chief of the Reich Army of Occupation for Austria," he remarked. "Reichenau, take this fellow into the next room and show him what is waiting for him if he does not give in to my demands."

The General took the dazed Chancellor by the arm, and led him back into the ante-room. Then he explained the "R.H." Plan in full detail. As *coup de grâce* he painted a lurid picture of the terror which would be unchained on Vienna if he dared to defy the Fuehrer—the hundreds of bombers of the Munich Command darkening the air over the capital, loosing their load

of high-explosive and incendiary bombs on the Stephansdom, Schönbrunn and the Belvedere, and massacring thousands of the defenceless population.

After this ordeal they returned to Hitler's room once more. The Chancellor was told, "You have outraged my patience for the last time. Before you leave this house, you will accept and sign the conditions which I have prepared for you, or I give the order for the German Army and Air Force to commence operations immediately." He threw a typewritten sheet towards Dr. Schuschnigg, and slumped down in his chair while the Austrian Chancellor prepared to read it. Most inopportunistically, a servant came to the door and announced that lunch was served.

A unique and peculiar meal followed. The "guest of honour" was shown to a place beside the Fuehrer at the round table. Confronting him were Ribbentrop, Papen and the Air Marshals and Generals of the Reichwehr, Keitel, Reichenau and Sperrle,* poker-backed and poker-faced, monocled, shaven-headed. They sat at table for an hour, during which time no one except Hitler volunteered any conversation. The Austrian Chancellor sat silently, his eyes fixed on the cloth in front of him. From time to time the Fuehrer would throw a remark in his direction—for example, that he was considering whether to build a bridge or a tunnel on the river at Hamburg. He said that he had almost decided in favour of a bridge, "a colossal triumph of German engineering in steel" which would put the Forth, Sydney and Brooklyn bridges in the shade. He was also busy on designs of his own for some skyscrapers at Munich, because he wanted to beat the Americans at their own game. The Chancellor, smarting under the offensiveness which his hosts were displaying even in the smallest details, made no reply.

Meals at Berchtesgaden follow a regular pattern. At three taps of the Master of Ceremonies' white baton, a squad of S.S. men in black uniforms, rush forward with military precision

* Responsible for the Coventry raid in November, 1940.

and take up their positions to serve each guest. Only the most blond, Nordic specimens of the Personal Guard are chosen for these duties, and the spectacle of these men, all over six feet in height, and picked for their physique, standing smartly to attention, napkin on arm, is apt to appear a little ridiculous.

On that particular Saturday, however, they were serving no banquet. The Fuehrer, who touches no meat, was offered a choice of vegetarian dishes before his guests were attended to. There was no choice for them, and the meal served was extremely meagre. A succession of soup, meat and apple tart was thrust before them, presumably with the intention of impressing the visitors with Hitler's Spartan habits. During the eleven hours that the Chancellor spent at Haus Wachenfels he was offered nothing beyond this very slender meal. Probably as a concession to the Army chiefs, some of Ribbentrop's "Chancellery-wines" (somewhat ersatz products) were introduced, after the sweet, and were naturally passed first to Hitler, although he is a confirmed non-drinker. He stared at Dr. Schuschnigg, and then remarked unpleasantly that, while it was no discomfort to a non-drinker to watch other people drinking, it was the height of ill-manners to smoke in the presence of people who disliked it. The blood flowed to the Chancellor's face. "I am afraid that it causes me a good deal of discomfort not to be allowed to smoke while I am discussing important matters," he remarked quietly. The Fuehrer thereupon graciously consented to let him have one cigarette only, although, by the time he left in the evening, he had smoked his usual three or four dozen.

After lunch he was obliged to turn once more to the study of Hitler's demands. Sometimes Guido Schmidt was in the room with him, but more often he was left alone with the Fuehrer, who seemed to have lost all interest in the Austrian question, and scarcely gave a sign of life. The details of bargaining have always bored him, and he now settled himself in a chair to watch the agony of his victim. As Dr. Schuschnigg considered those hard terms, he must have felt utterly isolated. Not only had Austria been abandoned by the other Powers, but he himself was cut off from the world in Berchtesgaden, with no one

but Guido Schmidt to advise him, and *his* views were more appropriate to a Reich Foreign Secretary.

The German conditions were so severe that it will always remain a mystery why Hitler did not ask point-blank for Austria, instead of wasting time in argument. They covered approximately twenty points, some of them quite trivial, like the demand for the exhibition of the swastika flag in Austria. Three main demands stood out from the rest. The first, for the surrender of the portfolios of Public Security and the Interior to a member of the Nazi party, involved the negation of the new Austria's six-year struggle against the rioting, murders, bomb-throwing and intrigues which had torn her for so long. The second demand was for a general amnesty to all the persons responsible for these disturbances and the pardon was to include the ruffians of the Austrian Legion who had been expelled to Germany. Finally, the doors of the Fatherland Front, Austria's bastion against Nazi encroachments and the demands for Anschluss, were to be thrown open to members of the N.S.D.A.P.

There were more than a dozen further points, and they had been skilfully worked out to give Germany almost unopposed authority in Austria. The following are the main demands:

(a) *The Ministries of War, Justice, Foreign Affairs and Education, together with the Vice-Chancellorship, to be handed over to Austrian Nazis.*

Dr. Schuschnigg himself had held the first three portfolios since he became Chancellor, and the routine work of the Ministries had been done by Secretaries of State. The German demand involved in the first place the dismissal of General Zehner from the War Office, the abandonment of the Austrian rearmament policy, full co-operation in military matters and perhaps the ultimate merging of the Austrian Army with the Reichwehr. It also meant that the control of the Austrian legal system, which had functioned for five years against the Nazis, was now to pass into their hands, and that the shaping of the minds of Austrian youth was to be accomplished by German influence. Perhaps most important of all was the fact that Guido Schmidt, hitherto merely State Secretary, was to become Minister for Foreign Affairs, thus taking authority in these

matters out of Dr. Schuschnigg's hands, and giving it into those of Berlin.

(b) *A form of the German official Anti-Semitic policy to be adopted by Vienna.*

Although severe pressure was brought to bear on him, the Chancellor categorically refused to admit this demand. His own views were far too cultured and humane to permit an imitation of the horrors perpetrated by the S.A. in Germany. He was unable to contemplate for a moment the bestiality which had turned a whole people into a species of leper, or to dream of its introduction into his Austria, "gemütlich" Austria, with its tolerant and easy-going ways.

(c) *All refugee Catholic priests and confessional pastors at that time in Austria to be handed over to Germany, and the Austrian press to cease printing atrocity stories about Catholic persecutions in the Reich.*

(d) *All talk of a Habsburg Restoration at any future date to be dropped.*

(e) *Austria to pursue the anti-Czech policy inaugurated in 1937 by Berlin.*

It will be recalled that Germany had made very determined efforts to secure Austria as an ally in a possible attack on Czecho-Slovakia, but that Dr. Schuschnigg had been firm in his resolution not to be won over by any bribes, promises or threats. His hard fight to prevent Austria being converted into a battleground and the jumping-off point for an invasion, was to be rendered useless, and he was to consent to a course which he had considered dishonourable from the outset.

(f) *Austria to leave the League and join in the Anti-Comintern Pact.*

It is true that since the Abyssinian débacle the prestige of Geneva had sunk very low, but it was not until the close of 1938 that its weakness was finally demonstrated. In February it was still just possible that the great Powers might take some action to defend Austria against German aggression. Austria was required to abandon this last frail hope of assistance and to ally herself openly with an aggressor nation.

(g) *The internal economy of Austria to be aligned with that of Germany by participation in the Four Year plan, a currency Union and a preference for Germany in the matter of the export trade.*

There is little comment required here. Bankrupt Germany was to fasten herself like a leech to Austria (now fairly prosperous after years of poverty and wretchedness) and bleed her white, just as she has done to the other subject nations, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, etc.

(h) *Fresh general elections to be held.*

The Nazis, enemies of democratic forms, were now clamouring for the restoration of the democratic Parliament. With their skill in managing faked plebiscites, the manœuvring of a majority of Nazi sympathisers into the Rathaus should have presented no difficulties at all.

(i) *All German newspapers to be freely admitted into Austria.*

This seemingly harmless clause meant that all the papers which Dr. Schuschnigg had refused to allow after the July Pact, including Julius Streicher's notorious *Stuermer*, and the organ of the S.S., *Schwarze Korps*, could now be purchased. There was to be no corresponding decrease in the attacks on Austria and her leaders published in these papers.

The demands meant a free hand for Germany in Austria. In future her will was not to be her own; she was to trail forlornly, with bound hands, behind the Nazi chariot. Kurt von Schuschnigg's pride could not accept such a prospect. For years his critics had complained that his character was unequal to dealing with brute force, that his chosen weapon, "that elegant diplomatic foil" of which Martin Fuchs speaks so slightly, was useless against the Nazi bludgeon. Yet as he faced Hitler, his tenacity and supreme personal courage rose above his handicaps. With that light foil he beat his opponent almost to his knees, and reduced the demands to four—the first three provisions and that relative to the Foreign Office. Bitterly though the Chancellor argued over those remaining points, Hitler would yield not an inch further, and at four o'clock, after two hours' struggle, he was obliged to telephone President Miklas in Vienna. There was to be no help for him. The old man could give him no advice beyond

that he was to reject the second and third demands point blank.

He hung up and called Guido Schmidt to him. His face betrayed the gravity of the position, but once more Secretary Schmidt was not surprised, and in fact, urged his chief to resist no further.

Kurt von Schuschnigg returned to Hitler, who demanded to know whether he would now accept. "Excellency," said the Austrian Chancellor, "I have no power to do so. These are matters of the Constitution which can be decided by the Bundespräsident, Herr Miklas, only. It will be necessary to submit them to him before any decision can be reached."

The wearisome argument continued far into the evening. At last Dr. Schuschnigg relented over the questions of Security and Foreign Affairs, thinking that he could see a loophole out of the difficulty. He agreed to hand over Security and the Interior to a Nazi, but this man was to be his friend Artur von Seyss-Inquart, whom he trusted to remain true to his political creed and personal friendship at one and the same time. Hitler, who seemed never to have heard State Councillor Seyss' name before, was willing to accept the compromise. As for Guido Schmidt's promotion, he assumed, quite erroneously, that he himself would be able to keep a firm hand on the Foreign Minister.

Dr. Schuschnigg continued his negotiations patiently, and at length succeeded in wringing a promise from Hitler that he would openly recognise the independence of Austria in a forthcoming speech at the Sportzpalast, Berlin. While agreeing reluctantly, Hitler ordered him to see that President Miklas accepted the remaining terms by midnight on Tuesday, 16th February. That order was in the nature of an ultimatum.

At ten that night the "conference" ended, and the Chancellor stepped into his car on the frosty mountain road. "The handshake which passed between Dr. Schuschnigg and his host was very fleeting," remarks Dr. Fuchs. The Austrian party passed down the slopes without mishap. It was later discovered that if the Chancellor had rejected all the terms, Captain Spitzzy's men were under orders to stop the car in a

copse at the edge of a ravine, stand the Chancellor, his Secretary and A.D.C. against a tree, shoot them dead, place the bodies in the car, and crash it over the precipice. All Austria would then have mourned the infernal luck of their Chancellor with regard to motoring accidents.

The frontier posts at Salzburg were closed against him when he arrived, because in the turmoil of the day he had forgotten his own order to cut all communications with the Reich. His special train was waiting for him, and during the five and a half hours' journey back to Vienna, Guido Schmidt found him a very silent travelling companion. That hard day had taken its toll of his energy, and his nerves had been so severely tried that he was obliged to exercise every ounce of his self-control to prevent an hysterical outburst.

He arrived at the Vienna Westbahnhof at half-past three in the icy February morning. Zernatto, deputy leader of the V.F., was there to meet him, and to this friend he threw out the cryptic remark as they walked along the platform: "People have told me that Hitler is a prophet. Now I know what they mean." A crowd of press camera-men had been waiting hours at the barrier. Their pictures all told the same story—of a man driven beyond ordinary physical weariness to utter collapse. "I have never seen a face more tired or more desperately worn out," says one writer.

He was driven home at once to the Belvedere, and until midday on Sunday would not receive a soul. His most urgent need was to sleep off the experiences he had been through. At that time, he had been not less than forty-six hours without sleep, yet certain journalists were extremely surprised to be told, on asking for an interview, "The Chancellor is very tired and cannot be disturbed."

CHAPTER XVIII
TRIAL BY ORDEAL

Sunday, February 13th—Sunday, February 20th

"We have loaded all our responsibilities on to the shoulders of one man. We call him Dictator. It would be more accurate to call him Burden-bearer."

Conversation reported by N. Wain in *Reaching for the Stars*.

DURING the whole of Sunday he refused to see even his most intimate friends. Guido Schmidt had also retired behind locked doors, and the worried press representatives, unable to obtain any information from official sources, were forced to fall back on their own imagination. Some London papers, and even a few of the responsible Viennese ones, were gleefully proclaiming: "A VICTORY FOR SCHUSCHNIGG." An atmosphere of carnival reigned in the offices of the *Neue Freie Presse*, where a score or so of foreign journalists were drinking night into morning and proposing the Chancellor's health a dozen times over. Usually staid individuals were standing on tables, shouting, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and the proceedings ended with the election of a "Miss Press of 1938 Independent Austria."

The atmosphere at the Belvedere was not so festive. The few people who had set eyes on the Chancellor since his return were horrified. Martin Fuchs described his face as having the look of a "Medusa head." He was not able to rest after midday on the Sunday, and although he still looked dog-tired, he dragged himself along to President Miklas's apartments in the afternoon, and remained locked in with him for several hours. There were no witnesses of his conversation with the President, but it is known that Miklas made no attempt to spare his feelings and soundly upbraided him for what he termed his "weak submission" on the single point relating to the two portfolios.

Dr. Schuschnigg, it was well known, was very weary of office, and he asked the President, if he was not satisfied with

the position, to accept his resignation and to appoint someone in his place whom he considered more capable of supporting the burden. Miklas considered the offer, but after approaching Burgomaster Schmitz to see whether he would be willing to accept the Chancellorship, and receiving a refusal, he turned on Dr. Schuschnigg and refused to release him.

He did not complain, for he had long since accepted the fact that his life was dedicated and that he himself had no right to look for personal happiness or peace. At Dollfuss's graveside, at Hietzing, he had pledged his life for Austria, and he could not betray that promise, even though its fulfilment led him to martyrdom. Life could not have been harder to him. The President refused to accept Hitler's ultimatum; if he held out, the German Army would march on Tuesday and Austria would vanish from the map. The Chancellor was tortured by his sheer impotence to avert disaster.

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It was a good many days before constructive thought began to flow back into his numbed brain, and the desire for survival began to struggle faintly within him. People in his circle said that for the better part of a week he had been quite unapproachable, sitting huddled with his head in his hands, and muttering to himself: "I cannot believe that this really happened. I cannot believe that anyone could have treated me like that."

Matters were not helped by his instructions to the Austrian press. He had always been unwilling for any personal details about him to be printed, but now, for the double reason that he wished to hide his humiliation and that he feared to enrage Hitler, he instructed them to give quite false news to their readers. For the first few days the mood of unfounded optimism continued, and jokes on the subject of the interview cropped up like mushrooms. Then, from various sources, the truth gradually leaked out and a wave of black pessimism began to sweep over Austria.

After many days he seemed to have found his tongue. During the week, a high official of the Fatherland Front

called on him at his office on the Ballhausplatz. His mood of frozen despair was gradually wearing off, but the visitor was nevertheless shocked by his appearance—for a man of scarcely forty he looked weary to death—pale, hollow-eyed and grey-haired. His voice quivered with jagged emotion and he had the greatest difficulty in keeping it steady at all. He asked his visitor to forgive his nervousness. He was not easily upset, he said, but the Berchtesgaden ordeal was worse than the shock of the day Dollfuss had been murdered. He had been treated outrageously; Hitler had bellowed at him and threatened him with unspeakable things. It had needed all his self-control to prevent him walking out of the room there and then, saying that the Chancellor of Austria was not accustomed to put up with such treatment. "But then," he said, "I reminded myself that I was not enduring all this for myself, but for our unhappy people." "A pity," remarked his visitor dryly, "that you did not act on your first impulse."

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At the beginning of the week after the Berchtesgaden interview, the atmosphere in Vienna had been most depressing owing to the lack of real news and the host of rumours which were flying about. Outside the circle of the Chancellor's personal friends and colleagues, no one knew of Saturday's disgraceful happenings. There were many wild guesses about what had actually occurred, and in spite of statements issuing from the offices of the Fatherland Front that Austrian external policy remain unchanged, the workers of the Austrian Fiat Motor Works came out on strike on the Monday, as a protest against a suspected "Agreement." A report from a Berlin newspaper that the Chancellor had been "introduced" to certain Reich Army leaders caused a fresh panic, for in certain quarters it was well known that General Walther Reichenau, whose name had been mentioned, was involved in the "R.H." Plan.

Tuesday, 15th February, was the day for the expiry of the ultimatum. After all, President Miklas had capitulated under pressure and agreed to the German demands, to open the

Fatherland Front to the Party and to declare a general amnesty. It had been a day of terrible trial for the Chancellor. At the back of his mind was always the nightmare that Vienna would be turned into a shambles by the Munich bombing squadrons if he resisted. His intelligence service was not efficient enough to tell him that this threat and the announcement of German manœuvres were mainly bluff, and that Germany at this time was incapable of strong military action against Austria. The nightmare conjured up during twenty years by the pacifists of Geneva had given him, the ex-artillery officer, a shuddering horror of bearing the guilt of the murder of Austrian men and women. In his desperate plight, he turned to every possible ally for help, but none was forthcoming.

So he surrendered. His friend, Artur von Seyss-Inquart, who had fought at his side on the Isonzo, who had been a friendly rival in his days as a barrister in Innsbruck, received the promised place in the Government as Minister for the Interior. The Chancellor had worked himself to the limit of endurance and the observations of a man in such a condition are never acute. He was too tired, mentally and physically, to pursue the suspicions which he might otherwise have had of friend Artur. This man offered him an escape from a difficult position, and he was disinclined to look beyond the superficial advantage gained.

Had he done so, he might have discovered that Artur von Seyss-Inquart's name had been on Heinrich Himmler's well-known card index for many months, as a likely focal point for disturbances in Austria. He might also have considered that this pleasant-mannered lawyer was a thought too insistent on the grandeur and glory of the Reich, that his Pan-German sentiments went somewhat beyond what was compatible with loyalty to Austria. And there was, too, the question of his frequent and unexplained visits to Berlin. But he shut his eyes to these awkward questions; to him, Seyss-Inquart was a good friend, an old comrade who had been wounded in the service of the Fatherland, a man who shared his intellectual interests in books and music, who had worked for years in the same

profession. But above all, he was devout, and this, in Kurt von Schuschnigg's eyes, outweighed every other consideration. Because he himself was the soul of honour, a faithful son of Rome, he could not conceive of any man who thought and worshipped in the same way being a traitor. "He is a good Catholic," he wrote, "he has my fullest confidence." If any confirmation of his friend's reliability was required, it came, surprisingly enough, from Hitler, who, as Dr. Schuschnigg remarked to a friend, "wasn't even able to pronounce his name. He said Seyss In-quart, instead of Seyss-Inkvaart."

He deluded himself also in the matter of his new Foreign Minister. It had been repeatedly pointed out to him since 1935, that Schmidt was untrustworthy, that he was playing his own game and that his contacts with Papen were suspicious. At Berchtesgaden these subconscious fears aroused by the warnings had been given a rousing shock. He did not as yet, it is true, thoroughly distrust his friend, and indeed made a last gallant effort to defend him against his critics. "It is only due to Guido Schmidt's true friendship (I can find no other way to put it) that I have been able to hold up my head in Austria after the Berchtesgaden interview. People who criticise him should have seen him on the journey back." With Guido Schmidt holding the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, the power of Hitler's blackmail was such that the Chancellor had now no say in external policy, in spite of his previous belief that he would be able to influence his friend.

The reshuffle of the Government on Tuesday was achieved only after hours of bitter struggle. During all this time no communiqué was issued to the outside world; within the Chancellery Dr. Schuschnigg continued, as the night wore on, the relentless arguing with his opponents within his own Cabinet. Eight o'clock came, and the light was still burning in his workroom. Guido Schmidt, happily, was not at his side, but had departed for the Hofburg, where he was playing host at a brilliant Patriotic Front Ball. All the diplomats, the Cardinal and the junior Ministers were present, but it was not until the small hours of the morning that the Chancellor was able to join the party.

He had pulled himself together sufficiently to greet the other guests but still looked on the verge of a breakdown. He took the English and French representatives aside and began to speak; neither guessed that he was tongue-tied with shame, but when he murmured, almost inaudibly, that never, in the past hundred years, had an Austrian statesman suffered similar treatment, they saw that something was gravely wrong.

After the exhaustion of the day's proceedings, it was some consolation for him to think that matters, after all, might have been worse. He had succeeded in clinging to the portfolios of Police and the Ministry of War; Skubl was given the former in order that he could act as a buffer between the Chancellor and the Nazis. In spite of gruelling pressure from all parties during the past few years, he had been able to retain General Zehner as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and this veteran soldier perfectly shared his view that Austria must take her place among the nations which were rearming. It was Zehner who had advised him to introduce conscription, to commence the mechanisation of the army, to introduce new models of tanks and to strengthen the frontier defences so that if the worst came to the worst, Austria would be able to give some account of herself. Now, in the face of the determined opposition and threats of the Nazis, he refused to dismiss the General whom they so cordially hated. He reflected that Seyss-Inquart had command only over the Ministry of the Interior and had no powers over the Police and so would be relatively harmless, even though he were tempted to display Nazi sympathies. He thought that the price of Austrian independence was not, perhaps, so high after all. He had been obliged to accept Hitler's nominees in his Cabinet, and to proclaim an amnesty to all the Nazi political prisoners, including Woitsche, the man who had wished to murder him at his wife's grave, Dr. Rintelen, who was involved in the murder of Dollfuss, Tavs of the Teinfaltstrasse and a horde of criminal bomb-throwers and saboteurs. He had been personally outraged and humiliated, yet the price was worth paying if he could contrive to continue his policy of "balancing" and maintain the freedom of the country.

The Chancellor's dream was soon shattered. On Wednesday, the day after his appointment, Skubl reported to him that Seyss-Inquart had arrived at the Ministry of the Interior early in the morning, had the entire staff lined up in military order and harangued them for half an hour on the duties of the "true German." When the Chancellor had rung him up personally he was so impatient to catch the next 'plane to Berlin that he had been positively rude, saying that he had no time to listen to instructions.

Dr. Schuschnigg had always made a practice of reading all the leading foreign newspapers, at least those in languages which he understood. The Italian papers maintained deep silence on Central European events. The *Petit Journal*, *Figaro* and *Echo de Paris* were wrapped in gloom. He laboriously picked out the *Daily Telegraph's* leader, and found that England regarded the appointment of Seyss-Inquart as an unqualified disaster. Turning to the German papers, he saw with anger that the *Essener Nationalzeitung* was talking about the "internal Anschluss of the two German peoples" engineered by the Berchtesgaden meeting. It was on his orders that the paper was confiscated an hour later throughout Austria. At seven that evening Seyss-Inquart telephoned from Berlin to countermand the order of confiscation.

Friday came and passed without any major political event. It was, however, a day of bitterness for the Chancellor. Seyss-Inquart was still in Berlin, and he found it a bitter draught to swallow that his friend, the Austrian Minister for Home Affairs, should be taking orders from the enemy camp. He did not believe the words which he had uttered to Zernatto, that Seyss was merely working out the details of the Berchtesgaden Agreement, and the report from Berlin that very wide negotiations were being conducted must have filled him with despondency. Something, too, which lay nearer his heart had occurred. Arturo Töscannini had announced that he would never again conduct in his Austria, now overrun with Nazis. Never again would the Chancellor be able to listen with half-closed eyes, in the darkness of Salzburg's Festspielhaus, or in the Concert Hall on the Lothringarstrasse, to the *Emperor* or

the *Eroica*, interpreted by that greatest of German masters. It was with depression that he returned to the struggle.

In the morning of Saturday, 19th February, Herr von Wiesner arrived from Castle Steenockerzeel with a black despatch case, the contents of which he laid on the Chancellor's desk. It was a letter from the Emperor Otto, to his subject, the Chancellor of Austria, which ran as follows :

17th February, 1938.

DEAR HERR VON SCHUSCHNIGG,

The events of the last few days compel me to write to you.

In this letter I do not wish to speak of things of the past. You certainly know better than anyone else my view that we need to make our independence finally secure by the earliest possible introduction of the legitimate monarchy. In spite of your loyal Legitimist sentiments, which I have never doubted, and do not doubt even to-day, you have considered it your duty to postpone this lasting solution of the Austrian problem. You know also that I have never approved of the Agreement of 11th July, 1936, either in form or content. You know finally that I have always stood for a policy of the most far-reaching reconciliation towards the great mass of the working people and, on the other hand, have always condemned a policy of compliance in relation to the National Socialist traitors to their people and their country.

With the events of the last few days a new phase in the life of our people has begun.

The enemies of Austria have succeeded, by an act of violence that is without parallel, in forcing your Government into a perilous position which dangerously impairs our further resistance. They have succeeded in dictating to us a new Agreement which gives full scope to their interventions.

In this hour I must speak—I must speak to you, who to-day bear such great responsibility for my country before God and the people.

This responsibility is terrible. It is to the people, which believes in you as the champion of the ideal of independence and wishes to support you in this policy. It is to the sacred ideal of Austria. . . . It is responsibility to the true German idea, which to-day, as against the alien, neo-pagan tendencies in the Reich, survives alone in Austria in its former strength.

Only in Austria can that idea maintain itself and one day be the saviour of Germany—if all that is German is not to perish in appalling chaos. Your responsibility is, above all, to our highest possession, the Catholic Faith. If Austria, its last bulwark, collapses, the Church that can alone bring salvation will be desolate in Central Europe, and millions of souls for whom eternal salvation is still possible will be lost for all eternity.

This responsibility, however, is not borne by you alone. I too have a share in it. . . . I cannot and must not be untrue to my hereditary obligations.

In full consciousness of all the implications of what I say and after mature consideration of the great responsibility which I thereby assume, I consider it my duty to lay before you, my dear Herr von Schuschnigg, the following plan to save the Fatherland:

The first point of this plan concerns foreign policy. . . . In Austria we are exposed to the pressure of a powerful neighbour who wishes to destroy our existence. We must therefore look about us for Powers which can counterbalance this pressure. In this connection the choice can fall only on the Western Powers whose attitude is sympathetic to the Fatherland. You must take the approach into your own hands, not only because of the confidence of these Powers in you personally, but also because I can have no confidence in Minister Guido Schmidt. Moreover, he is certainly not sympathetic to these Powers, and I know that he has not always been loyal to yourself. Furthermore, his inclinations toward Germany are well known to me. . . .

In the military sphere, Austria must work for rearmament. . . . If we have a strong Army we shall not run such a great danger as in the past. . . . I can only congratulate you on the determination with which, in spite of all pressure, you have kept General Zehner . . . the guarantee that the Army will continue to be an Austrian army.

In the questions of home policy, the welfare of the Fatherland requires . . . in the first place, reconciliation towards the Left. In the last few days the workers have shown that they are patriots. These people cannot be poisoned by National Socialism, and will consequently always take up their stand most firmly for Austria; while on the other hand the Government must give them the possibility of actively helping in shaping the Fatherland. A further force which

has not yet been used is Legitimism. This movement—and I undertake to guarantee it—will go through fire with you, if it has the certainty that thereby it is working for the independence of Austria. It will finally be eminently important to work secretly against the pernicious activities of the Ultra-Nationals from the first moment on.

These, in my view, would be the measures that must be instantly undertaken to save Austria from conquest by violence. . . .

Now for the future. The decisive moment will come when Germany, with threats and pressure, demands further concessions from us. I believe that I am certainly not wrong in assuming that you hold the same view as I do, that Austria has reached the extreme limit of concessions. Any further retreat would mean the destruction of Austria, the destruction of the laborious work of rebuilding carried out by yourself and Dollfuss. . . . But we Austrians cannot allow this. Anything rather than lose our Fatherland!

Now I have heard that you, my dear Herr von Schuschnigg, have said that you could not withstand any new pressure from the German side, and in that event would desire to resign from your responsible position. Now I turn to you, as a man unshakably loyal to his Emperor and his people, for the fulfilment of requests which I must urge in my conscience before God.

First, I beg you, so long as you hold the office of Chancellor of the Bund, to make no new concessions, however they may be wrapped up, to Germany or to the Ultra-Nationals.

Secondly, should you have the impression that new German demands or threats are to be anticipated, I beg you to bring this at once to my knowledge.

Thirdly, however unexpected this may seem to you—if you consider that you can no longer withstand the German or Ultra-National pressure, then I beg you, whatever the position may be, to hand over to me the office of Chancellor. . . . I would ask you only to hand over the Chancellorship to me, so that without altering the Constitution, without a new recognition—the same advantages could be secured as through a formal act of restoration of the monarchy—

I have felt it my duty to write all this to you in this fateful hour, convinced that hereby I am best fulfilling my duty as the son of the martyr Emperor Karl, as an ardent

Austrian patriot, and as the legitimate Emperor of this country. I implore you, my dear Herr von Schuschnigg, remembering the oath you once took as an officer, remembering your great services to the Legitimist cause, remembering your selfless patriotic work, to comply with this request of mine. Do not think that this letter springs from a young, ambitious man's hunger for power. Such ambitions—if I had ever known them—would be stilled by the terrible situation and the enormous responsibility. I am acting in this way only because I regard it as my duty—for when Austria is in peril, the heir to the House of Austria must stand or fall with that country.

The content of this letter of mine is unknown to anyone but myself. I have not even mentioned it in any indirect way to my trusted envoy von Wiesner. I beg you also on your part not to mention this letter to anyone, and to reply as soon as possible, letting me have your reply through the same channel.

I assure you once again of my confidence, as well as of my determination to help you in every way in these difficult times. May God bless you and direct you to the right path for the welfare and the safety of the Fatherland.

OTTO.

In a foreign land, 17th February, 1938.

For a week or more Kurt von Schuschnigg brooded over this letter, unable to bring himself to reply. On first reading it, this inexperienced boy's offer to take over the burden which was crushing him down had stung his pride. This youth, fresh from the university, without any contacts with life, imagined that he could step without effort into a post which had demanded not only willingness, but his whole existence from its present holder. He imagined that because he was a Habsburg, he had merely to say the word and the Nazi menace would vanish like a mirage.

After Dr. Schuschnigg had meditated on the contents of this letter for a little while, his first indignation died down and was replaced by a mood of rather weary resignation. When he finally sent his answer, it was respectful, almost humble in tone; throughout, in every phrase, was the heavy feeling of inescapable doom. Although it is the letter of a man over-

powered by fatalism, behind the apparent hopelessness shines a dim but steady light. He seems to say: "It must all be endured past even death. Austria will vanish. I myself will go with her, but the Resurrection beyond the apparent death is certain. The fate of the man who now guides Austria is of no account; it is not even of any account that all Austrians must suffer with him, because in the end the night must give place to the inevitable day"—but let his own words speak.

VIENNA, 2nd March, 1938.

YOUR MAJESTY,

I acknowledge receipt of the letter of the 17th February, which your Majesty had the goodness to address to me.

I see the state of affairs in the following way:

The supreme duty of the responsible leadership in the State is to maintain the independence of the country. Everything which helps towards this is good; everything which endangers the country is bad and must be ignored as out of the question. The serious international situation, which may change suddenly, must be taken into account. The fundamental principle which serves as the pillar of Austrian ideology is: Service for Peace. In the moment when Austria, in order to safeguard her own existence, is compelled to bring about an international war, she admits that she is unable to remain true to her task. Moreover, a war can only be waged if, in contrast to the assumptions of the year 1914, there are chances of success. Finally, foreign help must only be reckoned with when it is certain. The geographical and geopolitical position of this country makes peace with Germany essential. Apart from psychological considerations which must be taken into account, this view is also supported by matter-of-fact economic needs—which, for example, in the period after the 12th February, brought about a very unambiguous attitude even among very conservative sections of the peasantry in the Tyrol and elsewhere. A country can only be maintained in being when an economic minimum of existence is assured to it.

The feeling in the country and the real state of affairs, concerning which, in my humble opinion, your Majesty has never been correctly, or at least not fully informed, compel me towards the same path. Especially would I regard it as absolutely fatal for the idea of the Dynasty, if this

could buy for itself an ephemeral restoration, or even one which remained in being for a time, only at the cost of much blood and sacrifice, and with the help of foreign nations. It is my deepest conviction that this would at the same time seal the fate of Austria.

Therefore even if—as God forbid—a historical reversion comes to pass, and Austria has to bow to force in spite of its long and determined honourable resistance, then it is nevertheless better that this should take place without the Dynasty also being drawn in with it, for even in that event the time of Resurrection will come, with the complete transformation of Europe. That this, so far as can be seen, could only come about after a new war, is an infinitely tragic and unfortunately a probable circumstance.

To plunge the country, nevertheless, into a struggle doomed to failure from the outset cannot, in my opinion, be justified in any circumstances. I know what war is and have also experienced civil war. I know therefore too that it is our duty to do our utmost to save our country from such a situation. Whoever has the future of Austria at heart, cannot and must not think of how he can perish with honour, but must concentrate all his energies on how the country can be maintained with honour, so as to be prepared for the better times which must one day come.

I am not in the least pessimistic, but I cannot shut my eyes to all the seriousness and difficulty of the situation. And here I cannot pass over the fact, also, that a number of Legitimist slogans against which I have for a long time, but unfortunately vainly, counselled, have directly contributed to the embitterment of relations between the states without helping the freedom of Austria. Our policy of to-day is tied to the present; the Austrian idea, including that of the House of Austria, is, in my opinion, a conception which cannot be measured in terms of a generation. Those ideas must remain, though we individuals and our destinies may perhaps perish for their sake.

This, your Majesty, is my opinion! I infinitely regret that I have not succeeded in conveying to your Majesty my views and convictions, formed from an exact knowledge of the international and home situation, in such a way as to be convincing. I beg you most earnestly to believe me now that infinitely much, perhaps everything, is at stake and that any attempt at a restoration, either in the next few

years, or as far ahead as one can see, must assuredly, with one hundred per cent. certainty, mean the death of Austria.

I need not add that I should be happy if things were otherwise, but I can only beseech your Majesty to believe me, but that is the position.

I am, of course, gladly willing, within the measure of the possibilities at my disposal, to inform your Majesty of any eventual changes. Meanwhile I can only say that what happened had to happen and was right, and if it had not happened, then to-day there would be no responsible Austrian who still had the possibility of reporting on it to your Majesty.

This is especially true also of the 11th July, 1936. I would most earnestly beg your Majesty to bear in mind that the expediency or otherwise of such fundamental decisions can only be judged on the spot, and can hardly be judged from a distance. No one of us has it absolutely within his power to say that he will succeed in this exceptionally complex and difficult period in reaching the goal with certainty, and equally, on the other hand, it is absolutely beyond doubt that there is no other politically practicable road for us. Our task can only be to keep the road open for a future development, for what was now destroyed would remain lost for any reconstruction within the range of human memory.

Finally, I must, with all respect, call the attention of your Majesty to the fact that for us all only the legal way of the Constitution is practicable, and that according to this Constitution the dismissal and appointment of the Chancellor of the Bund is the prerogative of the President.

With the sincere and ardent desire that God may protect your Majesty and the House of Austria and in the firm conviction that the cause of Austria, whether with or without reverses, will proceed along a path of new historical significance, finally with the assurance that, in conformity with my obligations, the fight for my country and the responsibility for every Austrian remains the sole motive of all my decisions, I remain your Majesty's humble and respectful servant.

SCHUSCHNIGG.

The Austrian Monarchists knew that their Emperor wished

to return, and though they had no idea that he had been corresponding with the Chancellor, realised that Schuschnigg was not going to play that "last card" which he had mentioned so often as his weapon against Anschluss. Austria was on the brink of disaster, and the man at her head, in his stubbornness and offended pride, was refusing to allow her only possible saviour to return.

In his own Tyrol, the Monarchist leaders Wunsch and Tessler, men who had once shared his confidence and his own aspirations, abused him to an audience of fellow-monarchists. "Schuschnigg has sacrificed the one solution for Austria, the restoration of the monarchy, in return for empty promises. But we shall not give up the fight. The Nazis shall enter Austria only over the dead bodies of Monarchists."

This was typical of the muddle-headed thinking of the party. In a moment, because the claims of a rather futile young man to the Austrian throne had received a temporary set-back, they were willing to forget the four years' struggle for Austria and the eleven hours' agony before Hitler. They were willing to ignore the work of one Monarchist, son and grandson of Monarchists, and to accuse him of betraying his country because he refused to let his heart run away with his head. They were blind to all other considerations except Restoration.

The Chancellor, able to see farther ahead, knew that to restore the Habsburgs at this hour meant disaster, but the aged generals and pious maiden ladies of the party fondly imagined that Hitler would cringe before the sacred and anointed majesty of Otto, like the devil before holy water. Because Kurt von Schuschnigg was so utterly convinced that neither he nor Austria could escape their fate, he refused to ask his master to return. Therefore he himself took upon his own unsupported shoulders the full violence of the wrath which otherwise would have overwhelmed his King. For this he received thanks neither from the Monarchists nor from the Royal family at Steenockerzeel.

On Sunday, 20th February, the Chancellor went to early Mass at the Dominicanskirche. It was noticed that he

remained on his knees longer than usual, as if lost in prayer, after the "Ite, Missa est!" The tension of the last week had been caused by Hitler's eagerly awaited speech in which he was to recognise Austrian independence. The speech from the Sportzpalast, which was relayed on the Austrian circuit, continued for three whole hours. The men in the Chancellor's office were obliged to listen to the endless rantings of the Fuehrer about Germany's economic achievements, in the hope that the promised recognition of Austria's independence would soon be uttered. Instead came ominous remarks about the states abutting on to the Reich, who had within their borders ten million German Nationals. These exiles were languishing without political rights or the "power of self-determination." They were subject to appalling sufferings on account of their loyalty to the Fatherland and its creed. Persons in power had had the effrontery to torture them for their race and their beliefs.

There was never a word in fulfilment of that promise which Kurt von Schuschnigg had bought so dearly, only a perfunctory reference to the July Agreement and a tribute to the "understanding" of the situation shown by the Austrian Chancellor.

In the afternoon a procession of Nazis tramped down the Ringstrasse, openly wearing the forbidden white stockings and with swastikas in their buttonholes. The police did nothing. The Chancellor ordered them to arrest the demonstrators but Seyss-Inquart as Minister for Home Affairs countermanded the order.

An official of the Fatherland Front called on the Chancellor during the afternoon, and referred to the disappointing contents of Hitler's speech. A gleam shot into Dr. Schuschnigg's weary eyes. "I am down to speak to Parliament on Thursday evening," he said; "perhaps I can do something about that speech then."

TILL DEATH ! RED—WHITE—RED !

"I can only wish you one thing: Take heart for Austria!"

HERMANN BAHR.

ON Thursday, 24th February, the day fixed for the Chancellor's eagerly awaited speech to Parliament, all Vienna, and the provincial towns also, were a blaze of coloured bunting. Innsbruck fluttered with brilliant coloured flags in honour of "her" Chancellor. All round the Rathaus in Vienna, there were long banners floating from poles, hung from the Gothic eaves, billowing between the leafless trees. They streamed endlessly, alternately Red, White, Red. Red for blood, white for water—colours of martyrdom. The advertisement hoardings were covered with the crutched cross of the Fatherland Front, and from hundreds of posters the livid death-mask of Dollfuss looked down accusingly.

Inside the Rathaus the tribune was floodlit, circled with a battery of microphones. In the gallery the newsreel cameramen stood at the ready. There was red and white there too; red in the hangings, the carpets, the bank of scarlet and white tulips massed beneath the platform. Behind, there rose a vast expanse of draped silk, branded once again with the sign of Christian Austria. Involuntarily the mind travelled back to the Opera House in Berlin, headquarters of the dummy Reichstag, to Hitler, standing in the blaze of arc-lights before the menacing black wingspread of the German eagle.

The city was in a state of wild excitement early in the day. The Chancellor had definitely forbidden the wearing of the swastika. Members of the Patriotic Front were declaring that their patience was exhausted, and that the reckoning with the Nazis could not long be delayed. There were seething crowds on the Ring and in front of the Rathaus, roaring defiance at Hitler. The White Stockings were quite outnumbered in the cheering, surging mass of loyal Front members.

The Chancellor drove slowly along the Ring in an open car. Although a police cordon was keeping the crowd back, that could not prevent the great stirring cry reaching his ears: "Oesterreich! Oesterreich!" That deafening shout, sign of the will of a whole people to live, engulfed him.

He entered the old hall and went to his accustomed seat at the far end. The gallery was crammed with press correspondents and stenographers, but many had come merely from a sense of duty, because their papers demanded a report. Most of them expected a dull citation of policy, another school-masterly harangue, a few intellectual phrases. "Schuschnigg's no speaker." "He can't put himself across." "The man can't hold an audience" were a few of the remarks passed that evening.

Then the chattering of deputies and journalists died down. The lights were dimmed, except those playing on the empty tribune. Count Heinrich Hoyos rose from his seat and announced "I call upon the Federal Chancellor to address this assembly."

He walked quietly up to the tribune, inconspicuous in the shadows, dressed in the heavy grey belted overcoat of the Fatherland Front over his civilian clothes. It was not until he had mounted the steps that the watchers noticed his weariness. But when the strong light played on him, they saw in a glance the story of the past week written in his face. The fair hair was now more than streaked with grey, he was pale with fatigue and his eyes had that curious, swollen, slit-like appearance produced by long lack of sleep. For a moment he stood there and three times he made the effort to speak, but the audience would not permit him, drowning his words with storms of cheering. At last he held up his hand for silence, and began. His voice was low, far away and strained. The listeners in the gallery had to listen carefully to catch what he said.

"Gentlemen of the Federal Diet! Honourable members of the Federal Assembly, Comrades of the Front, Men and Women of Austria!

"In a decisive hour the Federal Diet has assembled in this

hall, the council room of the old Parliament of the Monarchy, in which more than once in the course of the past half-century, Austria, its significance, and its existence have been the points of debate . . . ”

His voice went on, flatly, wearily. The reporters finally settled down to an evening of boredom. They dutifully noted his remarks . . . how he was about to present the new Government appointed by the President, to the House, how he was determined to solve certain problems. Followed an intellectual exposition, from which the chief point to emerge was that the present was not the time for argument, but for obedience.

Then a change seemed to come over him. The droop left his figure, the shoulders once again took on their usual military squareness. With hands on hips and head thrown back, he proudly threw out “The one and only point on the order of the day is—Austria!”

Something in his tone jerked the bored reporters into attention. There was no tiredness in the pleasant baritone voice now; as he went on it gained speed and strength. He declared that each member of his Cabinet stood unwaveringly by the May Constitution, that to a man they were resolved to exert every ounce of their strength to maintaining the independence of the Fatherland, and to their sacred duty, the preservation of European peace. He appealed to his audience, “Where lies the true meaning of the free Austria which Engelbert Dollfuss willed?” To the silent rows of deputies he supplied the answer—that the mission of the State was to smooth the way of her people towards happiness and prosperity, to give them work, and a free space in which to live, to give them opportunities of healthy development and to heal the battle scars left by the Great War upon her race and soil.

His tones took on a quieter, dreaming note, as he went back into history to justify Austria’s independence, to the Emperor Maximilian, to Maria Theresa and Franz Josef, to the dark days of 1918 when Ignaz Seipel had caught up the almost extinguished torch of liberty, to pass it on to Engelbert Dollfuss, who bled to death in defence of the sacred cause. “This principle, to me, who at this time carry the full and undivided

responsibility for this country's policy in accordance with the rulings of the Constitution and my appointment by the Federal President, is the decisive motive of political thought, will and action—the fundamental law of our culture, which makes life worth living, the union of blood and soil, the belief in an immortal soul."

He continued, in the same subdued manner, "The scholar, the scientist and the artist will plainly be able to understand and analyse my meaning. The peasant and the worker will be able to feel it, without individually or consciously accounting to themselves for it, unless their minds have been artificially obscured. It can be seen in Austria's landscape, in her towns and communities, in the country's pictures and architecture, her songs and customs, music and sculpture, in her sorrows and in her historical struggle. It can be seen in the faces of hundreds of thousands of her population, the story of their families, in their names, often in their personal griefs and experience of life, in their temperament and emotions, their adaptability and popularity throughout the world, the idiom of their speech, in their piety and their craving for freedom. It speaks in the living rhythm of the Homeland. This is the purpose, the essence of the new Austrian!

"To serve him . . . faithfully, Austrian for ever and aye, this is what the Federal Government has chosen as its supreme task."

He then went back over some of the ground of past years. It had always been his aim, he said, to let his Government faithfully reflect every aspect of the spiritual, social and economic life of the people. He had found himself unable to adopt foreign ideologies because, although they might well suit the nations for whom they were conceived, they were not framed for his Austria, whose development found no parallel save in the "brave free state of Portugal." The May Constitution by which he governed recognised no parties and therefore no coalition ministries; he aimed at the concentration of all popular forces of the people beyond any faction politics.

He had refrained from making criticisms of foreign ideologies, but he wished to point out that his Fatherland Front bore no

relationship either to the Front Populaire or to the Fuehrer Princip. He refused to have his rule classified as Right or Left, red, black, brown or green. His Front embraced everyone of his fellow-countrymen, and it was to this ideal that his service was primarily dedicated. The second factor guiding his work for Austria was the sacred charge of maintaining the peace of the world.

Then abruptly, without any preamble, came the words for which every person in the audience was waiting. "The Chancellor and Fuehrer of the German Reich invited me to a personal consultation, which took place at Obersalzberg on 12th February. The actual application of the well-known agreement of 11th July, 1936, which was intended to safeguard and regulate the relations of the two German states, has led to difficulties, the continuance of which signifies a source of acute danger . . ." Simple words, when written, not seemingly with any deep meaning—only the tone of the speaker gave the clue to their real significance. It was necessary to have been present in the hall to appreciate the sarcasm thrown into those two words "personal consultation" and the bitterness with which he spoke of the "Chancellor and Fuehrer" of the Reich. Not once in the course of the speech could he make his tongue utter the name Adolf Hitler; the memory of Berchtesgaden still rankled so much that to steady his feelings he was obliged to throw over that name the disguise of diplomatic form.

"The very fact that this personal meeting was treated as a political sensation far beyond the frontiers of our country and of the German Reich," he continued, "shows that, in spite of all our endeavours, we have not entirely succeeded in loosening the tensions which for years have been weighing upon both our lands; a condition which, according to our firm conviction, has been brought about by no fault or wish of Austria's and must be, for any length of time, unbearable, because abnormal. . . .

"So this day at Berchtesgaden was, as I [he paused and hastily added] and with me the Chancellor and Fuehrer of the German Reich—confidently hope—a landmark of Peace!"

He thanked God that at that present time the last vestiges

of the post-war revolutionary period, with its hunger, confusion, poverty and hopelessness, the crushing burden of the Peace Treaty, the accusation of war guilt, and the intrigues of the Socialists for power had been finally swept away. There was great bitterness in his tone as he said these words: "Those Socialists were the first and loudest in demanding the restoration of Austria's integrity, and in promising the workers a paradise, once the country had been liquidated and the mechanical Anschluss with the then Socialist Reich achieved." Those who had carried the burden of government in the Parliamentary Austria which had succeeded this revolutionary phase were obliged to fight with all their strength to preserve the entity of the nation, which threatened to disintegrate into Bolshevik Internationalism. They also had to fight against the wrongs of the Peace Treaties, and finally, it was their duty to maintain their ancient friendship with their neighbour Germany. Engelbert Dollfuss, when he assumed the leadership, in his turn declared that he recognised the ties binding his country to the Reich.

For the first time his voice betrayed deep emotion. "In spite of all efforts, there ensued a fratricidal struggle, with all its suffering and terror, no less painful and no less embittered in its various phases than in the unhappy past. And this struggle of brother with brother, with its crests and troughs in the waves of passion, with its unreckoned sacrifices, with its destruction and alienation of men, with its blood-bespattered trails and its unquenchable brands of hatred and embitterment, with its poisoned arrows, dipped in the arguments bred by political strife, with its crammed arsenals, full of weapons capable of harming and distorting public opinion—this fratricidal struggle has lasted a full five years."

No need to recall to his listeners the bomb outrages, the hand-grenades thrown in densely packed crowds, the eternal wireless propaganda, flaming swastikas in the mountains, fouling the night air with burning pitch, sullyng the winter snow with obscene scars. No need to recall Dollfuss, bleeding to death in the red-hung Corner Room on the Ballhausplatz, or Herma von Schuschnigg, with her neck broken, dead in the

smoking wreckage of a car on the Linz road. They understood the unspoken thought, the pain, the outrage and the grief hidden beneath his next words, words outwardly of content:

"And now we are to have peace!" (What peace? of death? Another statesman voiced a similar thought in that same year: "I think it is peace in our time." A year later, Europe was in flames.) "This conclusion of peace was the meaning and purpose of the Berchtesgaden meeting of the 12th February."

He betrayed nothing—not a word of the insults, of the shocking humiliation. *Consummatum est*. If his Agony in the Garden meant the salvation of Austria, he was content. For the rest, "I only wish to recall the dying words of Engelbert Dollfuss, '*I have never wanted anything but peace. We have never been the aggressors, we have always had to defend ourselves. May God forgive them.*' A dying man does not lie. He always speaks the truth."

He said that all Austrians were fully conscious that their destiny was allied with that of all German peoples. Dollfuss proclaimed the Germanism of Austria in 1933, when the new Constitution had been promulgated. He himself, at the time of the July Pact, acknowledged the common destiny of the peoples of north and south; he had nothing to add at this later time to that statement. The Fuehrer himself had admitted that the Berchtesgaden interview was complementary to that July Peace Pact which had so miserably failed to attain its object. It had been necessary to remove the obstacles lying in the way of a final reconciliation; basing all future negotiations on the July Pact, it should be remembered that the Fuehrer had expressly recognised Austria's independence in this Agreement. That Pact also contained a clause clearly stating that the internal political systems and problems of each State should be of no concern to the other. The question of the Austrian Nazis was one of the most important of these problems, and was expressly recognised as such by the Reich, which guaranteed not to interfere in the question in any way. The final clause of the Treaty provided for a general conformity in external affairs between Austria and Germany.

The Agreement had now been in force for nearly two years. Attempts had been made to obtain peace among the turbulent Nazi minority, notably the setting up of the Committee of Seven of the Teinfaltstrasse in February 1937. These men had recognised the May Constitution and the Patriotic Front and had agreed that any future illegal activity should be punishable by law. The Government had offered a political amnesty subject to the inclusion of the former Nazis in the Fatherland Front. That attempt at pacification had failed; but he would not at that date examine the reasons for its failure. One point at least, in favour of the plan, was the large number of genuine applications for membership of the V.F.

Tension during the period February 1937 to February 1938, had increased rather than diminished. This could obviously be laid at the door of fifth-column agents, who saw fit to poison inter-state relations by means of illegal propaganda and other methods. This was directly contrary to the declared policy of the German Chancellor, as shown in the July Agreement.

Now a new agreement had been concluded. It was his fervent wish that "it will wholly fulfil what both parties expect of it." He touched on the question of German internal policy, coldly remarking that these affairs had never been the subject of political discussion in Austria. The new agreement bade fair to give Austria lasting peace. Then, sadly, he recalled to his audience the events of 1934, and it seemed to them that his words contained something which might almost have been penitence for his part in the unhappy past. "We regret that we have been unable to make amends for all the mischief of 1934. The victims were many, too many . . . we lost our leader, Engelbert Dollfuss . . . in this hour, we bow our heads to all victims.

"The condition of a new era," he went on, "is the overcoming of hatred and an abandonment of that attitude, which, with the mere conception of an adversary combines the will to destroy him. . . . We all have a Fatherland. The Fatherland is unable to live if constant strife uproots its soil." For the safety and welfare of the country he proposed to give every

one of her citizens the chance to show his loyalty by joining the ranks of the V.F., in which there was room for all. After this, those ranks would be closed. He himself had relaxed his former rigid outlook to invite the old enemies of his Government, the Social Democrats, to co-operate in the ranks of this Front. Even to the National Socialists he had extended a similar invitation, provided that their attitude was, beyond the shadow of a doubt, in accordance with the principles of the Austrian State. Within his Patriotic Front there was no party; each man stood equal under his leadership.

"On the part of the German Reich," he said, "the assurance has been repeated that necessary provisions shall be made for non-interference in the internal political affairs of Austria—it has been agreed and stipulated that illegal activities in Austria may count on no measure of protection . . . every such activity will of necessity bring about the punishment provided by law. I have spoken of an honest peace. It was an honest peace because the principles which we have always upheld in connection with the constitution and the Front, in other words, in connection with the foundations of our State Constitution, have been preserved. WE KNEW EXACTLY THAT WE WERE ABLE TO GO, AND DID GO, TO THAT BOUNDARY LINE BEYOND WHICH CLEARLY AND UNEQUIVOCALLY APPEAR THE WORDS: 'SO FAR AND NO FARTHER!'"

"We have not hesitated to go as far as that boundary line, because, trusting in the word and in the personality of the Fuehrer and Chancellor, who so successfully guides the destinies of the great German Reich [was there a thought of sarcasm mingled with the bitterness which forbade him to mention the Adversary's name?], we have decided to walk a common road . . . which will . . . lead to the welfare of the Austrian Fatherland and all the German people.

"I wish to lay great stress upon that declaration that, fully conscious of my responsibility, and with a thorough consideration of the vital interests and the peaceful existence of our Fatherland, I am ready, without any mental reservation and with entire clearness of purpose, to redeem the Austrian word. I, and all of us, will be happy in the knowledge that a hard

time, full of sacrifices, has found its termination in a hard day, the 12th February, 1938, and has led to a genuine peace, which to maintain and deepen would be worth all the sacrifices."

Then he made his last call to the love of all true Austrians. "I especially summon the old and faithful standard-bearers of Austrian thought whose task is more than ever to rally to the banner of the Fatherland and to carry it aloft." After, with a touch of wry humour, "It is time to relegate to the lumber-room the slogans of a past epoch. Clerical and anti-clerical are terms whose long and hoary beards have ceased to impress enlightened men, and by which no young man will henceforth be moved. . . . Whoever speaks of Socialism or Nationalism, and whoever is wont to place National Socialism upon the altar of his thoughts, ought to consider it is not Nationalism or Socialism in Austria, but it is Patriotism which is the watchword!

"If, at this moment, the Austrian people in all its component parts is called upon to rally to the flag of the Fatherland, and if we are ready to emphasise solemnly and before all the world our unshakable determination to maintain the liberty and independence of our country, it is but meet that we render an account to show whether there is any basis in fact for this policy of independence. . . . Now and then in foreign countries [heavy sarcasm here] we are apt to meet with legendary notions about Austrian economic affairs which can spring only from a tendentious source. Looking back upon the developments of recent years, the *sober language of figures* shows that, while *we* have not been able to work wonders (which, under the circumstances and in view of our resources, nobody could have in fairness expected) there are unmistakable signs that a very considerable, solid and constantly broadening space of economic progress has been won. And this, in spite of the fact that no *other* country has had to contend with difficulties that equalled ours."

This little piece of irony produced roars of laughter from his sedate audience and considerable mystification among the uninitiated, who could not understand his references.

The quip in question was, of course, levelled against the Reich and its "Chancellor and Fuehrer" who, exactly one week ago, had treated his listeners to a solid three hours of raving and ranting on the subject of the achievements of his regime. Now this impudent "minor politician," as the Wilhelmstrasse would have liked to name him, had scattered the Fuehrer's card-house of twisted and faked figures with a single breath. Berlin raged. The Chancellor, completely aware of the havoc his words were causing, went blandly on "without wishing to go into too many details" (here a pause, while everyone had time to remember the "thousand tons" of this, and "thousand tons" of that which Hitler had bragged about) "let *the figures* speak for themselves."

Secure in the knowledge that his speech was being relayed over the whole of Germany, the Chancellor proceeded to give full details of the progress made. The parody of Hitler was irresistible, and from time to time the radio-listeners in Germany could hear bursts of laughter from the audience at points where the parallel became most obvious. They had been prepared for a speech of humble, servile submission.

The progress to which he referred was very real. The export trade had substantially increased, especially in the lumber industry, and even in spite of the recent tension had been successfully maintained. The Government was determined to free Austrian trade from the wilderness of Central European restrictions, and to develop commercial relations to the best advantage. The programme of reconstruction aimed to provide bread and work for all Austrians, and this the Fatherland Front was trying to achieve by increasing foreign trade. All, therefore, who supported the Front were helping their fellow-countrymen to live.

Not only export figures had risen; the production index, too, had risen from 62 to 104 per cent. in four years. Pig-iron, steel, rolled goods, cellulose, paper, millboard, cotton-yarn and petroleum, all showed increases of double, or sometimes treble, the pre-1933 output. The Austrian film industry had shown unmistakable signs of a revival, and Austrian agriculture, to which Dollfuss had devoted so much personal attention, had

increased the production of wheat, rye, potatoes and sugar by 170, 100, 43 and 1,100 per cent. respectively. Dairy and meat products showed similar encouraging signs. Thanks only to the Government's consistent wheat policy, the price of bread had been kept stable, in contrast to certain other countries which had been unable to control the rise.

The intensive foreign tourist propaganda had brought welcome business to the State railways. Passenger and goods traffic figures were up, and the hotel industry in the winter sports districts had had a minor boom. A revision of the internal railway policy with regard to return and cheap day tickets had increased traffic by about 75 per cent.

These figures, he said, would lose half their meaning if not related to the unemployment figures. This scourge of Austria had by no means been conquered, but in 1937 the figures were down by 100,000, and many more employed persons were registered under the Health Insurance scheme. That problem of unemployment was one which continued to absorb all the energies of the Government, for it was of supreme importance that work should be found for the army of young people who left school each year. It was the policy of his Government to encourage training and educational efforts for such of these as would be absorbed into skilled occupations. As for the unskilled labour, it was proposed in the coming year to create work in the building trade by means of State-aided schemes. During 1938 it was estimated that 299 million schillings would be voted for this purpose.

To improve the lot of the small man, alterations in the mortgage law were contemplated. The building costs of small flats and houses were to be subsidised to the extent of 10 per cent.

Certain points in the Government programme for 1938 stood out conspicuously. They covered the investigation and improvement of conditions in the large body of outworkers in Austrian industry; the modernisation and development of the telephone and telegraph system; the electrification of the State railways; the construction and development of electric power plants at Stubach and Ems; the introduction of right driving

and the alteration of the traffic control system; the encouragement of the tourist traffic by means of concessions to foreign visitors and credits to hotel proprietors. He paused and added as an aside, "Certainly not bad for a little country like ours." The remark was greeted with loud laughter and he continued his speech.

The Government was determined to keep to its declared economic policy. The Budget was balanced and the external debt had been reduced by more than half. The question of Austria's economic possibilities could be clearly and unequivocally answered in the affirmative. Peace was her only need for the completion of her recovery, and he who by discord or disturbance denied her that peace was her open enemy. Small as she was, it was to her interest to expand her foreign trade relations and to remove all barriers to the furthering of this interest.

Austria's relations with foreign states had remained normal for some time. As well as the renewed friendly relations with the Reich, friendship with Hungary, Italy, Britain, France, Switzerland and the U.S.A. had deepened.

At this moment, when all the world was occupied with Austria, he felt it his duty to remove all doubts of her people's unshakable will to independence. Though the present country had no roots in past history, it was a fixed point on the map of Europe, and an integral part of the pattern of world culture.

For these reasons alone, she had the right to demand freedom.

He could not, however, suppress a shade of bitterness in referring again to the Versailles Treaty, which had hit Austria as hard as Germany. No true Austrian based his desire for independence on this outworn, unjust document, dictated by long-dead necessities. Yet in spite of this remained the firm will of all her people to survive unchained. Desperately he cried, "Austria must remain Austria! Austria shall live, and it will live, because, even as it is, it is able to serve its own people, Germanic culture, destiny, the world and the spirit of peace.

"Solemnly, before all the world, we profess our allegiance to our Fatherland and the sacred laws which to us are the un-

changeable basis of right. We are a Christian state, a Germanic state, a free and independent state, and everybody in this country is free before the law."

The emotion which had shaken him died away, and he spoke once again of his efforts to win friendship from all countries, near and far. He said quietly: "One thing is not denied even we small fellows (especially if, like us, they owe their fate to an unfortunate war, and if, as in our case, the very generation of soldiers, whose own experience is connected with this fate, is called upon to shoulder the responsibility in their own country)—that is, to raise his voice if he believes that by so doing he is serving the preservation of peace and the welfare of the peoples. . . . What upholds us as Austrians—in spite of all wrong interpretations, fairy-tales and false reports which, because based on incorrect impressions, are liable to lead to wrong conclusions—which doubt the vitality and the will to live of our country—is the belief and knowledge, affirmed again and again in hundreds of years of changing history, of the immortality of Austria."

Once more he paused for a moment to swallow a mouthful of water, but the audience would not let him take up the thread of the speech again. They surged to their feet with a roar of cheering, crashing like breakers in a storm. Then a party near the tribune, caught up in a kind of exultation, began to sing the Emperor's hymn, the National Anthem of Austria—"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser." Soon everyone in the great hall had taken up the hymn, and the waves of sound hurled themselves deafeningly at the figure in the circle of light. When they had done, he held up his hand to still the wild cheering which followed, but it was useless, and it was not till they had sung the anthem of his home country, "I love my land Tyrol," that he was able to quiet them.

His eyes were wet as he gazed at the white blur of faces beyond the spotlights and the banked flowers. A miracle had just happened. He, Kurt von Schuschnigg, had just cast on one side the shackles of a lifetime, shackles of inhibitions which froze his tongue and paralysed his lips, which pinioned his hands to his sides and took the fire from his voice and his eyes. At last,

at long last, he had reached the summit of the mountain. All his life long he had been struggling to conquer these heights. He stood before the great assembly, no more the timid, tongue-tied lawyer, the deliverer of frigid, formal discourses which appealed only to legalists and dry-as-dust professors. A fire had touched him, burning his soul into a white-hot flame, forcing his lips into passion, defiance, anger and scorn. Emotions never before realised now found utterance. In that hour he was God-rapt, transfigured by the realisation of his love, and there needed no proof of the miracle. He knew, in his own heart, that in three hours he had won the prize which had cost him four years' striving. For the first time in his life he had moved an audience to weeping by his words, and in that same moment they had surrendered their hearts to him.

He had silence to speak at last. There was more he wished to say, although his voice was husky with fatigue. "It is clear to me that for many a staunch Austrian the past week has been a time of unheard-of tension and nervous strain [for one man, indeed, but he would not mention that]. Countless were the telegrams, letters and communications of every kind which reached me and my faithful colleagues, which spoke not only of a great anxiety, but also of an infinite amount of love for the Fatherland. I wish to thank all for this 'Will to Austria.' I wish to thank all, even those who, because of unsettled conceptions, may have temporarily lost their spiritual equilibrium. . . .

"Battle Comrades of the Front! I count on you, on your following, on your common sense and on your love for Austria. I wish to thank our splendid Army which embodies so worthily the old traditions of the Austrian military spirit. I wish to thank the civil administration of the State, especially the Vienna police—who have all worked under great difficulties. If I am unable to thank all those to whom thanks are due, do not find fault with me. Just let me thank all those who in these days have genuinely lived, acted and thought for Austria—especially the workers and peasants who have in a most impressive way manifested their will for the freedom of the country. . . . To-day is no time for social struggles, lock-outs or strikes. We need

work and the assurance of work. The thought of the other fellow who is in need of help must always be stronger than the thought of oneself who is in the fortunate possession of the necessities of life.

“What we wish to see abolished is the tendency of individuals or groups to speak in the name of all, even in the most unjustified circumstances. We still lack the will to overcome the temptation to save ourselves by means of convenient wholesale judgments, the trouble of painstaking and serious discussions in an honest search for reasonable solutions. *But—not* all workers subscribing to a resolution are Bolsheviki and not all employers who oppose demands with practical considerations are anti-social enemies of the State.

“I consider that there is no greater danger than the erection of new fronts between different classes of workers. The far-visionsed mentality of the Trade Union leaders assures me that there will be a right way out of the petty differences of the times. We want no more class fronts.”

Once again came the note of defiance, and those who knew only the old Kurt von Schuschnigg were astonished at his next words:

“One thing I would like to state clearly now—even if the appeal should prove unavailing. If any kind of front should be established: a workman—an intellectual!—you’ll always find me in the camp of the workman. . . . Not every man who subscribes to National Socialism . . . need necessarily be a bad Austrian. Not everyone, whether he be Socialist, Christian Social or German Nationalist—is a wicked enemy, provided he is ready to serve the thought of the Fatherland. To let men find the way to their fellow-men, that is the problem of the hour.

“The good Austrian—it is upon him that I call, now, of all times, to co-operate in the fight for a common ideal animating him and others—for Austria! You may rely on it—we shall not betray our great traditions, neither shall we forget them. You will understand that I am ready at all times to listen to plans and suggestions of a practical and personal kind, but that, as a matter of principle, I must ignore them if they come in the form of demands.

"The time of the defensive and of repelling attacks is over. Now begins the period of inward concentration, of the close formation and development of the Austrian position. If you should now ask me, 'Do you believe in the accomplishment of your programme, and what guarantees have you?' my reply is: I do not only believe it, I know it!

"Deep in my heart I carry the conviction that the spirit of Engelbert Dollfuss, and of all the martyrs of this country, watches over and guards the feeble strength of those upon whom to-day's responsibilities rest. And if you want to hear it, I trust in the good Lord who will not forsake our country. This trust, however, presumes that the Lord helps only those who are willing to stake their every effort and strength and to concentrate all their will-power.

"And because we are determined, the victory is beyond a doubt!

"Until death: Red—White—Red! Austria!"

The crowd on the Ring was wild with excitement. They surged against the police cordon, elbowing each other to catch a glimpse of the lighted door of the Rathaus, through which the Chancellor would shortly come. In a few minutes he appeared, hatless, in his grey coat with the Sam-Browne strap, at the head of a procession of Fatherland Front officials and members which swung off at quick marching pace down the torchlit streets. As he passed by, the packed, waving throngs, the shouts grew deafening "*Heil Schuschnigg, Schuschnigg Heil!*" "*Oesterreich!*" "*Front Heil!*" "*Hoch dem Kanzler!*" For the first time in his lonely life he was the darling, the idol, the hero of the crowd. He knew it, and they knew it. There was nothing between them now, no barriers of birth or creed or politics. He was simply their Leader, who was going to save them.

But in spite of the cheering, the thought which must have been uppermost in the Chancellor's mind, as he walked through the chill of the February night, was of Seyss-Inquart's gloomy silence during his speech. When the rest of his audience had wept and cheered and sung, his friend had sat near the tribune, glum and dispirited. The only occasion on which

he had clapped was at the reference to Austria's "German" mission.

Vienna was in a state of wild excitement all that evening. There were the usual scenes in the cafés, speeches and toasts drunk to the new hero. "Schuschnigg's a great fellow!" was heard everywhere. "He told Hitler where he got off last Saturday and he'll fix everything." Women looked sentimentally at the pictures of the Chancellor which decorated all the public places—post offices, hoardings, kiosks—and called him "unser Kurt" for the first time.

There was great rejoicing in Linz also. The population had listened to the speech relayed through the public loud-speakers and afterwards had joined in a torchlight procession organised by the Federal Governor. The atmosphere, however, was slightly marred by a handful of Nazi demonstrators demanding that the swastika flag should be run up on the town hall.

Salzburg, in the shadow of the Fuehrer's eyrie, remained loyal, and 35,000 people demonstrated in the streets when the Chancellor had finished speaking. Their spokesman, addressing the crowd, gave them their slogan, "We swear that Austria shall live for ever!"

CHAPTER XX

"SAY YES TO AUSTRIA!"

Austria shall remain Austria if only we will it. So be it then! It shall! It shall!—K. VON SCHUSCHNIGG.

ON the surface, life in Vienna was quiet during the days following the Chancellor's speech in the Rathaus, but beneath there was a kind of bubbling, ant-like activity. The people may have looked placid, carefree and as though invasion was nothing but a dream, but in odd corners in the most unlikely places, striking things were happening.

The Studenten Freikorps held a demonstration. Picked representatives marched into the Ministry of the Interior and delivered a sharp lecture to the Minister on muddle in Government affairs. They were, of course, ejected by messengers, but not at all dismayed, they proceeded to plaster the walls of Government offices with a short manifesto, "Das wollen wir der Welt beweisen, das zwischen zerbrochenem Österreichertum und Schlamperei, gar kein gegründeter Zusammenhang besteht"—"We wish to inform the world that there is no connection between the real Austria and the prevailing Schlamperei of the Government."

The Nazi emblems had been chalked on walls, painted on pavements and advertisement pillars, scattered like confetti, for the past five years. Now the Socialists followed suit, and one morning the Viennese found little squares of red paper pasted on all the lamp-posts, pillar-boxes and telephone kiosks.

A map was displayed in the notorious tourist office on the Kärntner Ring, which showed Austria incorporated in the Reich. Free fights occurred between Austrians who approved of Anschluss and those who did not. After particularly dark and moonless nights, when the police were at a disadvantage, windows of Jewish shops in the Mariahilferstrasse and other large thoroughfares would be found shattered by bricks thrown by Nazi sympathisers. In several cinemas news-reels showing

both Hitler and Schuschnigg caused riots among the different factions in the audiences. Missiles would be hurled at the screen and the commentary drowned by mingled shouts of "*Hoch! Sieg Heil!*" "*Heil Schuschnigg!*" "*Heil Hitler!*" Persons amusing themselves in beer gardens would hail acquaintances with apparently meaningless shouts of "*Drei liter!*"—"three litres"—as if they wanted their tankards refilled, but in reality, because the greeting sounded like "*Heil Hitler!*"

Wild rumours were going the rounds. Some people were perfectly certain that there would be no invasion, because there was a secret pact of military assistance with Italy. "The Rome-Berlin Axis is all so much camouflage," these observers said. "Mussolini cannot afford to see Hitler standing on the Brenner. Our Chancellor (God bless him—he's deeper than you'd think) fixed it up with Uncle Benito a long time ago. All these motor roads the Government makes such a song about now. What should we be doing with motor roads in a bankrupt country like ours? The real use of them is for troops—Italian troops who are going to guarantee our independence."

What had become of the Innsbruck that the Chancellor loved? A subtle change had come over the beautiful Maria Theresienstrasse, shadowed by the violet-coloured mountains, glorious with the colour of the Golden Roof and the warm tints of old stonework. It was no longer the street down which he had walked a thousand times in the old days. The windows of the dark damp-smelling bookshops were decorated, not with the red and white striped covers of *Dreimal Oesterreich*, but with lovingly arranged piles of *Mein Kampf*, centring around a framed photograph of the Fuehrer. All the silly boys and girls of the city clustered round these windows in their spare time, flattening their noses against the thick green panes and gazing in a kind of sick adoration at their idol. They could find nothing better to do with their lunch hour, too, than to parade in line through the narrow streets, flaunting the forbidden white stockings and shouting all the well-known Nazi slogans, mixed with abusive remarks such as "Pfui Schuschnigg!" "Hang the traitors!" and "Down with the Jews!"

A whispering campaign was in full swing in Vienna, aimed at undermining confidence in the Government. To the small officials, the disgruntled Socialists, the lower middle classes without much money, the whisperers said, "Look at the Cabinet. All the Ministers are either barons or little princelings. Look at the upper Civil Service—all the good posts are in the hands of the Chancellor's favourites—University men like himself. The small man hasn't a chance in this Austria, whereas Adolf Hitler's advisers are all men of the people!" They mumbled in the trams, in the trains, in the cafés: "The Government has no contacts with the people. It is a collection of men who seized power and never thought to consult Austrians when they did so. Schuschnigg likes to act the part of the Grand Llama of Tibet, far away from the gaze of mere mortals. Soon he'll find out that playing the sacred oracle locked away in his holy of holies at the Belvedere doesn't pay. We want a leader like Adolf Hitler, who was the son of a postman and isn't ashamed to own it!" To the anti-clericals they whispered, "The Government is full of Jesuits and the sons of Jesuits—courtiers of an invisible King. The Chancellor is the *éminence grise* of this century; he was trained by the black moles and he wants to bind us to the apron-strings of the priests. No Popery for Austria!" A clever writer produced a poem which very nearly deceived the editor of a leading Vienna daily into publishing it, ostensibly an appreciation of the Chancellor's book, but in reality an acrostic, reading "Meineidiger Jesuit"—"Perjured Jesuit."

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This unobtrusive activity suddenly welled up into serious disturbances following the Chancellor's speech. On 26th February there were riots in the Nazi stronghold, Graz, and the Army had to be called out to disperse the demonstrators. It became known that the local N.S.D.A.P. members were organised into one of the notorious S.S. Standards, and that ever since 1934 they had been drilling secretly, while biding their time. They were eager to strike for Anschluss now, but

the Austrian Government intercepted a message from across the frontier, telling them to hold their fire for the time being.

Vienna was more full of rumours than ever. One report said that sixty thousand Nazis had risen in Styria and were about to march upon the capital. Even the Ministers were affected by the general panic which the news caused, and the Front Leader Zernatto informed the Chancellor, in great agitation, that his telephone was being tapped and that every recent confidential conversation that he had had, had been recorded by German agents. It was well known that the Schlossberg peak, which overlooked Salzburg, *on the Austrian side of the border*, had been decorated with a colossal portrait of Hitler in electric lights, which could be seen after dark over all the surrounding countryside.

On 27th February all was quiet once more. The troops had done their work, and the Viennese flying squad had disposed of the Nazis for the time being. The roads of Austria presented a familiar appearance—barbed-wire entanglements, felled tree-trunks, old carts and other obstacles barricading them every mile or so, machine-gun posts at important corners, and helmeted soldiers everywhere.

The great quiet which had fallen on Graz with the arrival of the military lasted for exactly two days. On 1st March a great campaign for Austria and for Schuschnigg was planned to commence. It had been arranged that three thousand Patriotic Front demonstrations should be held simultaneously all over Austria. Graz was, of course, included in the scheme, and to ensure that matters went off well, Dr. Seyss-Inquart, Minister for Security, was sent down. He had been sent by the Chancellor with the sole object of restoring peace in the town, and this his friend fully trusted him to do. However, among the reports placed on Dr. Schuschnigg's desk that evening was one describing his arrival and the march past of hundreds of Nazis in his honour, concluding with the giving of the Hitler salute by the new Minister. It is said that on reading this final proof of his betrayal, Schuschnigg wept.

On 4th March, another open clash with Seyss occurred. The Minister agreed that Nazis in Austria might wear swastika

badges and give the *Heil Hitler!* greeting privately. This was done without any consultation with the Chancellor, who went livid when he was told of the order, and instantly countermanded it. His prohibition had little effect. The Nazis simply took to wearing the badges under their coat lapels, and ostentatiously flicked their collars back when passing comrades in the streets. It was said that one could hear *Heil Hitler!* everywhere but in Government offices, and that even so, the Civil Servants were hurrying to put their names down as members of the Party, in order to keep their jobs when the "change" came.

While the provinces were disturbed by the Nazi disorders, events had been moving quickly in Vienna. On the day before the Chancellor's speech in the Rathaus, the Government Trade Union called upon the working classes to sign a declaration of their determination "to fight for the preservation of a free and independent Austria in which the workers and employees are themselves free and independent." The appeal brought in nearly a million signatures in a single day, but in certain quarters it was suggested that they had been obtained by a "block vote system." This meant that the workers themselves were not consulted in the matter and that representatives merely spoke for them.

The real move, and it was one of supreme importance, came from the Chancellor himself. In his frenzied search for allies who would help to save Austria, he was willing to humble himself to his old enemies, the Vienna Socialists. The pressing danger of invasion made him revise the opinions of the past twenty years. He realised that the workers stood to lose most if Adolf Hitler came to power in Austria, and for the first time he began to see that their patriotism was quite as fierce as his own. The peril of Austria broke down the old barriers which had restrained him, aloofness and "*raideur*" of character, Catholicism, the inhibitions of Stella Matutina, the fear of Bolshevism. He was willing to forget the fight under Dollfuss against the "Red Terror," the "Civil War" of 1934, and his own four-years' struggle against the underground movement.

Would the workers in their turn forget the Karl Marx Hof,

and the death of leaders like Koloman Wallisch? On 4th March the Chancellor asked the heads of the Viennese Committees of Shop Stewards to see him to discuss certain urgent matters. The men put 1934 out of their minds and came. When they stood in his office, they explained, without mincing matters, that they were no supporters of his in the ranks of the *Gewerkschaftsbund*, but leaders of the *Illegals* who had been hostile to the Christian Corporative State from the outset. He, with some new-found tolerance, said that he understood, and hoped that they might work together for the good of the Fatherland. "Herr Bundeskanzler," the men replied, "we for our part are willing to co-operate, but you must realise that the workers must have something to fight for. They will not fight for a State in which they have no rights or privileges. Before they will stand at your side, they must have the liberties which were taken away in 1934."

Once more the Chancellor said that he understood their point. "But if," he said, "we are to discuss such matters, please confine yourselves to practical demands. Once we begin to talk about political rights and liberties we shall never agree, and what is more, my Government will be accused of trying to form a Red Front."

The leaders agreed to this, and presented their requests—that the Trade Union movement should no longer be considered illegal, that freely elected workers' representatives should have places in the *Gewerkschaftsbund*, that the workers should have the right of free speech and should be allowed one uncensored Left Wing newspaper of their own, and that all previous Government decrees which affected the workers' standard of living should be cancelled.

Mr. G. E. R. Gedye says that Dr. Schuschnigg listened "almost respectfully" to these demands. After agreeing that they seemed reasonable, and promising to fulfil them as far as possible, he referred his visitors to the Government Labour Chiefs, Rott, Watzek and Staud, who would discuss details.

When the men consulted their fellow-Socialists on the day's happenings, it was resolved, after much argument, to notify the Chancellor of their support, provided certain other points

relating to equality of political rights, restoration of confiscated property, overtime payments and the control of the Government Social Service Organisation were conceded. Dr. Schuschnigg considered that these demands, too, though hard, were justified. "I am handing over all the negotiations to the heads of the appropriate Departments now," he said; "if they are unreasonable, come straight back to me and I will override any objections."

There was considerable dissension among the workers themselves over these discussions, but the majority agreed that although they could never actively support the Schuschnigg Government, they must side with the Chancellor as their only hope against Hitler. As for him, his meeting with these men, whose existence had hitherto scarcely been known to him, had given him new heart, for he realised more acutely than ever before what lay at stake for the masses in Austria.

He received heartening proof of the way in which the people trusted him. On 6th March he found time to attend the Sunday evening performance of the Vienna Philharmonic at the Lothringarstrasse concert-hall. Although the majority of the audience had no idea that he was present, one keen-eyed man in the front stalls caught sight of him when the lights went on at the interval. He lost no time in passing the news on, and quite soon the whole audience was on its feet, facing towards his box, clapping and cheering. The Chancellor rose to his feet, scarcely knowing what to do. First he gestured towards the orchestra, as if asking the crowd to applaud them, but they would not take the hint and cease cheering. Only when he clasped his hands to beseech them to be quiet did the demonstration cease.

The Czech Premier Hodza paid a visit to Vienna round about this time. The opera *Dalibor*, by the Czech composer Smetana, was put on in his honour, and the Chancellor accompanied his guest to the performance. There, once again, the audience rose and cheered him for ten minutes on end, to his very great embarrassment.

Besides these spontaneous signs of enthusiasm, there was

great activity on the part of the V.F. Ordinary citizens who had never been interested in politics in their lives now attended Front meetings and the great rallies which the Government was holding to popularise its programme.

A great meeting of the Youth Section (Jungfolk) of the V.F. was held at Ottakring, but Nazi rowdies gained admission and broke it up. The Chancellor himself snatched an hour on Sunday, 6th March, to come and talk to the Women's Section of the Front. "I ask your pardon that I have not been able to spare you many anxious hours during this last month," he said. "All I implore you to do is to keep your nerve, and to be certain that I will keep mine." When he had finished speaking, many of the audience were weeping.

On the same night there was turmoil in the University between the rival factions, but thanks to the Chancellor's order of 1934, the police were able to enter and disperse the students. Many Nazis were arrested. This minor victory was, however, offset by the broadcast of Dr. Jury of the Teinfaltstrasse, who introduced himself to the Austrian people as State Councillor.

The foreign press had burst into a spate of cartoons on the Austrian political situation. *Le Rire* featured von Papen as "la Nouvelle Salomé," dancing before Hitler-Herod, with the head of the Austrian Chancellor on a salver. *Marianne* had a cartoon in the Raemaker's tradition, entitled "Crucifixion sur la Croix Gamée."

Five days later, on Wednesday, 9th March, Count Huyn of the London Embassy was standing on the platform of Innsbruck station, waiting for the Paris-bound express, as he was returning to duty in England. He noticed that every street in Innsbruck was decorated with flags, and that a tremendous crowd had gathered on the Sued-Tyroler Platz to welcome the Chancellor to the city. It was early afternoon and the Count had just sufficient time to see the Chancellor alighting from his special reserved Pullman at the end of the train. "He was youthful-looking and energetic," said Huyn, "but his hair was already grey, and his face showed traces of what he had endured during the past few weeks." Dr. Schuschnigg passed down the

station steps and got into a large open car with his aide; and then passed out of sight as he was driven across the Square. A thunderous burst of cheering told Count Huyn that the crowds had already caught sight of him; it continued for nearly five minutes after the car passed along the beflagged streets, but as the noise died away into the distance, a sharp, reiterated cry of "*Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!*" cracked across the town like a whip.

Innsbruck opened her arms to her son. He had discarded the formal morning dress of the politician and the uniform of the soldier. He came back to his own people, in the town which had reared him, dressed as any Tyroler—under the grey Fatherland Front overcoat a grey loose jacket and a green Tyrolese waistcoat with wooden buttons. In his hand he was carrying a soft green trilby, decorated with the traditional chamois-tuft.

There was a great deal of excitement to hear what the Chancellor had to say, for his secret had been well kept. The newspaper men thought that he had come to preach to the converted. The Nazis thought that they would hear a continuation of the previous Sunday's sarcasm and accordingly took precautions, for the man on the Radio Ravag controls was an N.S.D.A.P. member, and deliberately overlaid parts of the broadcast with an Italian opera from Turin.

He began his speech, more tired than usual in voice and eyes.

"Fellow-countryman, comrades of the Patriotic Front, first of all, in accordance with the good old custom, let me respond to the welcome extended to me with a cordial 'Grüss Gott!' This evening I want first of all to quote a motto from one of the great German songs of freedom which has become world famous. Perhaps I may be permitted to vary it slightly to suit the present place and hour—'Ans Heimatland, ans teure, schliess dich an, das halte fest mit deinem ganzen Herzen, dort sind die Wurzeln deiner Kraft.'

"Fellow-countrymen, you must not expect a formal speech from me to-night. There is nothing I can add to what has been said in recent speeches by way of clarifying the situation.

And yet I felt an inner urge to say what I have to say at this decisive hour, to express the thoughts uppermost in my mind, in my native province, that province which first returned me to its deputy to Parliament ten years ago, that province to which we have all of us returned whenever we have felt a need to attain clarity, to find strength, to gain a true perspective of events, and to affirm emphatically our faith in our native soil, our people and the Fatherland.

"Comrades, I know that the time is one which makes great demands on you all, on your patience, on your nerves, on your confidence. I thank you with all my heart for your vociferous burst of enthusiasm which, I well know, has not been evoked by your feelings for me, but your love for the Fatherland, and, I hope and believe, the path which the Fatherland is resolved to tread.

"I am not, however, so very much concerned with your enthusiasm at this juncture. I am not appealing to your feelings, but first and foremost to your reason, your understanding, and therefore I wish to tell you quite clearly and unequivocally what are my aims, how I envisage the future course of events, and what I am most profoundly convinced is essential in Austria for the welfare of the nation, the welfare of every class and calling, the welfare of our native province, the welfare of our Fatherland.

"When, ten years ago, I was privileged, from this platform and in this hall, in my native town of Innsbruck, to make my first political speech, the keynote of my speech was—

"PEACE AND UNITY.

"Knowing full well that only the strong can adopt this watchword, I repeat it at this hour, addressing my words far beyond the circle of the friends gathered together in this hall, to the whole of Austria. My appeal is to reason. Once again I exhort you to unity.

"What are our aims?

"It is our aim to find in the immediate future, places in industry and trade for thirty thousand young people. It is our

aim that through the Labour Front, further battalions of young people, willing and able to work, shall be snatched from idleness and want and habituated to work.

"It is our aim not only to proceed with last year's programme of emergency works, but materially to surpass it. . . . We intend to proceed with the construction of dams and other public works which are of particular advantage to the peasantry and of benefit to the whole country.

"We intend . . . to solve the question of the workers' holidays.

"Our aim, in a word, is that the people of this country shall have work. . . .

"And now I ask you all, and I must ask you, must ask all Austrians—what do you want? .

"Work or politics?

"It is impossible to have both simultaneously for any length of time. That may be all very well for an interim period, but now we must have peace, and hence all those who have any sense of responsibility, who stand by this German people, must be resolved to give the people what it needs in order to live. FOR WE MEAN TO LIVE.

"In order to carry our policy into effect I must know whether the people of Austria approve of the path we propose to take.

"What path are we taking?

"It is just four years ago since that morning of July 25th when I was among those standing by the coffin of Engelbert Dollfuss. His body had been laid out for the time being in the room which is now my workroom, and the Tyrolese Kaiserjäger kept the first watch over it.

"One does not forget such a moment.

"At such a moment one makes resolutions, and one stands or falls by them, and cannot depart from them. At that time . . . I took up the reins of government. One thing was clear from the outset. . . . It was essential to find a way back . . . to unity, to national peace and reconciliation, and IT WAS ESSENTIAL TO ELABORATE A POLICY FOR AUSTRIA SO CLEARLY THAT NO ONE COULD TAKE EXCEPTION TO IT AS HAVING EITHER A PREDOMINANTLY SOCIAL OR PREDOMINANTLY NATIONAL TINGE. It

was my ambition to establish the peace that Dollfus desired. . . . And thus I took the path in full awareness of the responsibility it laid upon me.

"I told myself what it was we wanted.

"We want a free (and German) Austria.

We want an independent and social Austria.

We want a Christian and united Austria.

We want bread, and peace in the land, and we want equal rights for all who take their stand by the people and their Fatherland.

"It was to this end that I and my fellow-workers again and again appealed to our countrymen in the Tyrol and the whole of Austria. There was never any doubt that we for our part were perfectly sincere, and it was in logical pursuance of our policy that we concluded the Pact of July 11th, 1936, and the

"BERCHTESGADEN AGREEMENT OF FEBRUARY, 1938.

"It was a perfectly consistent step. *We* mean to keep the Agreement, and we know and are convinced that it is interpreted in strict accordance with its letter and spirit." He was very hoarse towards the end of this sentence, but his next words quivered, not merely with strain, but with hysteria, according to an authority present :

"But now I will and I must know whether the people of Austria *want* this free and German, independent, social, Christian and united Fatherland. . . . I must know now whether the watchword 'Peace and bread in the land' can really bring our fellow-countrymen together, and their Front, which is invincible, and whether the concept of equal rights for all in the country, provided that they stand by the people and the country, is acceptable to all without exception.

"It is this that I must know now, and therefore, fellow-countrymen of the Tyrol, fellow-Austrians, men and women, I call upon you in this hour—

NEXT SUNDAY, MARCH 13TH, WE ARE HOLDING
A PLEBISCITE.

"I have again and again mentioned that I do not desire that we in Austria should build our conception of the Fatherland on persons or personal regimes. Every one of us is a worker in Austria. For years there have been continual demands for a plebiscite. Now the moment for it has come.

"Out with your affirmation of faith!

"I know that it is true of the population of all the Austrian provinces, I know that we all desire—true independence. And that is why I feel impelled to give proof, before God and the world, and the whole German people, that mindful of our duty and conscious of the historic importance of this moment, we are prepared to stand up for our independence, for the political independence of Austria.

"A plebiscite will be held on Sunday.

"You who are drawn up in the ranks of the Fatherland Front, under the red-white-red banner, you who have rallied to the national colours and the ideal of Dollfuss—it is to you that I address the watchword 'Friends, close your ranks!'

"It must be made clear without a shadow of a doubt what things are legal and what illegal.

"As to what is illegal, we can have no truck with it. It is open to everyone to co-operate legally. . . . I appeal to everyone, and not least to our Austrian workers.

"Now I want to be quite frank and open. The threats and attempts at intimidation which have been made here and there under the cloak of patriotic sentiment, and under the alleged sanction of the Front" (a jab at Seyss-Inquart), "cannot be tolerated. There must be goodwill on all sides.

"All of you have now been engaged in years of political struggle. I must now ask of you obedience and understanding. You must not lose heart or let yourselves be led astray by rumours. Friends, keep your sense of humour and hold your heads as high as usual. Then all will be well. Not one of you will be to blame if the hard path we have to tread in the interests of the whole people, of our native land, and of our Fatherland and of peace, does not lead to success.

"There must be peace in the land. I stand by the Agreement in the fullest awareness of my responsibilities. It is necessary. It must be carried out. BUT NOT A COMMUNISM!"

"I think it my duty to state that there are Austrians with party ties from this and that camp, who have taken a firm stand in relation to the problems of the new era. The National Socialist is welcome in our camp, provided he confines him self to legal activities, and will enjoy equality of rights.

"Every member of a party has still, of course, his political opinions and convictions, and there must be equality of rights for all. To discriminate in this respect would be false and dishonest.

"The workers are welcome in the Front, but party formations cannot be tolerated. You must show that you are used to discipline, that you understand the times. . . .

"Fellow-countrymen, believe me, I know what it means to bear responsibility. I took sole responsibility for this decision. I stand or fall, with all I hold dear and believe, by this affirmation of faith that the Austrian people is to make. . . . I cannot conceive that a single man or woman who knows what is at stake can to-day be against our watchword.

"Fellow-countrymen of Tyrol, Austrians, I call upon you, in accordance with the instructions which the Governor of the Province will give you—to remember the word of exhortation that even in peaceful times we have quoted in our province in the past when there has been mention of the events of the year 1809—

"'Mensch, es ist zeit!'

"Therefore we shall give proof, though without any ill intentions towards anyone, that a new epoch is dawning in the land. If God wills, a sunny and blessed epoch, which will allow the wounds of yesterday to heal and will unite the people of the country under a common banner. That is why an appeal is made to all men of good will, whatever their political views. Affirm your faith in unity, men and women, Tyrolers and Austrians, say 'Yes!' to Tyrol!

"Say 'Yes!' to Austria!"

As he drove away from the building of the Provincial Diet in his open limousine, the crowds surged forward against the protective wall of steel-helmeted soldiers. The women nearest his car began to pelt him with flowers, and the photographs which appeared the next day show him clutching one of these tributes—a single spray of laurel leaves.

BLACK FRIDAY

"There shouldst thou find one heinous article -
 Cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
 Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven,
 Nay, all of you that stand and look upon
 Whiles that my wretchedness doth bate myself,
 Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
 Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard II.*

THE Innsbruck speech gave their courage back to the Austrian people. The Nazis were now the party whose cries were shouted down. How could any loyal Austrian say No! to the Chancellor's question—"Are you for an independent and social, Christian, Germanic and united Austria?"

His speech had given new resolution to his own supporters, the members of the V.F., who now turned to beating up the Nazis and hounding them off the streets. He had given confidence and faith once more to the terrified mass of little men, people with, maybe, no definite political opinions beyond their desire that Austria should remain free. By his own words he had restored freedom and a weapon with which to fight to his old enemies, now his comrades in arms, the Socialists. They now wore the old Party badge openly and shouted "Freedom!" as they passed in the streets.

Unbiased observers estimated that the Chancellor would receive between sixty and seventy per cent. of the votes. V.F. members put the percentage as high as eighty. The Nazis, of course, stormed at the idea of this plebiscite for which they themselves had once agitated so long and so vainly, because they were faced with the possibility of ignominious defeat. In the usual manner of Satan reproving sin, Berlin instructed them to insinuate that there was dishonesty in the voting arrangements. This dishonesty apparently consisted of the

fact that boys and girls under twenty-four (that is to say, the backbone of the Austrian Nazi Party) were prohibited by the Constitution from voting. They ignored the all too obvious fact that twenty-four was the legal time of coming of age in Austria.

These protests were confined to more or less official circles, for the Nazi rabble remained strangely silent throughout the daylight hours of Thursday, 10th March. The Jews on the Kaerntnerstrasse, however, put up their shutters, fearing demonstrations. As darkness fell, the real trouble began with the usual window-smashing, which the police, controlled by Seyss-Inquart, refused to check. Old Socialist Schutzbundlers were burning to be at the throats of the Nazis, but V.F. headquarters, fearing provocations, tied their hands, and refused to allow any counter-demonstrations.

The Chancellor was being harassed by the reports which were laid before him from minute to minute. Seyss-Inquart was conspiring with the Graz Nazis—an armed putsch by the Austrian Legion was threatened if the plebiscite were held—Seyss-Inquart was about to call for armed intervention by the Reich—Staud of the *Gewerkschaftsbund* refused to come to terms with the workers.

Borne down under a flood of complaints, abuse and recriminations designed by the Nazis in his Cabinet to batter down his resistance, he was scarcely able to force through any measures against this determined opposition. With great difficulty he succeeded in arranging a meeting with the Trades Union leaders for three o'clock on Friday afternoon, and agreed to let the underground Socialist leader Sailer speak to the workers over the radio on the next evening. In spite of pressure, he was also able to contact General Zehner about the serious situation in Graz; as Seyss-Inquart's police took no action, they ordered troops, tanks and military aircraft to the town to intimidate the Nazi rioters.

The position was so grave that he now staked all on the result of the plebiscite. No repressive measures could be considered adequate to cope with the menace; the only thing which could possibly save Austria was the united and freely

expressed determination of her people to preserve their independence. Sir Nevile Henderson calls his attempt to secure that affirmation "a desperate gambler's throw." Why desperate? The Chancellor knew that the majority of Austrians stood by him, and his only fear was lest Berlin should prevent the vote being taken. There were three days more till Sunday, 13th March, during which anything might happen. Until midday on Sunday there could be no relaxation of the tension in the race for time which the Chancellor ran against Adolf Hitler.

On the Friday morning it was clear and cold and sunny in Vienna. On the Graben women were selling white narcissi and tulips in sheaves. A sharp breeze whipped along the Ring, making the branches of the leafless lime trees, just now starred here and there with tiny buds, rustle and snap. Overhead in the hard blue of the sky, there was a rhythmic purring of aero engines, part of the tiny Austrian air force, which was scattering hundreds of leaflets from the bomb-racks upon the heads of passers-by. "Say 'Yes!' for Austria!" "With Schuschnigg for Freedom!" "Heil Oesterreich! Es gibt keine Ehre ohne Freiheit!" Army lorries tore screaming through the streets; mounted on them, perched on the running-boards, clinging to the radiators, were the boys of the Sturm-korps, Dr. Schuschnigg's personal guard, also showering armfuls of papers over the sidewalks. As they raced by they yelled the Chancellor's slogan at the tops of their voices:

"Rot-weiss-rot, bis in der Tod!
Unser Fahne bleibt Rot-weiss-rot!"

The whole face of Vienna was changed. During the previous night, V.F. members had been painting Dollfuss crutched crosses on pavements, walls, kiosks and pediments of statues. As soon as the printing presses could turn them out, the bill stickers began to plaster the walls with vast posters—some of the old type, with the leaden-hued death-mask of Engelbert Dollfuss, others with the face of Kurt von Schuschnigg, scarcely less deathlike, strained and imploring, the mournful eyes compelling the gaze of passers-by to the single word "OESTER-

REICH" which stood under the portrait in black Gothic letters. Pale beneath the pale hair, that face haunted the minds of the Viennese long after these events had passed.

They were stencilling his portrait also—in black paint, so indelible that for months neither the feet of the passers-by nor the driving rain could wash it from the paving-stones.

The Chancellor had been working without a break for many hours. At ten o'clock in the morning, Seyss-Inquart and Glaise-Horstenau left a small café in an unfrequented side street (not their usual Herren Kafé) and walked towards the Chancellery. Seyss, at least, had seen to it that he was not deprived of a night's sleep. At eight o'clock he had remarked to Glaise that it would be well to have a good meal before calling at the Chancellery, because he, for his part, had no wish to start negotiations on an empty stomach. "As for friend Kurt," he said, "he told me himself a day or so ago, that he smokes nearly seventy cigarettes a day now. If he feels like bargaining after a breakfast consisting of one cup of coffee and three cigarettes, I've no objections to raise. It certainly puts us at an advantage."

Seyss-Inquart's guess was right. The Chancellor was over-smoking heavily in an effort to soothe his jagged nerves, but without result. The *crises de nerfs* which had troubled him before, now came with increasing frequency, playing him odd tricks. He had lost much of his old self-possession; his once calm, cold fingers were never still, but were always tapping feverishly on his desk-top; mere nothings caused him to spring into a violent rage. He needed rest above everything, but that was impossible to obtain. During the past week he had only been able to sleep by dozing off, bolt upright in his office chair, in snatches of a quarter of an hour at a time.

Seyss and Glaise spent about an hour with him. As he departed, his "friend" remarked that "Dr. Schuschnigg received us in a very nervous way and showed no appreciation of the present position." The Chancellery staff remained wrapped in gloomy silence after the visit, but it gradually became obvious that an ultimatum had been delivered.

Directly after the two had left, an announcement was broadcast on the Austrian radio: "All unmarried Reservists of the 1915 class are to report for duty and are to collect their uniforms immediately."

It was many months before the full story of that interview was told, by Dr. Martin Fuchs, in his book, *A Pact with Hitler*.

Seyss and Glaise seated themselves opposite the Chancellor, and for a few moments there was an embarrassed silence. Seyss was the first to speak, saying that the plebiscite which Dr. Schuschnigg had ordered without his Party's knowledge or approval was an offence to the Austrian National Socialists. In fact, it was contrary to the Berchtesgaden Agreement and had obliged his *Parteigenossen* to "look after themselves." If the plebiscite were not cancelled by one o'clock that afternoon, they (the Nazis) would shortly be forced to call up the members of the party, *the bulk of the population*, for the purpose of *protecting* themselves from the savage and unprovoked assaults of the V.F. men. He found it "unnecessary to stress the consequences of such an action, which would have the full approval of the German Reich."

Seyss stopped for breath and observed his chief. Dr. Schuschnigg was shaking with the rage he was vainly trying to control. Grinding the cigarette he was about to light into a pulp, he said hoarsely, "That does not ring true. You knew all about the plebiscite. . . . I deny that it was a breach of the Agreement. You will never find me breaking faith. The breach comes from the other side." His voice rose to a shout—"Of course, I know quite well where the instructions come from to speak to me as you have done. I don't envy the part which you as Austrians are playing in this plot."

Seyss replied stiffly and hypocritically, "We are fulfilling our duty. We are true Austrians. I did not come here to argue. I merely want an answer to my question. Will the plebiscite be cancelled?"

The Chancellor went white. "I am prepared to discuss the form it shall take," he said. "I propose to add a second question to the ballot-paper, a question which will give every Austrian citizen the opportunity to express his opinion of my

Government. It is distasteful to me to be voted upon myself in a plebiscite which concerns the very existence of our State. . . . I am even disposed to have a second plebiscite for the so-called opposition. . . . But cancel the plebiscite? Impossible! That would only mean the capitulation of my Government . . . it would mean the end of Austria."

"Adolf Hitler is neither ready nor willing to abandon the cause of National Socialism in Austria. We have not spoken for ourselves alone."

"No, for Berlin," observed Dr. Schuschnigg, with great bitterness. "Is an irreparable situation going to be created?"

"Only for those responsible for the situation. . . . Matters have gone beyond half-measures now. You will want to think things over. We will come back for an answer when the time-limit has expired."

Austria had been abandoned to her fate. In Paris, Camille Chautemps' Ministry had resigned, and when Dr. Schuschnigg rang the Legation, the Ambassador could give him no help, for there was no one to speak for France. Desperately he called London, trying to get in touch with Neville Chamberlain, but the Prime Minister was in the middle of a diplomatic lunch, in honour of the German Ambassador, Herr von Ribbentrop, and attended by such varied personalities as Lord Londonderry, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Halifax, Sir John Simon and Winston Churchill. The tale afterwards went round that he had refused to so much as answer the telephone while Ribbentrop was at No. 10.

Unaided the Chancellor continued with arrangements for Sunday's plebiscite, working until midday, and ignoring the ultimatum just delivered by the two traitors. At one o'clock, Glaise and Seyss presented themselves again at his door, this time without a trace of embarrassment. Quite openly they spoke for Berlin, saying that unless the plebiscite were finally cancelled by four o'clock that afternoon, Reichwehr and Luftwaffe would commence an invasion.

He called a meeting of his Ministers for two o'clock. Most of the men who sat at the long table were loyal to him, but Guido

Schmidt maintained an embarrassed silence, and Zernatto was not present, having made the best of the opportunity to decamp over the border. The Cabinet counselled giving up the plebiscite and Dr. Schuschnigg was forced to agree with them. To refuse meant to give battle to Germany—with an air force of *five* front-line planes and an Army the bulk of whose equipment dated back to 1918. He knew how futile resistance of that sort would be—a three-days' blitzkrieg and Linz, Graz and Innsbruck would be shattered from the advanced striking points in southern Germany. A third of the Army's effectives could be put out of action by the vast strength of the German Panzer Divisionen, and the civilian population of the frontier districts, terrorised by indiscriminate bombing, would flock southwards in an undisciplined mass. Added to this mental picture was his own horror of bloodshed, a horror which had increased in him since the days when he had spent three years in the front line. He was willing to sacrifice his own life in whatever way the Fatherland demanded, but he would not be responsible for the useless deaths of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. That decision in itself must have been hard enough for him, for he was naturally a fighter and a son of fighters, but he took it. By his choice to lay down his weapons, he prevented Austria from becoming another bloodstained Poland. The battle which might have cost half a million lives or even have started a fresh world war cost only his own and those of a handful of loyal supporters who refused to desert him. As if proxy for his country, he alone took up the German challenge and continued the struggle.

He yielded on the question of the plebiscite. The next demand was that he should resign. It was backed up by frenzied clamourings from Radio Munich: "The Kaerntnerstrasse is in the hands of a Communist mob. The Vienna Reds are calling a general strike. In Vienna, German nationals are being beaten up and otherwise maltreated by order of the Government. Dr. Schuschnigg, the torturer and murderer of the German people, has joined up with the Communists to form a Red Front." Once more came a threat, "Resign, or we invade." Still anxious to save Austria the horrors of tanks and

bombers, he offered to obey, but this President Miklas would not permit.

Copies of the *Wiener Neuste Nachrichten* came out with the single announcement "The Plebiscite is cancelled."

A third ultimatum, which Miklas also rejected, arrived at four o'clock. It demanded Dr. Schuschnigg's resignation and the formation of a Nazi Government. A repetition (the final one) of these demands was made just after four by Muff, the German Military Attaché at the Embassy. The demands were to be complied with by 7.30 that evening.

A wild story that the Chancellor had shot himself and was lying gravely ill in a Vienna hospital, with a bullet wound in his right temple, was being passed round in certain circles.

The shouting Nazis had vanished from the streets. On all the main thoroughfares, the public loudspeakers were still blaring marches—the *Radetsky* and the *Kaiserjaegerlied* alternating with Strauss waltzes.

Suddenly everything was quite quiet in Vienna. It was a cold March evening, and the wind blew desolately along the emptying streets. The shouting youths had vanished. The citizens went back to their houses, fearing some indefinable evil. On the roads leading to the Hungarian frontier there was a stream of cars, owned by Jews who were making a last-minute attempt to escape. The main stations of Vienna, too, were crowded with refugees, loaded with luggage of every kind.

Into the long stillness under the leafless linden trees a voice came hollowly from a public loudspeaker. Round it was gathered a little knot of people who were too late to get to their own houses. A few flakes of snow began to fall dismally, resting in mid-air for a second or two, and then being whirled off into nooks and crannies by the wind. The voice, which seemed distilled of all the tears which had ever been wept, spoke on into the quietness.

It was warm inside the Chancellery on the Ballhausplatz, and a blaze of electric light made the curtains in the Corner Room glow with red and gold. Outside, in the corridor, the little

lamp burned still before the Mother of Sorrows, and its soft light glinted on the tears frozen in her mourning eyes.

He stood up and walked towards the microphone, staring a second at the black disc, swinging in its shining frame, like a spider in a web. Then the red signal lamp told him that Radio Vienna was on the air, and he began to speak. The words came slowly and heavily—clouds of earth falling upon a coffin. In that last time Austria would ever hear his voice, he clung to each word as if in an agony. From his tones every tremor of expression had vanished, leaving only hollow, metallic sound.

“Austrian men and women, this day has placed us in a tragic and decisive situation. I have to give my Austrian fellow-countrymen the details of the events of to-day . . .”

He paused and the listening world heard the rustle of his hurriedly pencilled notes, and a second voice, whispering unintelligibly into his ear. It seemed that some choking pressure in his throat had become unbearable, for when he continued, he gasped and stumbled over the words, and his voice quivered.

“The German Government to-day handed to President Miklas an ultimatum, with a time limit attached, ordering him to nominate as Chancellor a person to be designated by the German Government—otherwise German troops would invade Austria.”

Then his tone regained strength and the voice so injected with bitterness flung out—

“I declare before all the world that the reports issued in Austria concerning disorders created by the workers, and the shedding of streams of blood, and the allegation that the situation had got out of the control of the Government, are lies from A to Z.”

Quietly now, he continued, “President Miklas asks me to tell the people of Austria that we are yielding to force; since we are not prepared in this terrible situation to shed blood, we decided to order the troops to offer no serious” (he hesitated) “—no resistance. The Inspector-General of the Army, General Schilharsky, has been placed in command of the troops, and will issue further orders to them.”

He gulped audibly for breath. The writing on the scrap of paper became so blurred that he could scarcely read it. A weak, trembling voice finished breathlessly, almost broken—

“And so I take my leave of the Austrian people, with a German word of farewell, uttered from the depths of my heart: ‘God protect Austria.’”

In dead silence the tears rolled down his cheeks, while to the music of Haydn’s Hymn, his few faithful colleagues repeated quietly the word “Austria.” Then, by some chance, the still live microphone caught the words of the consummation of his martyrdom, the last words the world would hear him say—“Mein Herr, Ich bin fertig,” as he collapsed in a fit of violent weeping into the arms of two of his Ministers.

Austrian-fashion, those two kissed him on the cheeks as they led him to a chair. All but Seyss-Inquart, who was at the window, telephoning to Berlin, and Glaise-Horstenau, who turned his back, smiling, stood in a circle about him, and the quietness was broken only by the stifled sobbing of the man crouched in their midst.

After a few minutes he sat up and dried his eyes, then asked for his hat and coat. One of the Ministers, who was helping him on with them, whispered that as there was a large and threatening crowd on the Ballhausplatz, he had ordered the Chancellor’s car to be brought round to the side entrance. For a moment Kurt von Schuschnigg looked at him as if he did not understand. Then he said, without raising his voice, “No, I came into this building first by the main staircase. Now I will leave by it. Please ask them to bring the car round.”

No one spoke as he walked out. Major Bartl followed him down the great flight of stairs and through the bronze doors, for the last time. In the Corner Room the Dollfuss Madonna still wept.

Bartl helped him into the car, and took his place beside the bent figure in the back seat. Two loyal Army officers leapt on to the running-board, calling to the chauffeur, “To Aspern, quick, like the devil! There’s a ‘plane waiting to take the Chancellor away!” For a second they saw the white face of

their leader contorted with passion. "No! What do you take me for?" he shouted. "I am a man and I don't intend to run away." Then, in a lower tone, "My place is here, in Austria. Please let me give the orders, at least to my own chauffeur. Take me home, Hans, please!"

Hans Tichy obeyed, and they drove away, in the direction of the Belvedere. They had been on the road perhaps five minutes, when he suddenly changed his mind about the destination, and asked the chauffeur to take him to his son's boarding-school. It was about eight o'clock when they arrived, and he was told that all the junior pupils were in bed. Kurt sat down in the headmaster's room while he waited for the boy to be dressed and brought to him. While he waited he must have thought that this might be the last time he would see his son. In the years which must come, when his father's name would be blackened by the conquerors, when all the things for which he had given his life would be defamed and ridiculed, he wished to fortify the boy's faith and give him something to remember.

When the boy came in, he must have wondered why his father was so pale and his eyes so bloodshot, for he knew nothing of the farewell speech of half an hour ago. When they were in the car, Kurt gave an order to the chauffeur and took the child in his arms. Then he began to explain what had happened. As he reached the end, the car drew up outside the parish church at Hietzing.

Father and son got out, but it was too dark up on the hill to find their way. Kurt therefore borrowed a flash-lamp from Tichy, and led the boy by the hand through the dark churchyard. At last, after stumbling over graves, they reached the place under the leafless birch trees where Herma was buried. The strong March wind was still blowing, making the wiry tendrils of the birches rustle and crack like whips under the stress, and the mournful snowflakes were still falling. Kurt went upon his knees in the untrodden snow by the grave, and pulled the boy down beside him. Then in the darkness, the man and his son prayed silently in the place where his dead wife, the boy's mother, was lying.

As he told the child that he might not see him again for a

very long time and asked him never to forget his mother, the quietness was broken. In the sky there was a drone of aeroplane engines and the snow was lit up by the beams of searchlights. They walked back to the car, and Kurt took his son back to the school again. Then he returned to his home in Belvedere.

The bombers of the Munich air-squadron roared all that night over Vienna, flying low over the house-tops. The ceaseless drone continued till dawn, and the black shapes flew away, leaving the city buried under a paper snow-storm of propaganda leaflets. The clamour of the night made sleep impossible.

Kurt reached home just as the din was working up to its climax. Waiting for him he found his former friend and trench comrade, Seyss-Inquart, who told him that he was under "Schutzhafte"—protective arrest—in his own house. Having delivered his message, he departed hastily to inform the press correspondents that his relations with Dr. Schuschnigg remained correct, but not friendly.

In the Belvedere he could hear successive waves of horrible sound sweeping over Vienna. First there was the mad shouting of the crowds, which filled his ears for hours like the calling of jungle animals. The confused, wild volume of noise developed into a rhythmic chant, beaten out in unison to the tramp of marching feet:

"Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!
Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Fuehrer!
Heil Hitler, Heil! Heil! Heil!"

From time to time the tireless chanting was broken by discordant snatches of "Deutschland über alles," the Horst Wessel Lied or "I am a Prussian."

The crowds were thronging not only in central Vienna, round the Stephanskirche, but overflowed into the side streets, down the Kaerntnerstrasse, and the Schottenring, till they stood massed in front of the Belvedere. Perhaps he stood silently, behind the barred windows of the white house and gazed at

the tossed hair, rippling arms and savage faces lit by the glare of torches. They were near enough for him to hear the shouts "Down with Schuschnigg! Hang the traitor! Jews' lackey!" They would have stormed the high wooden gates and poured up the drive if Nazi troops had not stood in the way.

He may have thought, inconsequentially, in the midst of his misery, that next evening the Philharmonic would be giving *Tristan* at the Opera. If the unthinkable had never happened, he would have sat in the darkness at the back of his usual box, letting the music of Isolda's Love Death lay a consoling hand on his forehead and closed eyes. There was other music in his ears now.

He knew, as he stood there, that he must prepare for martyrdom. It was unthinkable to him that he should go free while his country suffered, and for this reason he stayed to drink the cup of bitterness to the dregs, with all those others who could not or would not run away. Later his courage became a legend, something at which the suffering people of Austria grasped to sustain them when they felt their own endurance failing.

Berlin would like to think that he is forgotten by his own people. How then do they account for the slogans which have appeared on countless Vienna walls—"Give us back our Schuschnigg. We do not want the Berchtesgaden paper-hanger"? How do they explain the actions of Austrian workers, forced to labour in German factories, when they down tools, saying, "Send our Chancellor back to us"? While he ruled in Austria, there were many who could not understand him, many even, who hated all he stood for. Yet there are few to-day who do not recall his name with a kind of reverence, because they know that he gave all he had for his country.

It was perhaps just as well that he could not see with his own eyes what was going on in Vienna. There were Red Cross personnel standing about in the Hofburg gardens, because of the "accidents" which kept occurring. The boys who had

tramped Vienna on Friday afternoon were now out on the streets, some in the black shirts and riding-boots of the Gestapo, others merely with swastika armbands over their civilian coat sleeves.

The Vienna radio programmes had nothing but political speeches now. Now it was Seyss-Inquart, now Hitler, speaking from Linz with the roar of the crowd almost drowning his voice. The Kaerntnerstrasse was gaudy with coloured bunting, in spite of the smashed windows of the Jewish shops beneath. The photograph of Adolf Hitler looked out from every vacant space, banked in flowers.

The Ballhausplatz was bristling with armed guards and a swastika flag was draped over the couch on which Dollfuss died. The crowd roared again for the Fuehrer, as he stepped out on to the balcony of the Neue Hofburg in the glare of the photographers' magnesium flares. There were black crutched crosses on all the pavements, placed there by devoted Austrians as propaganda for the plebiscite. The Storm Troopers had Jewish women down on their hands and knees, scrubbing them off with hydrochloric acid. Where there were no crosses they painted them in themselves, unwilling to yield up an ounce of their brutal pleasure. They could not remove the stencilled portraits of Schuschnigg, for they were too large, so they had them blotted out with black paint. A favourite pastime of loafers was to scratch out the sorrowful eyes of the portrait on the advertisement hoardings, pretending meanwhile that they had the living man beneath their knives. This was the "*gold'ner Wiener Herz*" for which Vienna was famous.

In the Chancellor's own town of Innsbruck, the snow was still lying upon the ground. His friends' hearts seemed to have frozen also, for the prostitute city decked herself in flags to meet her conqueror, and the Tyrolese girls threw flowers at the passing Nazi troops.

In his isolation he yet knew sufficient of outside events to feel despair for Austria. All around him had been traitors. Seyss-Inquart had set himself up as "Chancellor" before the arrival of Hitler. Guido Schmidt had seen to it that his wife's immense fortune in Germany was safe, and had then retired

from politics to the post of managing director of the Hirtenberg Cartridge Factory—a position which was lucrative, if not in the limelight. Ministerial Councillor Wolff was rewarded by a week's office as "Foreign Secretary" in the Seyss-Inquart "cabinet." Major Hunzinger, and Froelichsthal, the Chancellor's Secretary, departed to Germany to collect the price of their betrayal. Even his personal bodyguard revealed himself as a group-captain in the S.S.

Of all his former colleagues, perhaps half a dozen stood firm for Austria. Old President Miklas also refused to leave the country and was put in protective custody. Theodor Hornbostel, Dr. Pertner, Dr. Draxler, Richard Schmitz, Ernst Karl Winter, the Chancellor's only real friends, stayed with him. To-day they are among the most tormented of the prisoners in Dachau concentration camp.

PASSION AND MARTYRDOM

" . . . and these chose rather to stay and suffer, than to fly and save their lives."—Pericles: *Oration for the Dead of Marathon.*

COUNTESS VERA CZERNIN stayed at the former Chancellor's side and insisted that she would face everything with him. She knew well enough what the Nazis would say to her presence in the Belvedere, so she brought Kurt's father with her and they both announced their intention of sharing the danger. As soon as possible she went to the authorities and, catching them off their guard, demanded a written permit "to superintend the Chancellor's household." With this in her possession she could defy attempts to remove her from the premises.

Kurt von Schuschnigg's refusal to leave Austria was a great embarrassment to the Nazis. They had calculated on his departure on the night of the invasion and on his young son being left behind in the headlong flight. With the boy in their power as a hostage, they aimed to put an effective brake on his father's political activities abroad. Berlin was so sure that the Chancellor would try to save his own skin, that the Propaganda Ministry released a report that he had fled into Hungary and was a guest of an old friend, Prince Felix Esterhazy. It therefore came as a great shock to the advancing bloodhounds of Heinrich Himmler, when they found that Dr. Schuschnigg had refused to efface himself before the conquering Fuehrer. They could not forgive him that; his stubborn resistance ruined the picture of an Austria, long ruled by a gang of lawbreakers (who had fled at the approach of justice), opening her arms to the Great Deliverer.

For a little while even the Gestapo were nonplussed by the attitude of the couple at the Belvedere. An attempt was made to bribe the Chancellor to leave. Once more it involved leaving young Kurt behind, and he merely laughed at the

suggestion. They then tried threats, with an equal lack of success. Finally they gave up the argument.

He remained at Schloss Belvedere for about two months, that is, until the middle of May. While the authorities were deciding what to do with him, they put certain limits on his freedom. An armed guard surrounded the house and at first there was an S.S. man at each door inside the building, although these were later withdrawn. The iron bars on the windows, and the iron-spiked front door which had originally been put in for his protection, now transformed his home into a prison. He was allowed to walk in the Belvedere Gardens, but only in the very early morning or late in the evening, when there was no one about. On these walks, two Gestapo agents with revolvers were invariably to be seen on either side of him. This fact is vouched for by a *Daily Express* correspondent who saw him from an adjoining building on 6th May.

He was permitted to receive private letters, but they were always read first by the Gestapo. Official Nazi circles insisted that he had been put under no restraint, alleging in evidence that "his spiritual adviser was allowed access to him and he was even permitted to make the usual Easter Communion." Actually, during those two months he saw no one from the outside world except his father, his brother Arthur, Vera, the household servants and the guards. Many other people tried to get news of him. Mr. Ward Price of the *Daily Mail* called at the Belvedere soon after his arrest, saying that he knew Dr. Schuschnigg personally and wished to satisfy himself that no harm had come to him; he received a curt answer and was escorted firmly from the premises.

In early May, Dr. Arthur von Schuschnigg wrote to a friend in Holland that his brother was quite well, "but had too much spare time on his hands, which he mainly spent in reading, writing letters, listening to the radio or pottering about the grounds." This letter, which told the exact opposite of the true facts, was naturally passed by the censor. The truth was not so pleasant. It appears that after months of unrelieved tension and overwork, the Chancellor's nerves were in a very bad state. Constant threats of horrors to come had

made him convinced that he would never leave the Gestapo's hands alive, and that soon he would be removed to a concentration camp. He had no fear for his own fate—only for his son, who would be left motherless as well as fatherless, to be brought up in the spirit of the Hitler Jugend. Till then he had always kept the boy near him, and the thought of what might happen filled him with dread.

He made what efforts he could to save the boy. As soon as the arrangements could be made, he sent him off to a Jesuit college (similar to Stella Matutina, where he himself had been educated) at Kalksburg. He presumably thought that in the Catholic atmosphere, far from the influence of politics, the boy might escape the dangers of the Hitler Youth Movement and all it implied. At the same time Vera offered to take out legal adoption papers, so that young Kurt could be treated as her son.

About this time the Chancellor asked her finally to marry him.

She consented. As he was not allowed the services of a priest, and a civil wedding was also impossible, marriage by proxy was the only other alternative. Without the knowledge of the Gestapo, Dr. Schuschnigg made the necessary arrangements, but his usual ill-luck dogged him. About a week before the wedding was to take place, the Gestapo arrived with one of their large Hispano-Suizas, and took him off with them to an unknown destination. Vera and the Major-General were given instructions to leave the Belvedere immediately, as the former Chancellor's apartments had been taken over by the Government.

The Countess did not despair. She was of the opinion that Dr. Schuschnigg had only been taken away for a short time, and that she would very soon be able to join him. For the time being she arranged to stay with his father, and went ahead with the preparations for the wedding. It took place on 1st June, at the Dominicanskirche in Vienna, and the atmosphere was more like a funeral than a marriage. The bride wore a navy blue suit, and a hat with a heavy veil. She carried a sheaf of her husband's favourite roses, which he had

ordered for her from one of the big Vienna florists. With the flowers had come a note on unheaded paper, in his writing, to say that he was perfectly well, and hoped to be with her shortly. The Gestapo would not allow him even the few brief minutes of freedom to stand at her side before a priest. His brother Arthur took the vows in his place, and gave her his ring. Beside the Dominican friar who performed the ceremony, the only other witnesses were the bridegroom's father and the sexton.

Herr Buerckel, the ex-criminal whom Hitler had first made Commissioner for the Saar and then Governor of Austria, considered it worth his while to make a truly gallant little speech to the international newspaper correspondents, on the occasion of Dr. Schuschnigg's marriage. It was a speech in the true Nazi traditions of chivalry, which encourages its exponents to spit in the face of a defenceless and beaten opponent. "The Herr Doktor," he said, "has had a lady friend with him for some time now. I am a good Catholic myself and I hoped he was. But I was mistaken. So I have removed him from temptation." One of the reporters indignantly demanded what he meant by this insult. Buerckel's face lost its expression of light sarcasm, and took on a sneer worthy of Goebbels at his best. "I mean," he snarled, "that as a good Catholic I was shocked to find him living in concubinage." With this brilliantly chivalrous remark he departed, secure in the knowledge that the man he had insulted was unable to answer.

This interview roused a storm of fury in every civilised country. "Incredible," "astounding," "outrageous" were a few of the milder adjectives applied to it. Count della Torre, the editor of the Vatican paper, *Osservatore Romano*, devoted two complete columns of his front page to a bitter attack on the Nazi Governor. He noted, with some irony, that "il signor Buerckel" had alleged that Dr. Schuschnigg was untroubled in mind and enjoyed relative freedom!

To Herr Buerckel's allegation the Count made the following replies. Firstly, Dr. Schuschnigg's marriage had taken place some time before Buerckel's statement. Secondly, "the

previous matrimonial position had been clarified by the intervention of the ecclesiastical authority" and the marriage had been lawfully celebrated by legal proxy in the Dominican Church, Vienna (*matrimonium per procuratio*). Lastly, Dr. Schuschnigg desired above all else to give his son a mother, because "he has believed himself destined to death from the beginning of his confinement and has no illusions concerning the fate which awaits him." "To launch such an accusation against a man in his mental and physical condition; publicly, and in such an insulting manner, to defame a lady who has had the Christian courage to share the fate of the ex-Chancellor, and this at the extreme moment of peril when neither can defend themselves from attack, is unworthy of the traditions of the German race." So concludes the article.

It had a certain effect. Previously the Viennese authorities, when questioned, had first denied all knowledge of a marriage, and then, when further pressed, said that "the Reich has no intention of recognising such an illegal contract." After the Vatican pronouncement, however, they were obliged to admit that Countess Czernin was, in effect, now Frau von Schuschnigg. As his wife she went to Herr Buerckel and demanded, as her legal right, to know the whereabouts of her husband and to be allowed to see him. After moving heaven and earth, she at last obtained permission.

For several weeks wild rumours were flying about concerning Dr. Schuschnigg's fate, and his wife could do nothing to dispel them, because Buerckel had sworn her to secrecy. It was said that the Gestapo had taken him to one of the most secret concentration camps at Kassel, where they were obliging him to do heavy work in the stone quarries. Another report insisted that he had been thrown into the Elisabeth Promenade Gaol, in Vienna, with hundreds of other Monarchist prisoners, who were penned up there like wild beasts, beaten, starved and tortured by the Secret Police. Still another source said that he had been hurried off to Berlin to the terrible Moabit Prison where Pastor Niemöller was confined.

These reports caused grave concern. An unnamed Govern-

ment is supposed to have offered the Reich a million in ransom money for the Chancellor's release. Practically every Catholic monarch and statesman in Europe made representations to the Wilhelmstrasse on his behalf. The Austrian Church (under Dr. Innitzer, the "Heil Hitler Cardinal") made tremendous efforts to get him freed, until Buerckel brutally ordered these petitions to cease.

Although Vera never made any statement about her husband, even to her nearest friends, the truth gradually leaked out through various other channels. The Chancellor had been taken away to the Secret Police Headquarters at the former Hotel Metropole. Horrible tales of this place and its inmates were in circulation. The sadism practised in prisons of this type was even worse than in the concentration camps, because there was nothing to restrain it. It was common knowledge that Baron Louis de Rothschild had been taken there, and that the tortures inflicted upon him had changed him in a few weeks into a broken, white-haired old man. Dr. Schuschnigg had not at first been subjected to any physical torment, perhaps because the Gestapo realised that this would have no effect upon him, but he was made to suffer in other ways. Oswald Dutch, author of *Thus Died Austria*, says that on arrival he was thrust into a cell next to the torture chambers, where his former supporters were beaten and tormented and maimed. He was forced to listen to their screams of agony and desperation, with the thought in his mind that they were suffering because of him.

The Nazi Press Bureau was unable, as they would have liked, to ignore him entirely. From time to time persistent enquiries from all sources obliged them to issue fictitious reports on his health. One gem given out at the end of July, 1938, deserves to be quoted in full. "Dr. Schuschnigg is allowed to choose his own food and to read selected books and newspapers, although he is not permitted to listen to the radio. *Officially he is said to be interned in a room many Viennese would envy him.*"

This was followed up by the following statement: "Herr von Schuschnigg is in fair health. He is permitted to shave if

he wishes, but is reported to have grown a beard. He and other prisoners in protective custody exercise regularly on the roof of the Hotel Metropole, *from which there are a number of excellent views. As a prisoner of honour* Dr. Schuschnigg is allowed to read and to write letters."

Anyone who has read Irmgard Litten's terrible account of her son's martyrdom, and the lies with which officials tried to cover up the cruelties inflicted upon him, will know just how much truth there is in these propaganda notices. The real position became known gradually as certain persons who had been imprisoned in the Metropole contrived to escape abroad. Dr. Schuschnigg was being kept in solitary confinement and was not even allowed to see his fellow-prisoners. The only human being with whom he came into regular contact was his personal gaoler, a particularly brutal young Nazi, who kept perpetual watch on his door. This man was under strict instructions never to address a word to the prisoner or to answer any questions. The Gestapo deliberately humiliated their victim, refusing to let him have shaving materials, so that with his unkempt beard and moustache he should look like a criminal. He was obliged to live on slops because they would not give him a knife. The room in which he was confined was a tiny airless attic, scarcely ten feet square, with only sufficient room for the bare iron camp-bed on which he slept till he was roused at five in the morning. The space between the bed and the door was a matter of seven paces, and apart from brief snatches of fresh air upon the roof, his only exercise consisted in walking up and down the narrow strip of floor. Besides being virtually starved, he was not allowed to smoke, and being used to nearly six dozen cigarettes in a day, the deprivation told on him.

He might have endured these hardships, even the lack of food and exercise, if the Nazis had not seen fit to try out their evil ingenuity upon him. The Fuehrer himself treated him as his personal captive, and as Ernst Klein puts it "he received the honour of being made a martyr." The conqueror gave instructions that the prisoner was to listen to gramophone records of his own speeches, particularly those on the subject

of the Anschluss. "We will make a good Nazi of the Herr Doktor yet," remarked his gaolers, and proceeded to put the widest possible interpretation on the command. Day and night, whether he lay on the camp-bed, with his head buried between his hands, or sat up, trying to dull his brain by reading, he had the screaming of Hitler's voice in his ears, his appeals to the Austrian *Volkgenossen*, his frenzied insults and ravings about the "dwarfs" and "murderers" and "weaklings" of the previous Government.

Human nature could not stand such treatment for long. Even before his imprisonment his nerves were in such a condition that any shock or sudden emotion produced a fit of violent weeping. He had overworked himself to such an extent that absolute peace and quiet, combined with a long rest, were essential if a nervous breakdown was to be avoided. The Gestapo knew this well enough. They recognised the quality of his courage and, assisted by the general weakness of his health, embarked on a ghastly game of trying to break his morale.

They allowed Frau von Schuschnigg only one visit a week, on Friday afternoons, for a quarter of an hour. Husband and wife were separated by a table, and were obliged to speak every word aloud, so that the Gestapo agent who supervised the meeting could hear everything. They used her, in their usual manner, as an instrument to terrorise their prisoner. In the late summer of 1938 threatening reports were circulated that the Fuehrer was determined to bring the whole of the former Austrian Government to trial for "High Treason." That high treason consisted in giving themselves, even to death, in defence of their country. Dr. Schuschnigg knew nothing of these plans until 27th August, when Vera was instructed to tell him that it was proposed to bring him to trial before one of the notorious "People's Courts" at Leipzig. He had previously heard nothing of such rumours, and was very much distressed when his wife broke the news to him. This was not so much because he feared death—he was reconciled to that, but that he dreaded a long period of imprisonment.

He was assured that "Germany's dignity would never allow

his execution by the axe or firing squad," but that did not comfort him. They told him that the Fuehrer was under a certain obligation to him, because he had refused to shed useless blood in the defence of Austrian independence. In gratitude he would probably spare his prisoner's life and have him sentenced to ten years in a fortress.

He gave signs of showing that this treatment was beyond his endurance. A former chargé d'affaires, who escaped to the U.S.A., asserted that the ill-treatment he was receiving very often made him hysterical, and that he was terrified of being driven mad. In this state of mind, Vera was instructed to tell him that a formal recantation of all his previous professions of faith in free Austria, and a public conversion to Nazi-ism, would buy him complete freedom. As before, he remained firm and refused to sell his honour at such a price.

Unsuccessful at breaking him in this way, they next attacked him through his son. By this time the Nazi system had spread throughout Austrian schools. Dr. Schuschnigg was notified by the superior at Kalksberg that unless he produced birth and baptism certificates of the past three generations of his family, proving his undiluted Aryan blood, the boy would be made to sit on the bench in the classroom marked "Jews." He was obliged for the child's sake to swallow the intolerable insult, and to write to the parish priest of Kamnik for the early nineteenth-century records of his family.

Torment and misery had their inevitable effect. The Propaganda Service was uncertain how to handle the matter and at first admitted a minor breakdown. Then in late August, for some unexplained reason, they contradicted the report to say that he was "in fair health." By 10th September they had revised their opinion. "Dr. Schuschnigg is in poor health. He is in an exceedingly depressed state, although not confined to his bed and not in need of any special medical attention." Apparently his condition aroused some alarm in certain quarters, for the doctor attached to the Metropole building insisted on him having adequate exercise and arranged for him to be taken for walks before dawn and also for occasional car drives under supervision.

His health, however, did not improve. In mid-October he received another terrible shock—the news of his father's death, which took place in very suspicious circumstances. The Major-General was seventy-three, it is true, but he was in good health up to the day he died. The German-controlled press did not even carry an obituary notice, but a report from Paris of a conversation with a Viennese official spoke of "suicide." One has heard of such suicides before—the death of Hans Litten is a case in point. Nazi murders are usually camouflaged under this disguise. *The Times* stated that in view of Dr. Schuschnigg's nervous state his gaolers were reluctant to break the news to him, and his wife presumably had the task.

He asked for a permit to see his father's body on the night before the funeral, and this was, somewhat surprisingly, granted, only to be cancelled at the last minute with the excuse that his health was not sufficiently good to withstand the ordeal. On 25th October, the old general was buried at Hietzing, without military honours, although an application had been made for them. His other son Arthur was present, and Kurt's wife and son, with perhaps a hundred private mourners. Throughout the service, which was conducted by the same Dominican friar who had married Kurt and Vera, a number of plain-clothes Gestapo agents could be seen, taking notes of the people who had had the courage to attend. Buerckel had absolutely refused to permit Dr. Schuschnigg to be present.

Shortly after, it was admitted that the Chancellor was too ill to appear for trial. About this time, just as talk of the high treason charge was being abandoned, there were very persistent reports that Hitler himself had visited his prisoner. He seems to have been anxious for Dr. Schuschnigg to leave Austria as soon as possible, because of the extremely unpleasant publicity the Reich was receiving in connection with his imprisonment. The second meeting was in sharp contrast to the Berchtesgaden interview of the previous February. This time it was Hitler's turn to plead. It is said that he offered the Chancellor safe conduct to any country abroad he cared to name, with exit permits for his wife and family, on the single condition that he

made no reference to his imprisonment. Kurt enquired whether this was a general amnesty applying to all his former supporters. He was told "No." "Then," he said, "I cannot accept release. My friends have suffered because of me, and I must continue to suffer with them. I will remain in Austria."

No improvement in the position followed. During the first week of December, Vera was permitted two visits a week, on Tuesday and Friday, instead of the usual one. His state was alarming, and a fresh drive to secure his release was commenced in America. The writer, Hendrik van Loon, proposed that a U.S. destroyer should be sent to Fiume to take him to America, where he was offered a home. These negotiations came to nothing.

In January 1939 there were once more rumours of release. It was suggested that he should be allowed to live, under strict police supervision, at a villa either in the Upper Danube province or near Cologne. This seems to have been mere wishful thinking on the part of certain journalists, for in February, Vera once more went to Buerckel with a complaint that her husband was being ill-treated. In his extremely weak state he had fallen a victim to a severe attack of influenza. The Gestapo had not had him moved, and he was lying dangerously ill on the narrow and extremely uncomfortable bed in his cell when she visited him. He had been given no medical attention, and his health appeared to be so failing that she implored Buerckel to remove him to a sanatorium. That request was refused, and he was left to shake off the illness as best he could in the tiny, bleak room, on a starvation diet.

Another summer, whose breaking heat transformed the attic under the leads into an inferno, came to add to his miseries. Towards the close of that summer, the first visitor from the outside world who had been allowed to see him since March 1938, was shown into that room, mockingly called "the Chancellery" by the Gestapo men. He was Dr. Theodore Vernon, formerly a professor of history at Vienna State University. To him Kurt von Schuschnigg, a sick man, yet unbroken after fourteen months of torture, said: "When Dollfuss was assas-

sinated, I stepped into the breach and did my duty by Austria. They shall not change me! ”

“ As long as life is vouchsafed to me, I will not cease to testify for Engelbert Dollfuss and his Austria.”

He talked for a little while to Dr. Vernon about all the pitiful, intimate details which are the only things that matter in captivity. He did not complain about his treatment. His only reference to the perpetual torture was that proud remark, “ They shall not change me.” Dr. Vernon, noticing his haggard face and emaciated figure, enquired what he was having to eat. “ Coffee and mashed potatoes all the time,” he told his horrified visitor briefly, and then, with a little bitter smile, “ But it doesn’t matter. I haven’t any appetite.” He bore even starvation without a murmur. All that rankled with him was the cat-and-mouse game the Gestapo had played over his release. “ I had the insane idea once,” he said, “ that the Nazis might let me go. I would have gone to America with my family then. But it was nothing but a dream.” He told Dr. Vernon how he had painfully taught himself English during the long hours of imprisonment, toiling away unassisted, with a grammar and dictionary. He was reading Margaret Mitchell’s *Gone with the Wind*, ploughing slowly and laboriously through the eight hundred pages of Scarlett O’Hara’s adventures. The book is not exactly enlivening, and he admitted that he found it a little difficult too, because his English was still so limited.

Only towards the end of Dr. Vernon’s visit did one confession of pain escape him. “ I haven’t seen my boy for nearly two years now,” he said. “ He will be getting on for fourteen. I don’t expect I shall ever see him again.”

COURAGE AND SILENCE

" Autriche n'est pas morte. Elle est seulement dans les fers."—ERNEST PEZET :
Fin de l'Autriche, fin d'une Europe.

SINCE the outbreak of war in September 1939, the Nazi boa-constrictor has devoured its neighbouring States one after the other. In the wake of Czecho-Slovakia followed Poland, then Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg and, finally, France. Italy, during 1940, changed from non-belligerency to active partnership with Germany; Hungary and Rumania have joined the Axis. As the brown darkness has descended over Europe, frontier after frontier has become sealed against the outside world and it has become almost more difficult to obtain news of Austria than to penetrate the secrets of Dachau, Oranienburg or Buchenwald.

Certain information has been received, which, when pieced together, gives a fairly reliable picture of the fate of Austria under the Prussian jackboot. The civilisation which dates back a thousand years is not meekly accepting the domination of German barbarism. From Tyrol to the Hungarian frontier there is bitter discontent, and this may possibly be fanned into open revolt by an Allied victory.

Karl Stepanek, the Czech actor who escaped from Germany in 1940, was in Vienna not so very long ago. He states that the Viennese, who now refer to their Fuehrer as " der Herr " (that man) now definitely expect Germany to lose. There is much open grumbling, in spite of the fear of the Gestapo, and—even among convinced Nazis—disillusionment.

Their dissatisfaction is justified. Austria has been plundered, her gold reserve transferred to the Reichbank, her food stocks pillaged for the benefit of the northerners. Even her name is gone, and under the title of Ostmark she is reduced from a one-time Empire to the level of a province like Thuringia or Bavaria. Vienna's former luxuries have disappeared.

Coffee is unobtainable and *schlagobers* a memory. The stars have left the Burg Theater and the Opera for Berlin, reducing them both "to the level of a second-class provincial theatre."

Members of the formerly illegal Nazi Party who hoped to fill important posts under Hitler's rule, have seen their dreams shattered, for Prussian efficiency has replaced Austrian "schlamperei" in Government departments, factories and business concerns. For the Austrians are reserved the jobs with low pay and small prospects, or military service under their conqueror's command. The call-up in Austria seems to have been much more thorough than in the Reich itself, and at one time it really seemed that Germany wished to fight to the last Austrian. The flower of the Austrian Army, the Kaiserjaeger and schützen, were thrown into the Polish, Norwegian, French and Russian campaigns, to spill their blood in a cause which was not their own.

An unarmed nation can do little by way of protest against a huge and overwhelmingly powerful oppressor. Nevertheless, a few brave men, who even after three years of Nazi rule still have fight left in them, showed their fellow-countrymen that they at least did not intend to perform this "travail pour le roi de Prusse."

Karl Stepanek himself watched a free fight in a "Heurige" between some German officials and a group of Viennese—a scene which was heartily applauded by the Austrian onlookers. Dr. Vernon, in his description of his interview with Dr. Schuschnigg, mentioned incidentally that he had seen men of an Austrian regiment beat up their German general at a Vienna terminus. There are other reports of Austrian troops refusing to entrain for the West Wall, and lying down on the railway tracks in front of the trains in answer to their officers' orders.

Others, Austrians not less brave, but less spectacular in their disobedience, listen-in regularly to the forbidden British broadcasts in German. It must be remembered that the death penalty can be awarded for such activities.

There is also an Austrian Freedom radio, as well as a number of other illegal organisations which have sprung up during

the past three years. In January 1940, Archduke Felix of Habsburg was talking of the development of a very strong underground movement in Austria and declared that the formerly opposed V.F. supporters and Socialist Party members had now combined in "revolutionary activities." Encouraged by the visits of the R.A.F. in January, on leaflet and reconnaissance raids, the new "Illegals" began to plan the downfall of Hitler, which, said the Archduke, was timed to coincide with the German army's first serious reverse in the field.

Now the Red Army's advance has brought that reverse nearer, and the Austrian opposition has continued its pin-pricks while waiting for the final reckoning with the Nazis. In April 1941, another attack upon German officers, this time on a train near Kolin, was reported. There was news shortly afterwards of food riots at the Vienna markets, because of the shortage of meat and bread, and of trouble in the Salzkammergut and Tyrol districts, which have never recovered from the loss of the English tourist traffic after the Anschluss.

At Easter time, posters appeared once more in out-of-the-way places in Vienna, plastered up by loyal ex-members of the old V.F. during the blackout. They bore the old cry, "Give us back our Schuschnigg." Later in the year, a riot occurred at an Austro-German football match at which the Viennese, enraged at the behaviour of the Germans, began organised shouting of "Out with the Berliners!" "Down with the Prussian scum!" and "Low, swindling swine!" When the Nazi Governor attempted to intervene, missiles were hurled at his car and the windows smashed.

Frau Goering, ensconced safely in Vienna, out of range of the R.A.F., was greeted with whistles and shouts from the audience when she appeared one night in the royal box at the Burg Theater. Hostile demonstrations also obliged her to cancel her plans to take up residence at the Belvedere.

Quite recently, there has been a fresh outbreak of the bomb-throwing outrages so prevalent in the time of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, but this time it is the Nazis whose property is being wrecked, and who rage impotently at the "Illegals."

These "Illegals" have not confined themselves to chalking up anti-Hitler slogans. A reliable report tells of a raid on the chief Nazi shrine—the birthplace of the Fuehrer at Braunau-am-Inn, and the deliberate burning of two of his water-colour landscapes, the most hallowed exhibits in the house.

It is in vain that Hitler sends Austrian youth to be butchered at fronts from the Arctic circle to the western shores of Brittany. It is in vain that he installs his "Bailiff Gessler" in the shape of Josef Buerckel and Baldur von Schirach, imprisons and tortures Austria's patriots, robs her people and tramples upon their liberty. Austria waits, and does not forget her past, her "cultural superiority over the best that the Prussian spirit can produce."

Neither does she forget her leaders who have suffered for her sake. Although to-day only the few neutrals left are able to penetrate the walls of that closed prison, yet meagre news *does* trickle through from time to time. What is left of civilisation does not forget Kurt von Schuschnigg or the meaning of his sacrifice.

The reports on the plight of the Prisoner of the Hotel Metropole have been scanty and far between; some, perhaps, inaccurate, but true or false, they prove that four years' eclipse has not blotted his memory from the conscience of free men. I propose to quote the substance of some of these reports, because his story would not be complete without them. It may be that some are wide of the mark, but at least, a connecting thread can be traced through them all. I offer them without comment.

September 21st, 1939.

In a written reply to Mr. A. P. Herbert (Ind. Oxford University) Sir Edward Grigg stated that the Ministry of Information had no recent news concerning the condition of Dr. Schuschnigg, the former Chancellor of Austria.

October 14th, 1939.

Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, former Chancellor of Austria, is being systematically and brutally beaten by the Nazis, because he refused to sign a manifesto calling upon the

Austrians to support the war against the Allies. When war was declared he was offered the choice between signing or being tortured. He is asked each day to sign the declaration, but refuses steadfastly, although well aware of what will happen. He is then thrashed or battered into unconsciousness by his gaolers. Other methods, aimed at humiliating him in every possible way, are also being used to induce him to sign.

His friends fear that even his great physical strength will not stand up to such treatment, especially in view of the hardships which he has recently undergone.

October 16th, 1939.

Frau von Schuschnigg, wife of the former Austrian Chancellor, was arrested nearly a week ago at her flat in Moedling, Vienna. She was accused of general hostility to the regime. Since the outbreak of war, when her husband refused to put his signature to a document calling upon the Austrian people to support Hitler, she has not been allowed her usual Friday afternoon visits to the Hotel Metropole.

October 22nd, 1939.

Dr. von Schuschnigg, the former Austrian Chancellor, is still detained in his room at the Hotel Metropole, Vienna, and is reported to be in a very weak condition.

October 28th, 1939.

Kurt von Schuschnigg is reported in circles in Budapest to be living in constant danger of assassination. His confinement in one room at Gestapo Headquarters for over nineteen months and the constant pressure which is brought to bear on him to declare himself in sympathy with the Nazis, from time to time produce attacks of nervous frenzy. It is also reported that for a time he would not touch his food, being under the firm impression that his guards had orders to poison him.

November 12th, 1939.

Des Nouvelles du Chancelier Schuschnigg.

"Exténuation et inanition totales au physique et au morale" constate le médecin-chef de la Gestapo. Frontière Allemande, 11 Novembre (Dépêche, Paris-Soir).

Un rapport sur l'état de santé du malheureux Chancelier Schuschnigg a été remis le 29 Octobre au Führer.

Ce rapport émane du médecin-chef de la Gestapo, qui, attaché au commandement suprême des S.S. à Vienna, ne saurait être suspecté de bienveillance à l'égard du prisonnier "Exténuation et inanition absolues sur le plan physique, aussi bien que sur le plan moral-psychique," telle est la traduction littérale des constatations faites par le médecin, qui conclut son rapport en demandant pour l'infortuné Chancelier le transfert à l'hôpital régulier de l'une des prisons Viennoises.

Naturellement, cette adoucissement à une régime dont on ne sait rien de précis, sinon qu'il est inhumain, a été refusé par Hitler. On prétend même que ce rapport a excité en lui une violente colère, et provoqué un flot d'injures à l'égard de Schuschnigg, qualifié en la circonstance de "traître" et de "serviteur des Juifs."

(Repeated in slightly abridged form on 14th November in London papers.)

December 7th, 1939.

Herr von Schuschnigg, former Chancellor of Austria, is seriously ill in Vienna, and anxiety is felt at the state of his health.

December 27th, 1939.

Rotterdam. *Tuesday.*

. . . with the exception of the officials from Bremen, the consular party has been detained for a month in Vienna, and they were able to give me the first authentic news of Dr. Schuschnigg, the former Austrian Chancellor, which has reached the outside world since the beginning of the war.

Dr. Schuschnigg is in bad health, and is only allowed to leave his prison in the Hotel Metropole for two hours every night, when, wearing dark glasses, he is taken through the streets for a walk by Gestapo agents.

January 13th, 1940.

Dr. Schuschnigg's wife, the former Grafín Czernin-Fugger, is reported to have tried to escape from Austria into Hungary during Christmas week. She was arrested in October, and was kept in prison for six weeks until placed under house-

arrest. The train on which she was travelling under a false name was stopped at the Hungarian frontier, and she was rearrested by the Gestapo. Her attempt is supposed to have been part of an abortive loyalist plot to rescue her husband, and the Secret Police have since put pressure upon her to confess the names of her accomplices. To obtain this information they have threatened to kill Dr. Schuschnigg.

January 31st, 1940.

Dr. Schuschnigg has been moved to Munich, states Radio Paris, quoting a message from Berne.

March 13th, 1940.

Dr. Schuschnigg has been moved to Munich, following an attempt to free him, writes Mr. A. Tyrnauer, former chief of the International News Service, writing in the *New York Journal*.

March 21st, 1940.

Archduke Otto of Habsburg, who is in New York, confirms reports that Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg has been moved from the Hotel Metropole to a prison in Munich, following an attempt to free him. The Pope is reported to have complained to Herr von Ribbentrop, on the occasion of his recent visit to the Vatican, of the abominable treatment received by the former head of the Austrian Government.

It will be recalled that Herr von Ribbentrop left the Pope's presence on the verge of a fainting fit.

One further report, the last for many months, was received just before the fall of France. On 15th May, 1940, the *Daily Telegraph* printed the following news, from their New York correspondent:

"Authoritative information that Dr. Schuschnigg, former Austrian Chancellor, has been removed from the Hotel Metropole, Vienna, to a country estate near Nördlingen, Bavaria, has been received. The ex-Chancellor, he states, is now allowed 'limited freedom.' Whether his wife has been allowed to join him is unknown."

Was it mere coincidence that this news came just before Mussolini's stab in the back? It is the general opinion that the Duce alone was responsible for Dr. Schuschnigg's continued imprisonment without trial and condemnation. As a witness in a public court, the former Chancellor might have given damaging evidence concerning Mussolini's betrayal of Austrian independence. And, as Mr. Oswald Dutch says, he was, of course, at one time his friend and ally. It seems possible, then, that Dr. Schuschnigg's removal was part of the Duce's price for entering the war.

This act of reluctant mercy has released him from the horror of another summer of breaking Viennese heat, in that low, cramped attic, whose walls are belaboured night and day with the sounds of madness. In a place far from the anguished memories of his homeland, where the blue Egger meanders aimlessly among the willow trees, he was able to see the late spring of that year, which found us at war, break gradually into the full tide of Bavarian summer. Nördlingen is a tiny place, lost in the green hilly country of the Ries, a town with perhaps eight thousand inhabitants. A few tourists used to go there to look at the fourteenth-century fortifications and the great Gothic church of Saint George, and a handful of invalids, who were not searching for gaiety, would come in the warm weather to the little spa near the town. Apart from these visitors, the quiet of the place is not disturbed, and the life of an ordinary mid-German market town proceeds untouched by the war. Augsburg, with its aircraft factories and oil-storage depots, is fifty-six miles away, Munich even farther, so the nights are not troubled by the R.A.F. Sometimes perhaps, in this quietness, the noise of passing British bombers, on their way to some target, can be heard overhead, and the prisoner is reminded that others are now carrying on the struggle in which he is able to play only a passive part.

“GOTT SCHUETZE, GOTT ERHALTE

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